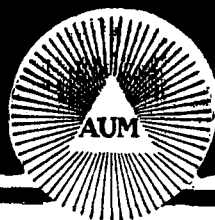


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JULY, 1930

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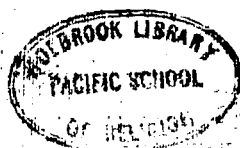
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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY



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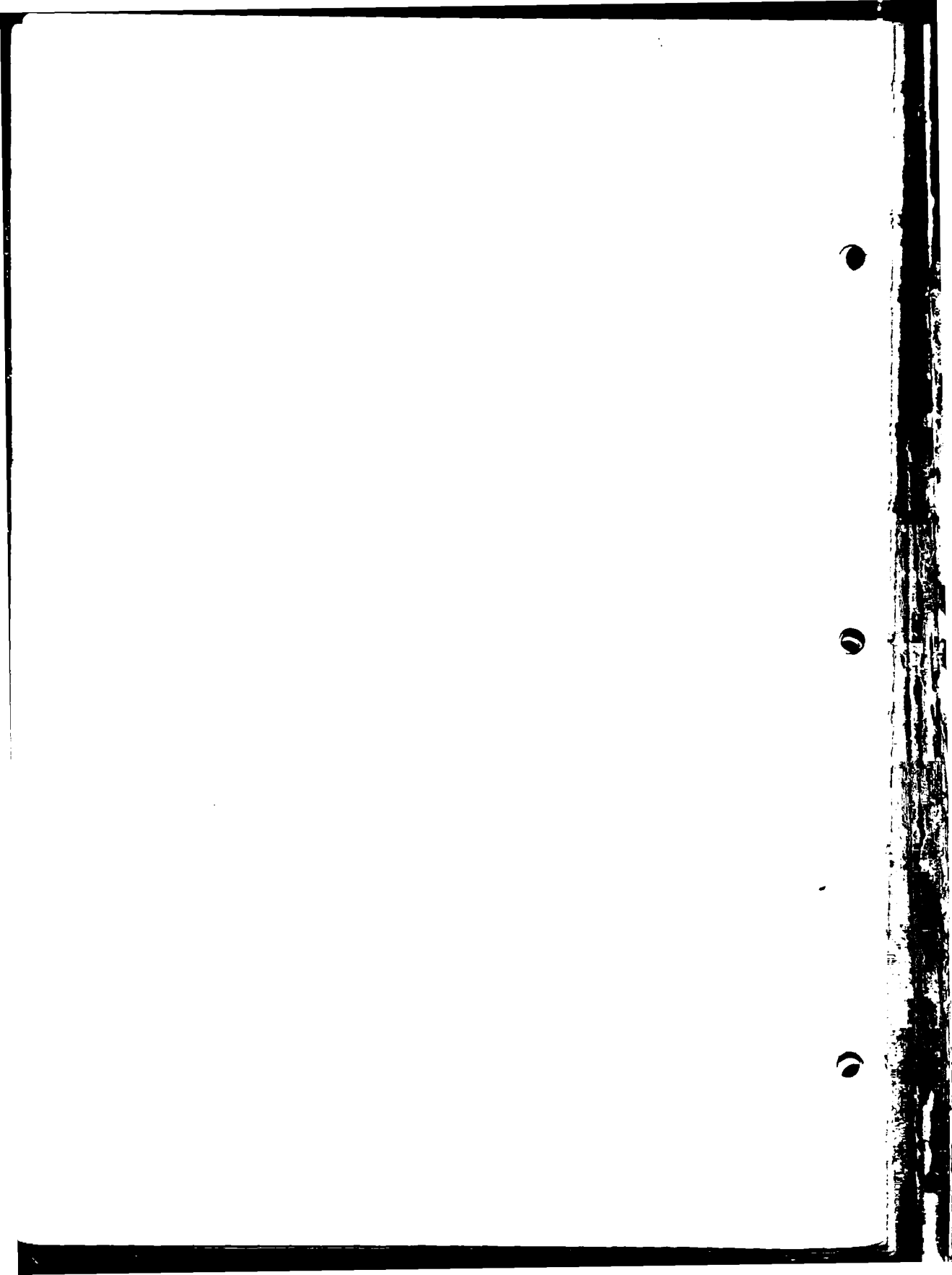
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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



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JULY, 1930

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THE DOCTRINE OF THE DIVINE MAN

BINDING **A**MONG the discourses of the Buddha there is one named the *Lakkhana Suttanta*. The first part of the Pali name corresponds to the Sanskrit *Lakshana*, a characteristic, a distinguishing mark; and the discourse is concerned with the marks which distinguish the body of the Maha-Purusha, the Great, or Divine Man, such as grace of form, beauty of colour, and so on. The words of the Buddha suggest that the list of characteristic signs was old in his day, and the stories of his own birth represent the magicians and astrologers as identifying these signs on the body of the new-born divine infant. One may safely come to the conclusion that the tradition of these signs, thirty-two in number, is very old, far older than the period, two and a half millenniums ago, when the Buddha taught in the valley of the Ganges.

The name, Maha-Purusha, in Pali, Maha-Purisa, suggested to Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids, a series of reflections, which he did not carry to their legitimate conclusion, but which, when fully developed, are deeply significant. Let us try to see what their fuller meaning is.

The learned Pali scholar points out two things: that the term Maha-Purisa is rarely used in Pali; it is not a standard Pali term, as is, for example, Arhat; and he indicates, but does not develop, certain relations between the Buddhist use of the term Purisa, or Purusha, and its earlier use in the Vedas, especially in the celebrated hymn in the tenth book of the Rig Veda, which is called "Purusha Sukta", the Hymn of Purusha. This great hymn contains two elements: first, the teaching of the Divine Man, the Logos in a sense personified; and, second, the even more mystical doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Divine Man. Both teachings are present in that great river of spiritual illumination which has its source in ancient Egypt; both may be recognized in the story of Osiris and in the Gospel of St. John. Finding them present in Vedic India and in prehistoric Egypt, we may safely reach the conclusion that they are an in-

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tegral part of the primordial Wisdom Religion, the doctrine of the Greater Mysteries.

Following the translation of John Muir, the Purusha Sukta may be rendered as follows:

1. Purusha (the Divine Man) has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet. On every side enveloping the earth, he overpassed it by a space of ten fingers.

2. Purusha himself, the Divine Man, is this whole universe, whatsoever has been and whatsoever shall be. He is also the Lord of immortality, since (or, when) by food he expands.

3. Such is his greatness, and Purusha is superior to this. All existences are a quarter of him; and three-fourths of him are that which is immortal in the heavens.

4. With three quarters Purusha mounted upwards. A quarter of him was again produced here. He was then diffused everywhere over things which eat and things which do not eat.

5. From him was born Viraj, and from Viraj, Purusha. When born he extended beyond the earth, both behind and before. . . .

So far, the first part of this great hymn, which is concerned with the Logos as the foundation of Being, the basis of manifestation: "All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life. . . ."

The symbolism of the thousand heads, the thousand eyes, the thousand feet, is universal. It has its echo in the Book of Proverbs: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Much of the essence of this hymn is found also in the *Bhagavad Gita*, that treasury of wisdom. Thus Krishna, speaking as the Logos, declares that He contains the world; the world does not contain Him; one-fourth of His being is the manifested world; three-fourths are eternal in the heavens.

The Vedic hymn says that from Purusha was born Viraj, and from Viraj, Purusha. Viraj is twofold: positive and negative, masculine and feminine, subjective and objective. Viraj thus marks the field of primordial differentiation or cleavage between Perceiver and Perceived; the cleavage which is the fundamental activity of Maya, of Cosmic Illusion, since there is in reality no cleavage, though without the semblance of cleavage there would be no manifestation. The semblance of cleavage is a vitally important activity; it is not an eternal state of Being. The hymn goes on to say that from Viraj was born Purusha, that is, the Logos as the manifested universe; the Third Logos of *The Secret Doctrine*.

We come now to the second movement of the Purusha Sukta, which introduces the Sacrifice of the Divine Man:

6. When the gods (Radiant Powers) performed a sacrifice with Purusha as

the oblation, the Spring was its butter, the Summer its fuel, and the Autumn its (accompanying) offering.

7. This victim, Purusha, born in the beginning, they immolated on the sacrificial grass. With him the gods, the Sadhyas (Spirits of Light) and the rishis sacrificed.

8. From that universal sacrifice were provided curds and butter. It formed those (aerial) creatures, both wild and tame: . . .

At the beginning of the creative period, the Manvantara, the Logos contains all the powers and elements that are to be manifested: all forms and degrees of consciousness, all activities of force, all degrees of substance. But our Vedic hymn does not contemplate what may be called a purely automatic and spontaneous emanation of world-systems, worlds and their inhabitants. It contemplates rather a disposal and direction of these qualities of consciousness, of force, of substance, by divine beings, who are named in three degrees: gods, Sadhyas and rishis; that is, to use the terms of *The Secret Doctrine*, Dhyan Chohans of higher and lower degree, acting with Masters of Wisdom (rishis) who have attained supreme wisdom, power and holiness in an earlier Manvantara. Both elements of manifestation are present: the inherent tendencies of the Logos; and the directive energies of conscious Creative Powers. Fundamentalists and Modernists may find their reconciliation here.

The sixth verse symbolizes the sacrifice of Purusha as the three seasons (since there was no winter in the Land of the Seven Rivers, that part of Northern India where this hymn may have taken form), in the circle of the year: that is, an equilateral triangle inscribed in a circle, the symbol of Triune Spirit in the Eternal. The curds and butter find their counterpart in the Third Stanza of *The Secret Doctrine*: "The Luminous Egg, which in itself is Three, curdles and spreads in milk-white Curds throughout the Depths of Mother . . ." namely, that stage of manifestation which is described in astronomy as the first formation of the great nebulae in space. In our Vedic hymn, the denizens of these shadowy worlds, the various degrees of elemental consciousness, are poetically described as "aerial creatures, both wild and tame",—those which are beginning their period of development, and those which have made some progress in an earlier world period.

The seven remaining verses of the hymn describe the manner in which the Radiant Powers bound Purusha as the sacrificial victim, and, dismembering him, formed of the fragments the races of mankind, the animals, the regions of space, the powers of perception. The meaning is clear: the powers of the manifested universe are the powers of the Logos; the substance of all beings is the substance of the Logos; there is in the manifested universe neither power, nor substance, nor consciousness, which is not of the Logos: "Without him was not any thing made that was made."

So far the Purusha, the Divine Man, of the Vedic hymn. Our Pali scholar describes, rather than explains, this majestic hymn, and then proceeds to link it with the discourse of the Buddha. The link, as he describes it, is somewhat

slender; it hardly goes beyond the identity of the words Purusha in Sanskrit, and Purisa in Pali. Yet there is a deeply significant connection between the two doctrines, as we shall try to show.

Rhys Davids begins by bringing out the fact that the term Maha-Purisa is not one of the generally accepted phrases of Pali Buddhist scriptures. He has, indeed, found it in only three passages, one of these being the *Lakkhana Suttanta*, which we shall presently consider. Of the two remaining passages, the first is found in the *Sanyutta Nikaya*, one of the five divisions of the Pali scriptures. The Buddha declares, in this discourse, that the distinguishing mark of the Maha-Purisa, the "divine man", is liberation: liberation with regard to his body, his emotions, his mind, his thoughts: "ardent, self-possessed, recollected, he overcomes the world . . . His mind is purified, liberated, free from mental intoxication."

In the *Anguttara Nikaya*, another of the five divisions of the Pali sacred books, the term Maha-Purisa occurs again. The Master says:

"Him I call a Maha-Purisa, a divine man, who possesses four qualities: first, he seeks the welfare of all mankind, establishing them in the beauty of holiness, as set forth in the Noble Path; next, he perfectly controls his mind and thought, thinking only what he wishes to think; third, he can enter the four degrees of meditation and contemplation which are above the discursive mind, whenever he desires, even in this present life; fourth, he has put away the intoxication which arises from lust, the confusion which arises from ignorance. Thus does he attain and abide in that liberation of heart and mind which is gained even in this present life."

The *Dhammapada* adds that "The Arhat is the supreme Maha-Purisa," but does not explain or comment upon this declaration. Still more must it be true that the Buddha, the Arhat among Arhats, is a Maha-Purisa.

So far, the Pali texts bearing on this teaching, with the exception of the *Suttanta* presently to be introduced. It is evident at a glance that Rhys Davids has established no strong bridge of connection between the Vedic Purusha and the Buddhist Maha-Purisa; there is little to relate the two teachings except the name, so far as his explanation goes. His great merit is, that he has suggested a connection, even though he stops there, and sheds no light whatever upon its nature or the principles which underlie it. Perhaps he felt instinctively that, once this connection established, it would be impossible any longer to try to conceal the profound esoteric character of the Buddha's teaching, even if we limit that teaching to the written records of the Pali scriptures. For the basis of relation is deeply mystical and esoteric; it is, in fact, the very foundation of mystical esotericism.

That the Buddha had studied the Vedic Upanishads is proved by his quoting passages which are unmistakable, and which, further, bear the hall-mark of esotericism. It might fairly be assumed that he was equally familiar with this famous Vedic hymn, even if we had not the tradition of his studying with Vedic teachers, during the earlier stages of his spiritual conflict. He would thus have had clearly in mind the real connection between his own teaching of the

Maha-Purisa, the "divine man" who attained Arhatship and Buddhahood, and the Vedic teaching of the Purusha, the "divine man" eternal in the heavens, who was offered as a sacrifice by the gods, that sacrifice being the basis and cause of the manifested worlds. The connection is as simple as it is profound: The Maha-Purisa so becomes by assimilating, incarnating and manifesting the essence, the powers, the qualities of the heavenly Purusha; the Master becomes a Master by incarnating, or awaking, within himself the essential being, the consciousness, the powers of the Logos. Here is the entire essence of philosophical and practical esotericism. The wonder is, not that the distinguished Pali scholar did not draw this inevitable conclusion, which would have illuminated for him and for his followers the whole teaching of the Buddha; the wonder is that he should have come so close to it, even arranging in their true order the links of the chain.

So we come to the remaining Pali scripture which speaks of the Maha-Purisa, the "divine man", namely, the *Lakkhana Suttanta*, the Discourse of Characteristic Marks. It has already been said that this teaching of the characteristic marks of supreme genius is not of the Buddha's making, but is evidently one of those older traditions which he adopted and to which he gave a new meaning, for his own purposes. Into the original teaching went various elements: a certain mystical basis, namely, the thought that seers are able to distinguish, by direct perception, the incarnating soul possessed of elements of supreme greatness; there is also something of physiognomy, of palmistry, such as is practised to this day among some of the Lamas of Tibet, as well as fragments of folk-lore. Thus even to-day, among the Western nations, one may find the idea that blue eyes are a mark of spiritual candour, that curly hair is in some way indicative of innocence and truth. In passing, one may note that the inclusion of blue eyes as one of the thirty-two mystical characteristics makes it not improbable that the Buddha himself had blue eyes; for one can hardly think of his followers accepting as an authentic sign of sainthood a characteristic that their beloved Master did not possess. The *Lakkhana Suttanta* begins:

Once upon a time, the Master was dwelling at Savitri, in the Wood of Victory, in the park of Anathapindaka, the generous giver. The Master thus addressed his disciples, saying, Disciples! The disciples responded to the Master, saying, Yes, Sire! The Master said:

Thirty-two, disciples, are these characteristic marks of the Maha-Purisa, the divine man, which the divine man possesses, and for the divine man possessing them, there are two ways, and no other: Should he live the life of a householder, he becomes a King, a universal monarch, turning the wheel of sovereignty, righteous, a lord of righteousness, who has extended his conquests in the four directions of space, whose dominions are well protected, who possesses the seven treasures: namely, the treasure of the wheel of sovereignty, the treasure of elephant-herds, the treasure of troops of horses, the treasure of rich jewels, the treasure of fair women, the treasure of a great household, the treasure of wise counsellors, as his seventh treasure. More than a thousand sons will be his,

heroes, vigorous of form, vanquishers of the enemy. He, when he has conquered the world to the margin of the ocean, reigns not by the mace, not by weapons, but by righteousness. But if he should go forth from the life of the householder to the homeless life of the disciple, he becomes a Buddha supreme, who draws back the veil that darkens the world.

But what, disciples, are these thirty-two characteristic marks of the Maha-Purisa, the divine man, through possessing which, these two ways, and no other, are open before the Maha-Purisa? . . .

It has already been suggested that elements of folk-lore, of chiromancy, of physiognomy, enter into the list of characteristic marks. It is possible that they have genuine spiritual correspondences; it is fairly certain that the more significant of them have these correspondences. But they are not worked out in the Pali scriptures, nor would much be gained by industriously trying to find these correspondences, since that is not the point or purpose of the Buddha's discourse. He takes it for granted that these bodily characteristics are the outward and visible sign of so many inward and spiritual graces, which he has enumerated again and again in his sermons; and, accepting these marks as genuinely representing spiritual possessions, he goes on to show in what manner these spiritual graces are gained, and have in fact been gained by those who, like himself, have attained to supreme liberation.

The first characteristic mark, "The Maha-purisa stands firm upon his feet," has so evidently a spiritual meaning, that it has passed into all languages as indicating moral and spiritual firmness. The second characteristic mark, "The Maha-purisa has, on the soles of his feet, the mark of the wheel, the *chakra*, with a thousand spokes, with nave and tire complete," suggests not so much universal metaphor, as palmistry, with its tradition of significant marks upon the palms of the hand; lines of life, of fortune, of fate, and so on. Even if we invoke palmistry, it is not easy to interpret the third characteristic mark, "The Maha-purisa has long heels," unless the meaning be once more that the divine man stands firm. Then come characteristic marks that have been generally recognized as signs of aristocratic birth, such as finely shaped hands with long fingers, soft and tender skin, as contrasted with the hard integument of the labourer, "ankles like rounded shells . . . legs as graceful as an antelope's, a complexion of the hue of gold, skin so delicately smooth that no dust will cleave to his body": then there are more virile characteristics, such as a form divinely straight, a leonine jaw, a body rounded like the sacred fig tree, and so forth. Since there appears to be no consistent symbolism underlying the list of divine signs we need not recount them all, nor enlarge upon their meaning.

Their significance is not the point which the Buddha wishes to make in his discourse. His purpose is in reality quite different. He seeks to show that each of these thirty-two miraculous signs is not come by fortuitously, nor is it the gift of fortune or of some supernatural being. On the contrary, each one of these outward and visible signs which mark the body of the Maha-Purisa, the divine man (and which, if we are to believe the tradition of his disciples, marked

the body of the Buddha himself), is acquired by working for and developing the inward and spiritual grace of which it is the hall-mark. The Discourse puts the matter thus:

These are the thirty-two signs in virtue of which the Maha-Purisa born possessing them has open before him two ways and no other: he will either become a universal monarch, righteous, a lord of righteousness, or, should he give up the life of a householder and enter the homeless life, he will become a supreme Buddha. The Rishis who are without (the Buddhist Order) possess a knowledge of these thirty-two signs, but they do not know through the doing of what work, through what Karma, each of these signs is acquired.

In whatever former birth, former condition, former abode, the Tathagata, being a man, set himself to fulfil all righteousness in deed, in word, in thought, in giving gifts to the needy, in gaining virtues, in keeping holy days, in honouring father and mother, in keeping a right attitude toward ascetics and Brahmins (seekers of the Eternal), in due respect for elders, and other kindred graces,—the Tathagata, by accomplishing such works, by acquiring such Karma, when he was separated from his body, was reborn after death in a heavenly world. There he was endowed with graces surpassing those of other Radiant Beings, in ten treasures, namely, in length of divine span of being, in divine beauty, in divine joy, in divine glory, in divine dominion, in perception of divine forms, sounds, perfumes, tastes, contacts.

Descending from that paradise and once more entering the world of men, he is endowed with this characteristic mark of the Maha-Purisa, the divine man: he sets his feet firmly and evenly upon the earth, placing each foot evenly upon the earth, evenly raising it again, setting the entire surface of his foot upon the earth.

If, possessing this characteristic mark, he should follow the life of a householder, he will become a universal monarch. But if he should enter the homeless life, he will become a supreme Buddha. Should he become a monarch, what reward does he gain? He becomes irresistible by any force of man, disaffected or hostile. Or, entering the homeless life, and becoming a Buddha, what reward does he gain? He becomes irresistible by any power without or within, disaffected or hostile, by lust or fault or delusion, by ascetic or Brahman, by god, demon, or great Brahma himself, by any power whatever in the universe. As a Buddha this reward he gains.

In whatever former birth, former condition, former abode, the Tathagata, being a man, lived for the happiness of the many, dispelling perturbation and terror and fear, providing righteous guardianship and protection, a bestower of gifts upon his followers,—the Tathagata, by accomplishing such works, by acquiring such Karma, when he was separated from his body, was reborn after death in a heavenly world. There he was endowed with graces surpassing those of other Radiant Beings, in the ten treasures.

Descending from that paradise and once more entering the world of men, he is endowed with this characteristic mark of the Maha-Purisa, the divine man:

on the soles of his feet are the circles, the *chakras*, with a thousand spokes, with nave and tire complete, in every respect complete and well delineated. If, possessing this characteristic mark, he should follow the life of a householder, he will become a universal monarch. But if he should enter the homeless life, he will become a supreme Buddha. Should he become a monarch, he will have many followers, Brahmans, householders, merchants, country folk, treasurers, ministers, warriors, warders, councillors, feudatories, kings, noble princes. As monarch, this is the reward that he gains. But should he follow the homeless life and become a supreme Buddha, he will have many followers, disciples, both men and women, lay disciples, both men and women, gods, men, demons, dragons and seraphs. As a Buddha, this is the reward that he gains. . . .

Following this well-marked course, the sermon takes its leisurely way, with many pleasing iterations, and at the same time with a defined progression, recounting power after power, virtue after virtue, of which the characteristic marks are the outward signs.

Of that calmly flowing stream, we have followed the course long enough to draw certain conclusions. The first is the general correspondence between the kingly and the saintly virtues and attainments. The monarch, by spiritual striving and aspiration in one life, gains, in the next, the power to overcome the resistance of his enemies, within his kingdom and without. By the attainment of exactly the same virtues the saint gains the power to overcome his ghostly enemies, both those which are within and those which are without. There is an exact equivalence, on the two planes of effort. The saint is not a saint through negative qualities. He has all the kingly attributes, valour, nobility, justice,—and something more. He is not less than the king, but greater. So the kingly virtues lead on to the divine virtues.

The next general conclusion is that all virtues and spiritual qualities, whatever their nature or rank may be, are to be earned, to be worked for, striven for, sacrificed for; they do not drop like too ripe fruit into the hands of those who merely sit at the foot of the tree of life. Perfection is marvellous and beyond price, both the perfection of the just and valorous king and the perfection of the saint, of the Arhat, of the supreme Buddha. But every element, every detail of these perfections is to be earned, and we are here, in this world of men, to earn them. For the persevering, for the valorous, all is possible.

Through what divine dispensations are these marvellous attainments within the reach of every valorous man and woman, disciples and lay disciples of either sex? Here, if our understanding be justly based, is the essence of the whole matter. These graces and spiritual treasures are within our reach because they are the qualities and powers, the very being, of the heavenly Purusha, the Divine Man, the Logos; they are within our reach, because the Heavenly Man, who might have dwelt apart in celestial solitude, submitted instead to sacrifice, offering his life and being, giving that life as the sustenance of many. If this view be just, then the Logos doctrine, with its inevitable corollary, the divine sacrifice, is the very heart of the Buddha's teaching.

FRAGMENTS

THREE ANCIENT PRAYERS

I

SUMMER and winter, seed-sowing and harvest: Lord, wilt thou see thy fields of waving grain? When the soft earth has thrown aside the frost crust, and the fresh green blades spring upward into air and sunlight; when the full ears are browning in the panting heat and through the stillness of the declining days,—Lord of all worlds, wilt thou see thy harvest? Then, may we be ground betwixt the stones of thy desire—our will beneath, thy will above—and, mixed with the water of thy life, be food for thy purposes, nourishment to thy delight.

II

O thou who dost stand upon the headlands of Eternity, our everlasting light, we live only while we pass from our darkness across thy beam. From our dark we come, and back to our dark we go. Yet thou hast called us forth: Grant us then a flight, no longer across thy will but upward to it, that we pass nevermore into our darkness again.

III

Effulgence of the morning, thou comest forth a warrior battling with the hosts of night, that flee before thy radiance and the arrows of thy glance. Life streams from thy finger-tips to overcome death, and the glory of thy presence dissipates the mists of doubt and dread.

Strengthen then our eyes that we may gaze upon the beauty of thy face, adoring it. Give us stout hearts for the combat, and souls of one flame with thine. Give us death in thy service when the evening comes, that we may descend with thee the glowing pathway of the west to life immortal, not linger in the fearsome shadows that remain when thou hast gone.

Effulgence of the morning and of the evening, we lift our hearts to thee.

CAVÉ.

THEOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES IN THE PLANT WORLD'

THE subject upon which I have been asked to speak this evening falls under one of the subsidiary objects of our Society. It is stated on the second page of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY as follows: "The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study". Botany is one of the sciences, and consequently its study is included in the formulation just quoted.

Now I can imagine a visitor, not familiar with the work of the Society, as saying: "A worthy and interesting purpose, certainly, but wherein does it differ from the object of various scientific and learned bodies of the country, or even from the ideal of the so-called liberal college? And, if there is, indeed, no difference, why have a Theosophical Society at all? Why multiply instruments for doing the same work? Would it not be better to pour one's energies into orthodox, established channels for learning and research?"

Part of my purpose this evening is to bring out, as well as I can, through specific illustration, the difference which exists between the science of the schools and the science of Theosophy, so that with the difference in mind one may judge which of the two disciplines gives the truer picture of reality, and, at the same time, may see why there must be a specific Theosophic organization to conserve ancient values, and to engage in active teaching and in certain very practical and difficult researches.

Let me read the full formulation of our purpose:

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

In this triple statement, so it seems to me, we find embodied a provision for the development of the triple man. Theosophy does not regard man as a mere intellect; it recognizes in him a trinity of heart, head and hand, or, in less concrete terms, of feeling, thinking and doing. It will be seen that our first object is to establish a nucleus of universal brotherhood which shall call into action the powers of the heart. For a nucleus of universal brotherhood is not a mere agglomeration of human units huddled into an economic system. That is a

¹Dr. R. E. Torrey delivered the opening address at a meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society on the evening of March 29th, 1930. He very kindly consented to write, for the benefit of QUARTERLY readers, the following report of what he then said.—EDITORS.

Marxian perversion of the idea. It is a spiritual thing—a real spiritual entity whose parts are bound together by love—such a fraternity as Buddha tried to establish in his association of disciples, or Jesus in his Order, or Pythagoras in his famous Brotherhood.

To the successful establishment of such an entity, the trained mind and will are essential, and for the discipline of mind and will the two subsidiary objects make provision. We need to study the laws and principles of brotherhood, and then we need to experiment; to put our wills into action and to try to live as brothers. Only in this way can we make our First Object a success.

Let us glance for a moment at the grave situation which develops when men take up the discipline of our second and third objects without the illumination conferred by the first. We can see plainly that intellectual development pursued for selfish purposes leads to evil—the evil of the Scribes and Pharisees; whereas the investigation of psychical forces with a similar motive leads into pseudo-occultism and black magic.

Many members of this Society believe that this very evil is fast overcoming the world, and that it bears the name of modern science.

Back in the middle of the last century, Thomas Henry Huxley, a brilliant man and a great scientist with many most admirable qualities, coined the word Agnosticism to express an attitude taken by himself, and a group of his immediate colleagues, toward their studies in natural science. The word carries the negation of wisdom in its very derivation. It asserts that within the field amenable to investigation by the five senses, man may attain to sure and positive knowledge—knowledge which works when applied to the conquest of the world to man's uses. It rejects the possibility of sure knowledge regarding the metaphysical background of nature or of man.

Huxley was never so ignorant or so naïve as to embrace materialism; that was left to certain pigmy followers, but the evil which he did lived after him. In the Twentieth Century, physics has progressively cut the ground from under its own feet, yet, hampered by the agnostic formula, it has seen fit finally to dispose of all content of objective reality and to retreat to a position where it tries to rest content in the contemplation of bodiless mathematical magnitudes. The New Physics essays to find its satisfaction in a world of symbolical equations to which there may or may not correspond any objective reality.

What is the practical outcome of such a position? Obviously if man is to work, he must work with objective things, and, so far as science is concerned, these are the things of matter. Thus the world of physical things becomes the only practicable field of effort for a creature which has given up the hope of heaven.

That this interpretation is no idle fancy of a few members of The Theosophical Society, I wish to prove by a quotation taken from a magazine article written by a prominent Professor of Biology in a leading Eastern University:

Mysticism—adult infantilism—takes the form of a conflict psychosis, wherein the subject having become burdened with a "complex" through a

definite conditioning of the mind, thereafter is the victim of systematized delusions which he keeps separate from his rational mental activities in logic-tight compartments. Such men are diffident, compassionate souls to whom the contemplation of the universe which reason drives them to accept, is extremely painful; and in order to escape the unhappiness with which they are thus confronted, they construct a subjective universe which is kinder to them and to their loved ones—the whole idea is to evade a conflict with cruel reality.

Their arguments are, in principle, reducible to three. They assume antecedents which cannot be tested, on the theory that the widespread desire to make such postulates, in some way proves their reality. Without inquiring objectively as to the nature of instinct, they assume it to be higher than reason, and thus indicative of super-rational modes of attaining truth. And, finally, they show the relativity of truth and the unsoundness and insufficiency of science, presumably on the ground that it is easier to overlook an absurdity in one's own doctrine if one can show a lost link in that of the other fellow.

Psychologists . . . are finding out that even the longing for immortality, which is the root of the more unsubstantial speculation, is the effect of teaching, and can be changed materially by inverse precepts. It seems fair to say that if medicine and surgery can keep men in health, if applied physics and chemistry can keep him in comfort; if accurate knowledge can give him wisdom, he cannot with justice sigh with regret over a departed faith in the legends of his racial childhood. . . . Modern philosophy is a degenerate posterity, which, though semi-parasitic and almost completely sterile, retained the family title. It promises much, it accomplishes nothing. Speculation has value solely when, as, and if verified; . . . the philosopher wishes to evade the drudgery of the patient collector of facts.

Shall we not . . . identify science and art, see truth as beauty? Is there not transcendent beauty in a harmonious universe, in suns that blaze and fade as they roll onward in their orbits, kept in their places by the mutual influence of one upon the other; or in a world taking form from the extruded mass of a cooling star; or in the combining properties of molecules; or in the microcosmos of the atom; or in growth, reproduction and death; or—in a word—in evolution? Too many people fail to realize the artistry of science. They have learned to appreciate only the art of the eye and of the ear. For them the higher cerebral centers are useless baggage. Darwin and Gibbs are dull fellows. They are to be pitied, these cocksure æsthetes. To those who understand, inductive discovery is the highest creative effort, as the Greeks well knew. . . .

Is it real, or is it a mirage? I do not see how we shall ever know, or why we should ever care. It fits in with the pattern of existence. It works. If our science is the shifting illusion of a silvered screen, so also are we.

From a certain highly orthodox textbook of the new scientific dispensation—a book, in fact, which does not hesitate to call itself “The New Decalogue of Science”—we cull the following choice passage:

Truth is no longer conceived of as some mystical stuff to be apprehended only by a ‘synthetic faculty of super-empirical reason’ . . . Truth is found to be merely ‘experimental intelligence’, an intelligent administration of experience; an affair, primarily, of doing . . . intelligently thought out

possibilities of the existent world which may be used as methods for making over and improving it . . . philosophy in this new sense seeks to give men 'an idea or ideal which, instead of expressing the notion of another world or some far away unrealizable goal, would be used as a method of understanding and rectifying specific social ills' in this present, real world about us. . . . Truth is merely a way of apprehending and comprehending the universe and how men can bend a natural universe, without aim or ideal in itself, to their own aims and ideals. The high philosophy of science gives a man no resting place in the everlasting arms, but instead, the gay enterprise of breaking open the door to every mystery, and gaining new mysteries, deeper than any of which the somnambulistic mystic ever dreamed. He knows no peace except the peace of abandoned daring, no salvation except the rapturous gayety of utter adventure. This to him is the peace that passeth understanding, because it gives him new understanding, the virile understanding of the happy warrior in the forgetful moments of battle. This was the kind of peace that came to Jesus, that came to Nietzsche, bravest soul since Jesus,—a soul gloriously wrong perhaps in many details of technical knowledge, but gloriously right in his fearless questioning of the universe and of his own soul.

Under the banner of the mad Nietzsche who is blasphemously associated with Jesus, "booted and spurred, with a heavy stride", these scientific "super-men" are preparing themselves to pillage the Treasure House of the Universe for the benefit of the Black Lodge.

How, then, does Theosophical Science differ from the science of the schools? It differs in motive; its aim is to help man to raise himself to heaven—not to pull heaven down to earth. It differs, too, in content: for while it accepts and welcomes every least finding of official science, it passes onward and deals with subtler worlds of knowledge than those revealed to sensuous exploration. Theosophical Science is cosmopolitan—not provincial.

It differs in method: or, it might be better to say that it accepts the scientific method of experiment and investigation, but it uses it in a far wider application, and makes bold use of the key of analogy.

It would take us too far afield to try to explain and to justify here the use of the method of correspondences. Suffice it to say that it rests upon a recognition of the unity which underlies diversity and whose basic structure is curiously reflected in all its parts. From the beginning, Theosophy has known the meaning of the word Relativity.

I turn now to the specific thesis of the evening—an elementary consideration of certain botanical facts from the standpoint of Theosophical Science. In this consideration I hope to bring out the difference, so far as I am able to do so, between the science of the schools and Theosophical Science.

I shall choose for our study two plants, one from the base of the plant kingdom, the other from its very top.

Among the simplest of organisms are reckoned the slime moulds, and it is still a question whether they are plants or animals. Indeed, the whole discussion of their affiliation to one or the other of the kingdoms smacks of academism. One of the simplest of these moulds is called *Polysphondylium violaceum*; it has no

common name. Imagine a mass of decaying organic matter strewn with a myriad spores of the plant. The spores crack open, and from each comes a tiny, amœboid body—indistinguishable, in fact, from the ordinary animal amœba. These little creatures proceed to enter upon a phase of vegetative life; they move freely and independently from place to place; they pick up in an amœboid manner any tiny particles of food which may be available, such as bacteria and protozoa. They may divide several times. But finally a moment comes when they are all seized by an inexplicable impulse; they give up the wandering, feeding life, and begin to stream from all directions toward a common centre. Arrived there, they commence to heap up in an elongate, sinuous column. Gradually an axial stalk of walled cells is established, over which the still active individuals continue to creep upward till they finally come to rest in a globose mass at the summit, and undergo transformation into violet-coloured spores. This is the simplest type of the reproductive body. Often, however, nodular aggregations of amœbic cells form along the stalk, and from these push out whorled branches, each with an axial strand of supporting cells and a terminal and smaller spore mass. In many myxomycetes there is a definite extrusion of lime before the individuals pass into the spore state, so that the whole body appears as though dusted with powdered sugar.

So far science goes: it describes the process of spore formation in great detail; it studies the minute points of spore germination; it speaks of specific "impulses" through which a definite form of fructification is established; it speculates, rather vaguely it must be confessed, concerning the chemico-physical forces of the environment which control growth and form.

What has Theosophical Science to say to all this? Theosophical Science recognizes the relativity of individuation; it points out that the universe is based upon a principle of hierarchies. And so it can see that in the case of the slime mould, we are dealing with organisms of two degrees. The amœboid body which comes from the spore is an organism of the first degree; the adult fructification is an organism of the second degree. The units of the first degree are built up into a higher body to which each contributes its small quota, sacrificing itself, if need be, to the good of the whole.

This principle of hierarchical gradation runs through the whole universe. Cells are built up both phylogenetically and ontogenetically into tissues; tissues into organs; organs into bodies. The body of all the silver or of all the gold in the world is made of molecules which are composed of atoms, which, in their turn, are made of electrons. The satellites are grouped around planets; the planets make up the solar systems; the solar systems are grouped into stellar universes. And Theosophical Science, passing beyond the visible world, tells of ascending hierarchies of Being, headed by Masters of various degrees, and rising upward to the Logos in whom we live, move and have our being.

But the small plant-animal has more to teach us about hierarchies: namely, that physical contact, such as we find, for example, among the cells of our own bodies, is not necessary to individuality. The swarm of amœbæ is one individual even before it declares itself as such in the physical world. In a similar

fashion it is quite possible that a hive of bees, a flock of birds, a school of fish, or even the Theosophical Society itself, is an organism. But here a subtle point enters: where is the higher organism before it appears?

This lands us in the old nominalist-realist controversy which is associated with the great names of Aristotle and Plato. The nominalist says that such terms as species, genus, man, tree, society, etc., are but empty words abstracted as collective nouns from many real material existences. The realist, on the contrary, avers that such abstract terms apply to real existences—to Platonic ideals—which exist outside our world. Let us suppose a nominalist myxamœba to speak. He says to his amœba friends: Here we are, separate individuals carrying on a struggle for existence; what nonsense to talk about a giant AMŒBA of which we are all a part. The only brotherhood of amœbas is an organization which we shall agree to set up together on a Marxian basis, so that we may each get more food for ourselves than we should if we fought together. Your *Polysphondylium violaceum* is a mere name, and to put it into Latin and Greek won't change matters. His realist Platonic neighbour answers: I can't explain it very well, but I feel intuitively that this Great Being exists; it isn't a mere name as you say; it is my Higher Self; it is the Vine of which I am a small branch.

Well, we have seen how myxomycete wisdom was justified of her children. The Higher Self of the small amœba did finally appear, and he was lifted up into its body to become a spore. Perhaps his nominalist neighbour became a stalk cell destined to perish.

The agnostic botanist is like the nominalist amœba. He is forbidden by his very philosophic dogma to accept, even as a working hypothesis, the existence of the fructification of the myxomycete before it appears in manifestation. With a sort of grim determination to force a materialistic interpretation upon spiritual facts, he brings forth an array of stimuli and tropisms. To the suggestion that he is barking up the wrong tree, he answers angrily that we are trying to block the pathway of scientific advance by dragging in factors with which science cannot reckon. Truth, at all costs, must be made to fit the bed of Procrustean agnosticism.

It becomes evident, I think, why science is driven to deny the primary object of our Society—the formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood. To science the word “brotherhood” is a mere name—not a reality—not a spiritual organism *in potentia*.

Let us return to the slime-mould. We noted the extrusion of lime as it entered the resting state. What is this but an example of the same principle which is illustrated by the parable of the wheat and the tares? Foreign matter has become involved in the amœbic field during its vegetative life. Let them grow together till the harvest. Then comes the day of sifting. It is the trial before Osiris. That which is essential Truth—in this case pure protoplasm—passes into the rest of the spore; that which is foreign to the spiritual plane, is cast out.

A third point of interest is offered by the form of the fructification itself. It

is a small tree with main axis, whorled branches and terminal "fruits". Thus at the very base of the plant world appears the principle of dendroidy—the tree idea—a succession of nodes and internodes developed at different levels of space. The dendroid *motif* rings out through all the kingdoms of nature. The dendritic crystals of a moss agate, or the frost flowers on a window pane declare it; it appears in coral animals, in sponges, in worms and tunicates; it dominates the plant world almost to the exclusion of other modes of development, and it is worth while to add that in the plant world it is declared analogetically—not upon a basis of homology. By no stretch of the evolutionary imagination can the dendroidy of the pine tree be derived from the dendroidy of the slime-mould in linear descent. Sometimes, as in diatoms and other algæ, it is worked out in structureless jelly wherein the small cells are able to move about from place to place; sometimes, as in certain flagellates, it is formed by successive generations of cells which slip out from the parent cell-membrane and remain hanging together by threads; sometimes, as in the siphonæan algæ, it is built up of felted tubules; or it may be made from chains of cells, or from tissues and organs. Masters have shown us by implication that the dendroid *motif* expresses itself in the invisible worlds: "Rooted above", says the *Gita* "and branching downward is that immemorial tree whose leaves are the Vedas". "I am the Vine, ye are the branches", says Jesus. Sacred and world-trees occur in all mythologies.

The life-cycle of our small organism is the type of all Manvantaras; its rest is the type of all Pralayas; its units at rest are formed into globes—that ultimate shape of all monads and of space itself. So in the microcosmos of one tiny plant we can see the reflection of macrocosmic principles, even as the pond with its ripples, its projecting boulders, its miniature cliffs and its tiny delta, is a microcosm of the great ocean.

For a second organism to which we may apply the methods of Theosophic scientific research, let us pass to the other extreme of the plant kingdom and choose the sunflower plant.

The ordinary sunflower is *Helianthus annuus*. I have introduced this Latin name of the plant because I should like to show that Theosophy has something to contribute even to the very dry subject of botanical taxonomy. The very name *Helianthus* seems to be significant. It appears that the plant was introduced to England from America, and that the Herbalists, Ray and Gerard, both speak of it as *flos solis* or flower of the sun. The famous Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, translated the Latin name into the Greek. We do not know what specific feature led the herbalists to dedicate the plant to the sun. The name might have been suggested from the golden, radiating flower, though a more probable reason is found in the curious fact that the flower swings from east to west following the daily movement of the sun. Perhaps it had been known to the Indians of the Southwest under a similar name. Or did the Herbalists, perhaps, preserve a tradition of correspondences between plants and the heavenly bodies? Paracelsus exclaims in one place: "What is Venus but the *Artemisia* which grows in your garden?"—as if this great Theosophical Scien-

tist had recognized the fact that there was, so to speak, a basic natural key-note upon which the star and the wormwood both vibrated. That the sun and the *Helianthus* are similarly related, we do not know, but we suspect that ancient plant names are based upon other than mere fancy, and that they indicate, indeed, a "signature" which was known to the ancient priest-physician.

The sunflower plant arises from the seed and proceeds to grow into a multicellular green tree provided with tissues and organs. Following its seed leaves, comes a succession of food-making leaves placed at regular intervals up the stalk at points called nodes which are separated by internodes. The first leaves are lance-shaped in outline; the later ones have the shape of an egg with a heart-shaped base. The tip of the plant pushes forward day after day, forming new branches and leaves, till, at the end of the summer, it is crowned with the flower head whence the seeds arise.

This brief outline gives us already a very large field for Theosophical study.

To begin with, the vegetative body of the sunflower is multicellular. No longer do the constituent cells conform to their own sweet wills as they did in the slime mould. They are marshalled and organized into a system of tissues and organs where they work harmoniously for the good of the whole organism. Here is the hierarchical principle again in full operation.

It is of interest to see how this well-drilled hierarchy arises. At a very early stage the young seed contains a single cell destined to become the plant. This cell divides, and its daughters continue to divide, until a considerable mass of seemingly identical cells is in being. In this activity of division we can see a parallel to the multiplication of the myxamœbæ from the spore, except for the fact that in the sunflower the cells remain attached to one another. Now commences cellular differentiation and functional specialization. Certain brigades of cells become modified into a protective skin; others into green tissue to make food; still others into conducting and supporting tubules, or into storehouses for food.

All this is a close parallel to the way in which, through millions of years, the sunflower race arose from the primitive unicellular ancestors. They too, after ages of unicellular life, came to cohere in masses in the ancient seas; they too differentiated into higher forms possessed of skin and conducting tissues, etc. Thus our individual sunflower plant repeats its racial history in the genesis of its cellular body.

But to make the principle of this repetition more striking, let us note the change in leafage which occurs as the plant develops. The first leaves are lance-shaped; the later ones assume the form of an egg with a heart-shaped base. Is there meaning in this? Many believe so, though certain very modern scientists have tried to minimize the fact, just because it involves the admission of metaphysical principles.

We believe that ages ago, sunflowers bore lance-shaped leaves entirely and never formed the egg-shaped type of leaf at all. To-day, our small plant hastens through the stages which were once permanent with its ancestors. This is, of course, the well-known principle of recapitulation. In certain plants it is

more clearly expressed than in the sunflower. Some adult acacias, for example, have lost their leaf blades and have flattened out their leaf stalks to serve as blades. Yet these species bear well-developed bladed leaves in their seedling state. Even young cacti are covered with green leaves though the adults bear only flattened branches.

What might Theosophical Science say about this principle of recapitulation? It might draw our attention to the fact that any microcosm could be represented as a symphony of vibrations. We are aware that sounds are based upon air vibrations, and that if these air vibrations be made visible in matter through the use of proper methods, their manifestation appears as a geometrical form. We might suggest, then, that a sunflower plant is an elaborate symphony written upon a certain key-note.

Now when any machinery is started up, or when a vibrating piano string is suddenly tightened, we hear a rising note. This, on the basis of form, would mean that the shape—the Chladni figure—was altering. Furthermore, we know that octaves of the changing tones would also be set into vibration, and that this would mean that the string was vibrating in parts as well as a whole. Suppose we say, then, that the resting seed is softly sounding the C note. As its growth machinery starts up, or as energy is applied to “tighten its strings”, the note rises through D, E, etc. until the key-note for that particular species is struck. In a parallel manner, we may think that through long geologic ages the key-note of the sunflower race was progressively heightened as more and more phyletic energy was poured into it. This is what constitutes progressive evolution. Parallel tones produce parallel manifestations, so that the microcosm of the one plant might conceivably strike for a time the note of its ancestors. For, after all, what is the source of the evolving Universe if it be not the unfolding of the Logos—the Word—the Vibration?

It may be well to point out also, that when the source of energy is shut off from a vibrating system, its note goes into silence through a regressive tone series whereby the progressive tones are again sounded but in reverse order. There is peculiar evidence that in the organic world a parallel regression of forms occurs in declining evolutionary series: it is the descending curve of senility and decadence, and, strangely enough, it is recognized in common speech and called a “second childhood”. Students of Theosophy are familiar with the idea of the descent of spirit into matter and its reascent toward spirit.

There is a subsidiary principle which modifies the one we have just been discussing. The ancestors of sunflowers were ferns, yet no sunflower to-day produces a fern-leaf in its ontogeny. Instead of that, the sunflower picks its first leaf type from a much more advanced phyletic horizon. This is the principle of acceleration. It means that the young organism slurs over or obliterates the more ancient stages of its ancestral history. The plant is “taken in hand by its former effort”, as the *Gita* puts it. There has been a sort of stored cosmic advance—a residual memory of the past, which permits the plant to pick up its task at an ever higher level. It has tuned that particular string so many times in the past, that the process is accomplished rapidly—too rapidly to

excite a visible manifestation. This opens an enormous field of Theosophical philosophy—no less than the whole subject of Reincarnation and Karma and even the subject of meditation, whose stages, likewise, are said to rest upon the fruits of former meditations.

The sunflower, unlike the slime-mould, is a green plant; it is able to take water and carbon-dioxide from soil and air respectively, and, through the utilization of the sunlight as a source of energy, it can synthesize the carbon compounds upon which it grows. The simple molecules of gas and water are built into larger molecules—into more complex systems, and the sunlight is locked up to be used later in consonance with the plant's energy requirements.

The slime-mould, on the other hand, is a saprophyte—one of nature's scavengers—one of the hosts of Siva which breaks up the effete matter of the world, receiving for its pay the residual food and energy locked up there. But the step from innocent saprophytism to parasitism is an easy one, and certain slime-moulds have taken it. They attack and destroy other living organisms. Unable to manufacture their own food, and withdrawn from the sunlight, they have chosen the left-hand path. In the plant world they are the parallels of the members of the Black Lodge. These, too, are cut off from the Sun; they are faced with the dissipation of their residual energies and by the contracting circle of necessity. So they break down compounds which had been built up by the Spiritual Sun; they destroy friendships, families, societies, nations; thereby setting free the energy which had held these higher organisms together, and prolonging their own vile lives. Not lightly have toadstools and scavenger flies and beetles, and the hyena which feeds on corpses, been associated with witchcraft and the dark side of nature.

Backing away from this dangerous subject, let us return to the healthful world of the green plant. We may note that its leaves are arranged in a very definite manner upward along the stem. There is, in fact, a $\frac{2}{5}$ leaf arrangement, which means that, starting with any leaf and circling the stem twice in an upward spiral, one comes to a sixth leaf directly above the first. Twice around the stem and through five leaves constitutes the $\frac{2}{5}$ leaf-arrangement. The linden tree has a $\frac{1}{2}$ arrangement; the holly, $\frac{3}{8}$; the pine cone, $\frac{5}{13}$. If the numbers be written in a series: $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{5}{13}$, it will be seen that each new term is the sum of the numerators and the denominators of the two preceding terms. What such a peculiar series means (and no other leaf arrangements occur) we leave to the mathematicians to explain, but we can see that any one of them declares the principle of the spiral along which all growth progresses, and which has been associated with Theosophical symbolism since the beginning.

Last of all, we turn to a consideration of the sunflower head. As the vegetative life draws to its end, the leaves decrease in size, indicating, perhaps, that the period of growth upon a lower plane is coming to a close; the bud appears even before the vegetative life is ended, since it must be nourished from beneath. But finally the flower opens and faces the sun. The precious starch and proteids are withdrawn from stem and leaves, and are concentrated in the

seeds; the useless cellulose and wood are rejected, and the bridge which raised the flower upward—the scaffolding upon which it ascended—is shattered by the winter storms.

In the flower itself, we are faced with the deep mystery of generation—a complete mystery to science, in spite of the elaborate system of terminology with which it is described. In some strange manner the flower represents the spiritual efflorescence. Did not Dante depict the final Vision Beautiful as a glowing Rose? Is not Buddha throned upon the Lotus? In the lotus, in the rose, in the sunflower, we can see a unity of plan—a central heart into which the forces of life are drawn, and in which the mystery of seed production is accomplished; around this, a radiating set of glorified petaloid leaves, shaped like ellipses. In the Eastern books, the brain—the centre and crown of our psychic life—is called “the thousand-petalled lotus flower”. This is enough, I think, to indicate to us that in the symbolism of the flower is hidden the crowning mystery of our life.

So I have tried to show by contrast the difference between the science of the schools and Theosophical Science in their treatment of the same set of facts. Theosophical Science rejects nothing of the facts of positivistic science; it merely completes and extends. It sees the scientific fact as a gateway which admits to a realm of significance. Facts are symbols, concealing yet revealing truth, just as a square conceals and yet reveals the nature of the cube.

It was once said of a certain scientist: “He knows a great deal, but he doesn’t know the significance of what he knows”. In this statement, so it seems to me, lies the essential difference between science and Theosophical Science.

What is it that has kept science alive, and has called out such a wonderful devotion from its adherents? Paradoxical as it sounds, it is the Theosophy hidden in science. The intuition of a Huxley transcends the cramping agnosticism of his creed; his genius catches the gleam of the Gates of Gold. “No one, Beloved, loves the wife or child for the sake of the wife or child; it is for the Atman in the wife or child.” No one loves science for the cold physical facts of science; it is for the Theosophy hidden in the science.

And if science has, indeed, been kept alive by the bit of sacred fire which cannot be extinguished, think what an efflorescence of learning and culture the world might have, and in good time, we think, shall have, when science becomes Theosophical Science and scientific research is transformed into the Research Magnificent.

WAR MEMORIES

VIII

IN ALLIED TERRITORY

DURING the twelvemonth that I had been shut up in Occupied Belgium, the War "outside", both near at hand and far off, had passed through many great phases. These, indeed, we heard of (though they did not, on the whole, appear to have any immediate effect on our lives), and we followed all of them, as news filtered through to us, with the same feverish intensity that prisoners must feel when they watch, from their prison walls, the advance or retreat of their comrades, fighting in the open.

The battles of Flanders, in the autumn of 1914, had resulted in a kind of deadlock on the Western Front. In the narrow strip of country between the Yser and the sea, there had been a succession of conflicts so intricate, so entangled one with the other, as to be indistinguishable to us at that time. All races and religions and colours seemed to be engaged in that terrific struggle, but the Allies held their ground. The decimated little Belgian Army, facing possible annihilation in a last stand at Nieuport, did not flinch. At Dixmude, the masses of forward-surging Germans were for a time held at bay by the famous French *Fusiliers Marins*, who had already been so prominent in the defence of the country round Ghent, but the French losses were terrible. At Ypres the struggle was so fierce that it has been said the British lost a third of the whole Expeditionary Force. Yet the Germans came on, wave upon wave, in endless masses, until the Belgians, as a last resource, opened all the sluices in that land of canals, flooding the whole country, turning it into a vast lake, ruining their own fertile fields, but making further advance by the Germans at that point, impossible, at least for the time. So the blood that was shed in "Flanders Fields" had not been shed in vain; the tide of invasion was stayed. Victory for the Germans had been perilously near in those dark days of November, 1914, but there had been an all-important factor which had made that victory impossible. The one, great, decisive battle, upon which the whole strategic conception of the Germans was based,—the battle which was to have been fought within the first six weeks, when France would find herself beaten to her knees—that battle had never taken place. Instead of Allied submission, it was really an Allied victory, for Germany found that on her Western Front, from St. Mihiel to Nieuport, she could advance no farther; the deadlock was complete.

Germany, therefore, turned elsewhere, and from our prison walls in occupied territory, we watched through the long winter of 1914-15, and through the spring and summer, the shifting scenes in the different "theatres" where activ-

ity continued; trying to understand; following events as well as we could, with our limited and edited news. Turkey's entry into the War in November, led, in the early spring, to the beginning of the Allied offensive in the Near East, and we began to look eagerly in that direction for Allied success. Italy's belated decision to throw in her lot with the Allies, filled us with hope—had we not, in Brussels, watched for long months the Italian flag, still floating over the Legation there; wondering when, if ever, it would be removed? Yet, almost simultaneously with the cheering news about Italy, came the ominous news from Russia. Through the winter, and up to the end of April, the situation there had appeared to be most promising; then, almost without warning, fell the blow in Galicia, soon followed by the staggering blow in Poland—the “Mackensen Drive” had led to the “Hindenburg Drive”, and Russia was in full retreat. That summer of 1915, the world, though mostly unconscious of the fact, was in reality watching the slow approach of the final and overwhelming disaster, for the seeds of the Revolution were being thickly and surely sown.

About the time that I came out from Belgium, in the Autumn of 1915, there seemed to be, on the Western Front, the beginning of a forward movement by the Allies. The worst of the munition crisis had passed, for during the summer, thousands of skilled mechanics, fighting at the front in the ranks, had been released from active service, and sent home. Work on munitions was organized, and good results were appearing, notably in France. In the Artois region, the high ridge which commanded the town of Vimy was reached; Loos was occupied, and the famous Hill 70 was furiously attacked and finally taken. In Champagne, the French, under General Castelnau, advanced several miles. Yet, after the initial push, that “September Drive” accomplished little; the Allies failed to press on, and by mid-October everything seemed to be at a standstill again. It was evident that, despite the gigantic efforts at munition production, the Germans were still better supplied than we were, and the year 1915 was ending sadly.

It was really a strange experience to find myself in England again, and it was with some difficulty that I transferred my working consciousness and my understanding, to my present surroundings. For the first few days, I felt like a lonely ghost which, in some dim, twilight way, had wandered back into the scenes of a former life, and I used to walk, half dazed, through the London streets where quiet reigned, and where safety, so long unfamiliar, actually bewildered me. There were no Germans; there was no horror lurking perpetually at one's elbow. There was, instead, decency and order and sanity. I could not get used to my own freedom; I think I half resented it. I found myself looking into the faces of people whom I passed in the street: “You don't know what invasion means,” I thought with bitterness, my heart yearning back toward the friends whom I had left. “You've never had your towns looted and burnt; you've never seen your own family dragged out and shot before your eyes—what do you know of war?” This was, of course, unjust, for most of those people whom I thus mentally addressed, were themselves, no doubt, but

recently back from the front, and though it was from the front on *our* side of the lines, they had seen sights which I as yet had never seen; their inner readjustment was just as difficult as my own—that readjustment which we all had to make when returning from a welter of agony and filth, to the old, familiar life which had pulsed evenly on, during our absence. My freedom seemed so misplaced, and I could not get used to the thousand little things which liberty gives us. What an absurd importance we attach to trifles at such times! The first morning that I heard again, in the earliest light of dawn, the trailing cry of the milkman, as he pushed his jangling cart down the street, it was like a voice hallooing to me across wide, hazy distances of time and space, to remind me of what once had been in the long, long ago. The quick, double knock of the postman at my door, was like a dreamy reminder of life on another planet, æons before. To have newspapers again—regular news, and un-teutonized—was one of the strangest things of all.

Of course, however, life in England was not as it had been; it was only the sharp and sudden contrast with life in Occupied Belgium which made it appear unchanged; for the streets by day were now full of the convalescent wounded, in their blue hospital suits, hobbling on crutches or canes, or being driven about in large conveyances supplied by the many "Entertainment Committees". Private hospitals or convalescent homes seemed to be at every corner, and the long "Rolls of Honour", posted at the doors of churches, business houses and public institutions of all kinds, told England's story. Khaki was everywhere, and intensive drilling went on, for the Derby recruiting campaign was bearing good fruit. There were regulations on light too, which even in Belgium had not been imposed, and it was some time before I became accustomed to the blackness of the streets at night, for air raids had been almost unknown to us in Brussels. Here in London the streets were like long, black tunnels; the street lamps, their glass thickly covered with paint, cast small, dreary pools of light on the pavements below; little sickly, circumscribed, pallid areas which served only to intensify the surrounding gloom. No lights in the houses; no lights in any of the millions of windows you might pass; the entrances to subways looked like dim, pirate-haunted caves. The "Defense of the Realm Regulations" were felt wherever you went. Only the great searchlights flamed across the sky, interlacing their long, silver arms as they flashed through the murky blackness, searching the heavens from horizon to zenith, and then back again, or swinging with a vast, circular movement, which seemed to embrace the universe—searching for Zeppelins or other air-craft. Hyde Park Corner was one of the places where these searchlights were installed. From the inky darkness of the streets below, brilliant shafts of light would suddenly flame skyward, and you could distinguish, on the top of the high archway, shadowy forms moving busily to and fro, as the great machine was trained into action. The air raids themselves furnished a new note in my own War experience, but I soon learned, as the rest of London had already long since done, that if caught while away from home, I could seek safety in the "Tube" stations, or halls of public buildings. A policeman's warning whistle, shrill and

endlessly prolonged, would tell you to lose no time in taking cover; you would see all the street traffic stop as though a spell had been cast over it, while passengers in 'bus or taxi would rush to the nearest open doorways, leaving the empty conveyances where they stood in the now abandoned streets. Then, almost before you could catch your breath, the anti-aircraft guns would begin to crash and pound, the bombs seeming to fall as thick as gooseberries, while the noise seemed much worse than the danger. Then at last, just before you became convinced that you had been deafened for life, would come the "All Clear" signal, when we would scramble out of our "shelters", like rabbits out of their burrows.

There were deeply moving sights at the great railway stations—at Victoria, where the afternoon "Trench to Town Express" came thundering in, bringing officers and men for a week-end away from the front. Just as they were, straight from the trenches they came: the officers miraculously well groomed; the men, often mud-stained and grimy, but all with the glow of contentment at being home once more. Then, two days later, if again you went to Victoria, you would, perhaps, see the same lot of men, their short furlough ended, saying good-bye to their wives and children, before they stepped into the one o'clock train which was to hurry them back to the old trench life at the front. Those greetings on arrival, and those partings in the last moments at the end, were, somehow, things one could not easily forget.

Then there was Charing Cross, where every evening thousands of Londoners gathered, the crowds reaching out into the Strand—gathered to welcome the wounded as they arrived, also straight from the front. The long hospital trains, pulling slowly into the great, cavernous station, came quietly to a standstill; the stretchers, lifted out gently and with the greatest care, were slid smoothly and swiftly into the ambulances standing in readiness close to the platforms; then the long procession would begin to emerge from the station itself—a steady defile. Out into the darkness of the Strand it came gliding, the interior of each ambulance dimly lit, showing the stretchers on which lay the heavily-bandaged and often blood-stained men, motionless, and with closed eyes; the most serious cases being accompanied by nurses who watched carefully over the sufferers. Ambulance after ambulance, the long column of wounded passed down the narrow pathway left open by the silent crowds thronging on either side—crowds which were silent with a sympathy they found no way to express. Sometimes a woman or young girl would break through the densely packed masses, and running quickly to the rear of a passing car, would throw a few roses into it, or lay them gently on the feet of one of the motionless occupants. I think perhaps hardly anything that happened in London, brought the War home to the general public more sharply than this nightly arrival of the wounded, for we knew that in many cases a man who had only that morning been fighting in northern France would, being hit, find himself in a London hospital ward that night. So this arrival of the wounded, straight from the front, was only another kind of "Trench to Town Express."

Of course, as soon as possible after my return to England, I set to work at

whatever I found myself able to do, and through most of that winter of 1915-16, I spent my mornings rolling bandages in a neighbouring supply depot (as I recall it, I must have rolled enough to encircle our globe many times over); while in the afternoons I visited the wounded in hospital. So the winter passed—a long, grey-tinted winter, when the news of the collapse of Serbia reached us; the evacuation of Gallipoli, and the whole, inglorious close of the Dardanelles campaign took place; when Great Britain finally accepted the Compulsory Service Act. In the very early spring I determined to get over to France, and into the active fight again, for there was news which filled me with impatience at my own inactivity. Germany, perpetually confronted with the old and still unsettled problem—how to crush France—was again on the point of trying to solve it. She had had her Russian triumphs, but she had never yet accomplished this very first objective of hers; the great fortresses of Verdun, Toul, Épinal and Belfort, saved by the victory of the Marne, still bristled at the frontier; while France herself, so far from being crushed, had, on the contrary, gained time to concentrate her forces, preparatory to a great Anglo-French Drive for which Joffre was now preparing. Further delay on the part of the enemy, would only increase the difficulties, so, in February, 1916, Germany made a renewed effort in the West,—the gigantic attack on Verdun was launched. It was about this time that I started out again.

With a certain amount of wire-pulling I got the necessary permits, rather difficult under most conditions, unless you were "qualified" as a nurse, or in some other way, and the day (or rather night) of departure arrived. I had decided to go via Havre, for I had friends there whom I wanted to see, even though it was a roundabout way to reach Paris. Getting out of England was not as easy in 1916 as it had been in 1914, and I remember the weary time it took us, who were would-be passengers on the Channel boat, to pass the various officials, for spies were not infrequently caught, and it was said that some had been discovered who had maps and plans of important places (fortifications etc.) traced in invisible ink on their backs, and that only a good wash with certain acids, exposed these otherwise invisible marks. I seem to have a recollection of a whole hierarchy of officials to whom a satisfactory account of oneself had to be given, and that I passed and passed them, answering questions or showing papers. I was told by the first that I must give up my "identity card", for it could not be taken out of the country.

"But who will recognize me when I come back?" I protested, feeling very much like a parcel post package, without an address on it, "and how shall I get it again?"

"Go to the Police," was the laconic answer, and I was shoved on by the long line of travellers behind me.

The next official invited me to give up my bread, meat and sugar coupons.

"Well, they would be of no use to the French, in any case," I thought, "and they are that much to the good, in England," so I saw them disappear without a regret.

Then came Scotland Yard, clad in Khaki. Why was I leaving England?

Was I taking out any "contraband goods"? My present passport was in order, but where was my former one? When I answered that I had been obliged to leave it in Belgium, on coming out of occupied territory the previous autumn, the officer questioning me, gave me the kind of sabre-thrust look which I fancy it would have been very hard to face, had you been trying to conceal facts. Fortunately I was able to convince him, by certain references which I gave, that the old passport was safe in the hands of the American Legation in Brussels, but I had not realized, until that moment, how dangerous even expired passports were considered, if they fell into enemy hands.

I then turned to the next official, he who represented the French *Sûreté*—the Criminal Investigation Department of Paris! (It was like passing the forty-two Judges of the Book of the Dead, I thought). This individual—rather stout, and heavily bearded—was characteristically enveloped in a huge, thick, woollen muffler, almost like a shawl; and it was wound about his neck and crossed over his broad chest in the usual fashion. Somehow, that familiar-looking woollen scarf gave me the feeling that I was already in Picardy or thereabouts—how well I knew them! We went through the usual courtesies—Monsieur le *Sûreté* and I—the kind of delightful French courtesy which makes you feel that you are really quite an important personage, and then, looking me suddenly and severely up and down, but still in a tone of voice which sounded as though he were telling me what a very becoming hat I had on, he fired the following rather sinister question at me:

"Madame no doubt knows that it is much easier to get into France than it is to get out of it?"

I was slightly startled, I confess.

"Is he conjuring up the guillotine?" I mused—reminiscently, perhaps.

Then pulling myself together, I contrived a paragon of a French shrug:

"*Bon!*" I exclaimed cheerfully, "France will always remain France, none the less. I'll take my chances."

A broad smile, escaping triumphantly from the smothering folds of that ridiculous muffler, was my thanks. Again the exchange of courtesies; we bowed—the huge woollen scarf adding official dignity to the scene, though one did not quite know how—regrets were expressed at my having been detained so long; the hope that my journey would be comfortable; that no inconvenience would be caused me by the air raids in Paris, and again I moved on. There were still many more officials to pass, but they have now grown dim in my memory, blotted out, perhaps, by the alluring memory of that one delightful and bemuffled Frenchman.

Eventually we all got on board the Channel boat, despite the dark, and the dangerous and slippery gangway, and everyone turned in for the night, with the reassuring thought that we were being escorted by two Destroyers, which would not fail us in case of mines. An early morning landing in Havre, and a repetition, in reverse order, of the "forty-two Judges" of the night before, and so far as I can remember, there were no spies discovered among us.

Spending the morning with the friends I had come to see, I took the afternoon

train for Paris, a train which was to make but one stop on the way, and, wishing to be alone, I chose a first class, end carriage, invitingly empty, which appeared to be especially cut off from the rest of the train, there being no corridor; and I settled into my corner, glad of the quiet interval which, I knew but too well, preceded a very strenuous life. As I sat there, thinking of what I had left, of what I was going to, and of my good fortune at being able to get over to France again—of my actually being *in* France at that moment!—I heard the signal for the train to start, and I thought, with a selfish satisfaction, how lucky I was to have found so secluded a corner. No one could get in now, for the train was slowly moving. As these thoughts were chasing each other through my mind, however, the door of my carriage was suddenly and noisily jerked open, and in tumbled, with loud clatter of canteen, rifle, "tin hat" and all (I could never remember whether his head or his heels came first)—in tumbled the most amazingly unkempt *poilu* that one could hope to see. Except that he was going in the wrong direction, that is to say, toward the front line trenches, anyone would suppose that he had just come out of them. His "horizon blue" uniform was ragged and soiled, and hanging on him like a loose bag, evidently made for a much larger man; his hair and his beard were uncut; he was grimy and tired and worn—altogether a disquieting apparition. And here he was, invading the first class, which was absolutely taboo for men in the ranks. When he saw me, he started violently; it was evident he had fancied that he was getting into an empty carriage; evident too, that he had waited till the train was moving, till the guard's back was turned engine-wards, to give the signal, and knowing that there was but one stop between Havre and Paris, he had made a dash for what he hoped would be a comfortable and undiscovered retreat—all the luxuries of first class; cushions instead of hard, wooden seats; plenty of room to lie down; no one to bother him. As he stood there, irresolute, he gave me a long, scrutinizing look—and I returned it! He stared at me, and I stared at him, both of us mute with astonishment. Then, evidently deciding that the game was not "all up" with him, he sidled toward the seat directly opposite me, and dropped into it with another clatter of canteen and rifle—and then he looked again at me, as though to "size me up"; he looked from under heavy, weary eyelids which gave him a lowering, and not altogether pleasing expression at the moment. I, in my turn, looked hard at him, wondering if he was right in his mind, for if ever there was an unpromising-looking travelling companion, it was he, and the train was now at top speed, and no communication between my carriage and any of the others. We were as cut off from the rest of the world as though we had been sitting on the horns of the moon.

"Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" I said to myself. "Supposing he is one of those poor, demented creatures who break loose every now and again—what are you going to do about it?"

There was, of course, nothing to do about it, as I knew but too well, nothing for the moment, at any rate, but pretending that I was absent-mindedly looking nowhere, I looked hard for the emergency signal cord, in case I should need

it. We sat almost without moving, for some time. I saw him, from the tail of my eye, look out of the window and quickly back at me; then noticing the cushions of the seat on which he was sitting, he patted them approvingly and affectionately, as a child will pat its mother's pretty dress; he ran his great, horny, weather-beaten hand, with a touch of awe, over the soft cushions at the back, and then, smiling, he patted the cushions beside him again. That simple little gesture brought a lump in my throat, and a mist in my eyes—those cushions were so very lovely to him, after the horrors of the trenches; that dumb admiration of his was so eloquent! Then, suddenly, he coughed. I knew that cough at once—that horrible cough! It meant that he had been badly gassed, poor soul! He sat still for a while, after that, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, coughing spasmodically, and looking furtively at me, from time to time, from under those heavy eyelids. Presently he began to fumble about in one of his pockets, and having found what he was looking for, out came a huge knife which he began to sharpen on the sole of his shoe.

“Good heavens! What's going to happen now?” thought I, as I watched him, fascinated by the very novelty of the situation.

When his knife was sharp enough to suit him, I was somewhat relieved to see him dive into another pocket, or some invisible place at his side, and drag out a huge lump of black bread, half as large as his untidy head. Pressing the bread close to his chest in true French peasant fashion, he began to saw off vast slices with the newly sharpened knife, cutting always inwards, toward himself,—the selfsame way that his father and his father's father, and all his forebears for generations back had done. That manner of cutting bread belongs to the very soil of France. The next process was to cut off the first mouthful with great care and precision, gauging with remarkable accuracy the size of the mouth into which the piece was to fit—again the peasant tradition. I watched all this as well as I could, without appearing to take much notice, and I expected to see that first mouthful disappear without delay, but that is where I had underestimated my *poilu*, for, crossing himself very devoutly, I saw his lips move as he repeated a silent prayer. Then he looked suddenly across at me, and, with a rough but strangely gentle courtesy: “Madame!” he said, holding up that severed piece of bread as though asking my permission to eat his humble meal in my presence. Never shall I forget that gesture—so simple, so chivalrous, so French! He knew he had intruded where he did not by rights belong, and this was his quiet way of showing me that he knew it. Only after this did he begin to eat his bread, and when he had munched some of it noisily, he dived into another bag or pocket, and out came a piece of hard cheese, which rapidly disappeared with most of the remaining bread. What was left over was carefully wrapped in a piece of indescribable paper, and stuffed back into his pocket, after which, from some other quarter, came out a pipe which he filled with a black-looking substance, but before he lighted it (ours was a non-smoking carriage) again he looked at me, asking permission. Then, resting his head against the cushioned back, he puffed and puffed contentedly, making the most of those

golden moments. That awful tobacco almost asphyxiated me, but my *poilu* smoked on in a dream of happiness. At last I saw him begin to nod; he had just sense enough left to knock the still hot ashes out of his pipe before he fell back—this time there was no appeal to me, for natural fatigue was too strong—and in a moment he was asleep, stretched out on his back, his great rough boots scarring the soft greyness of those cushions which he liked so well. Such a deep refreshing sleep! It did me good to watch it. And snore—*how* he snored! Had he been in a dugout, he would certainly have betrayed the position of a whole regiment.

Alas, his sleep was soon to be interrupted, for I felt the train slow down, and I knew that we were getting to that first stop of ours, between Havre and Paris. Even so, I hoped that he might sleep on, unmolested; but while I was wondering what I could do to protect him from invasion, the train halted, and for the second time that day, the door of my carriage was jerked open; there was a short pause, in which my poor *poilu* sat up, looking around him somewhat distractedly; then the stern voice of the scandalized guard:

"*Mais quoi donc . . . !*" and then, "Here you! Come out of there!"

In vain I protested; in vain I pleaded that as there were no other occupants of the carriage, if I did not object to my travelling companion, why could he not stay? But the guard was obdurate, his official dignity was at stake. Somewhat mollified by a tip from me, however, I heard him say, not too unkindly:

"*Viens mon vieux, dépêche-toi, . . . viens donc!*"

My *poilu* knew that his moment of comfort was over, and he moved slowly toward the door of the carriage; but before he began to scramble out, knapsack, canteen, rifle and all, he turned and saluted; "Madame!" he murmured, and disappeared.

Of course, I never saw him again. I did not even know where he was going, nor have I ever known if he came out of the War alive. But, bless him! How could I ever forget him? And how I missed him as the train, starting once more, raced on toward Paris, in the gathering night.

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

HIGHER EDUCATION

A NEW TRANSLATION¹

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE following is a new translation of one of the four books in the Confucian Bible which has been translated by Dr. Legge as the "Great Learning." This Ta Hsüeh, the "Method of Higher Education," together with the Chung Yung, the "Universal Order or Conduct of Life," forms what may be called the Catechism of the Confucian Teaching. When first publishing my translation of the Chung Yung some ten years ago, I said, "It was my intention to publish these two books together; but I have not been able to bring my translation of the other book into a shape to satisfy the standard which I aim at in my translation." Now the present translation is, in my humble opinion, fit to be presented to the public. I therefore venture to offer it to the consideration of educated men who are really and sincerely interested in the cause of education in China and in the world.

In order to make the sequence of thought more intelligible, I have ventured to slightly rearrange the text as adopted by the great Chinese commentator Chu Hsi and followed by Dr. Legge. The book consists of the text of Confucius and commentary or explanation of the text by a disciple.

KU HUNG-MING, PEKING, 1915.

THE TEXT OF CONFUCIUS

The object of a Higher Education is to bring out (明) the intelligent (明) moral power (德) of our nature; to make a new and better society (lit. people)²; and to enable us to abide in the highest excellence.³

When a man has a standard of excellence before him, and only then, will he have a fixed and definite purpose; with a fixed and definite purpose, and only then, will he be able to have peace and tranquillity of mind; with tranquillity of mind, and only then, will he be able to have peace and serenity of soul; with peace and serenity of soul, and only then, can he devote himself

¹ Readers of this very interesting translation of the Ta Hsüeh, are referred to "On the Screen of Time", in our present issue, for information about Ku Hung-Ming, the translator, and about the origin of his article.

All footnotes which follow are those of the translator.—EDITORS.

² Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study, is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent."

³ Matthew Arnold says: "There is of culture another view,—in which all the love of our neighbour, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described, not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection."

to deep serious thinking and reflection, and it is only by deep, serious thinking and reflection that a man can attain true culture.⁴

COMMENTARY

I

1. The Commission of Investiture to Prince K'ang says: "He (the Emperor Wen) succeeded in making manifest the power of his moral nature."

2. In the Address of the Minister I—Yin to the Emperor T'ai Chia, it is said: "He (the great Emperor T'ang) kept constantly before him the clear Ordinance of God."

3. In the Memorial Record of the Emperor Yao, it is said: "He succeeded in making manifest the lofty sublimity of his moral nature."

4. Thus all these men made manifest the intelligent moral power of their nature.

This section explains what—"to bring out the intelligent power of our nature," means.

II

1. The Inscription on the Emperor T'ang's bath says: "Be a new man each day; from day to day be a new man; every day be a new man."

2. The Commission of Investiture to Prince K'ang says: "Create a new society."

3. The Book of Songs says: "Although the Royal House of Chow was an old State, a new Mission was given to it."

4. Therefore whatever a gentleman finds for his hands to do, he doeth with all his might.

* This section explains what—"to make a new and better society," means.

III

1. The Book of Songs says: "The Imperial Domain was a thousand li wide; within it all the people found their abode."

2. The Book of Songs, again, says: "The twittering yellow bird has found its abode on the side of a little hill." Confucius commenting on this said: "In choosing their abode, even the birds know what to choose. Can it be that man is less intelligent than birds?"

3. The Book of Songs says: "Profoundly serious was the Emperor Wen. Ah! how earnestly he strove to realize his ideals." As a ruler, his ideal was to love mankind. As a subject, his ideal was to respect authority. As a son, his ideal was to be a dutiful son. As a father, his ideal was to be kind to his children. In intercourse with his fellowmen, his ideal was to be faithful and true.

⁴ Goethe says: "Religious Piety is not an end, but only the means by which through perfect calmness and tranquillity of mind, to attain the highest culture."

4. The Book of Songs says:—

"Look where the river forms a nook,
 "How trim the fresh green bamboos are;
 "So full of grace is he,—our Prince,
 "Like ivory finely cut and filed;
 "Like a gem chiselled, ground and ground again.
 "Oh! how distinguished and calm he looks,
 "Oh! how majestic and grand his air;
 "So full of grace is he,—our Prince,
 "Oh! His glory will never end."

The words "cut and filed" refer to the care that he took to improve his knowledge. The words "chiselled and ground" refer to the care that he took to make himself perfect. The words "how distinguished and calm he looks" show the seriousness of his mind. The words "how majestic and grand his air" show the dignity of his manners. Lastly the words "So full of grace is he—our Prince, Oh! His glory will never end," mean that when glorious moral qualities are brought to such perfection, the people will never forget them.

5. The Book of Songs says:—"Ah, the former kings are not forgotten!" The higher classes appreciate their great moral qualities and love them. The lower classes are made happier and enjoy the benefits derived from their work. In this way they attain immortality.

This section explains what—"to abide in the highest excellence," means.

THE TEXT OF CONFUCIUS

Men in old times when they wanted to further the cause of enlightenment and civilization in the world, began first by securing good government in their country. When they wanted to secure good government in their country, they began first by putting their house in order. When they wanted to put their house in order, they began first by ordering their conversation aright. When they wanted to order their conversation aright, they began first by putting their minds in a proper and well-ordered condition. When they wanted to put their minds in a proper and well-ordered condition, they began first by getting true ideas.⁵ When they wanted to have true ideas they began first by acquiring knowledge and understanding. The acquirement of knowledge and understanding comes from a systematic study of things.

After a systematic study of things, and only then, knowledge and understanding will come. When knowledge and understanding have come, and only then, will men have true ideas. When men have true ideas, and only then, will their minds be in a proper and well-ordered condition. When men's minds are in a proper and well-ordered condition, and only then, will their

⁵ True ideas of themselves and of the world. The words 誠意 are the Chinese equivalent of the Socratic "Know thyself".

conversation be ordered aright. When men's conversations are ordered aright, and only then, will their houses be kept in order. When men's houses are kept in order, and only then, will there be good government in the country. When there is good government in all countries, and only then, will there be peace and order throughout the world.

COMMENTARY

IV

1. In physical nature, there are causes and effects. In human affairs, there are springs of actions and consequences. When a man knows that he must first attend to the one, before he can deal with the other, he is then not far from the truth. From the Emperor down to the lowest of the common people, the one thing that all must do is to make the ordering of their conversation aright, the foundation for everything. When the foundation is in disorder, that which is built on it will not be in order. When that which is essential is neglected, that which is not essential can never properly be attended to.

2. Confucius says: "In deciding lawsuits, I am not better than other men. But what I make it a point to do is—I try to make lawsuits impossible. Men who come before me without a just cause, have nothing to say for themselves." Watch therefore with fear and trembling over the hearts of the people. That is the root of the matter in knowledge. That is the highest knowledge.

V

1. Now what is meant by "to have true ideas" is to have no self-deception, as when one hates a bad smell or loves what is beautiful. That is what is called self-detachment.⁶ Therefore a gentleman watches diligently over his secret thought.

2. When he is alone, there is no evil which an immoral man will not do; but when he sees a gentleman, he immediately disguises himself and conceals what is evil and shows off what is good within him. But men see through us as though our hearts and reins lay open to them. What is the use then of concealing? This is what is meant by the saying that what is truly within, will surely show without. Therefore a gentleman watches diligently over his secret thought.

3. The disciple of Confucius, Tseng-tzu, says: "When you know that ten eyes are looking upon you and ten fingers are pointing at you, is it not awful?"

4. Wealth embellishes a house, but moral qualities embellish the person. When the mind is free and easy, the body will grow in flesh. Therefore a gentleman must have true ideas.

⁶ In order to have true ideas, Matthew Arnold says you must see "the object as in itself it really is", and in order to do that, "you must get yourself out of the way."

VI

1. Now what is meant by saying that the ordering of one's conversation aright depends upon putting the state of the mind in a proper and well-ordered condition, is this. When a person is under the influence of passion, his mind is not in a proper and well-ordered condition. When he is under the influence of fear and terror, his mind is not in a proper and well-ordered condition. When he is under the excitement of pleasure and amusement, his mind is not in a proper and well-ordered condition. When he is under the influence of sorrow and distress, his mind is not in a proper and well-ordered condition.

2. When the mind is absent, we look, but do not see; we hear, but do not understand; we eat, but do not know the taste of that which we eat.

3. This is what is meant by saying that the ordering of one's conversation aright depends upon putting the state of the mind in a proper and well-ordered condition.

VII

1. Now what is meant by saying that putting one's house in order depends upon the ordering of his conversation aright, is this. Men are biassed towards those for whom they feel love and affection; biassed towards those whom they despise and dislike; biassed towards those of whom they stand in awe and reverence; biassed towards those for whom they feel pity and compassion; biassed towards those towards whom they feel arrogance and pride. Wherefore it is that there are few men in the world who love and yet know the bad qualities of those whom they love; who hate and yet know the good qualities of those whom they hate.

2. Hence it is said in the common adage: "No man knows the wickedness of his son, no man knows the richness of his crops."

3. This is what is meant by saying that unless you order your conversation aright, you cannot put your house in order.

VIII

1. Now what is meant by saying that in order to have good government in the country, one must first put one's house in order, is this. He who cannot teach the members of his own family to be good, can never teach other people to be good. Hence the moral man, without going out of his house, can learn the duties which he owes to the State. The duties of a good son will teach him how to serve his Sovereign. The duties of subordination in the family will teach him to respect authority. The kindness of a father to his children will teach him how to treat the multitude.

2. The Commission of Investiture to Prince K'ang says: "Watch over the people as a mother watches over her new born child." A mother who seeks with her whole heart the good of her child, although she makes mistakes, will never go wholly wrong. No girl had ever to learn how to take care of her child before marriage.

3. When there is kindness and humanity in one family, the whole nation will grow kind and humane. When there is courtesy and politeness in one family, the whole nation will all become polite and courteous. The ambition and perversity of one man, on the other hand, may bring to confusion and anarchy the whole nation. Such is the power of influence. Hence the saying: "One word can ruin everything; one man can save a nation."

4. The Emperors Yao and Shun set up humanity as their principle in governing the Empire, and the people responded and became humane. The Emperors Chieh and Chow set up cruelty as their principle in governing the Empire, and the people responded and became cruel. When rulers give orders which are contrary to that which they themselves love to practise, the people will not obey them. Therefore, before requiring any moral quality of the people, the ruler must himself have that moral quality; before condemning any vice in the people, he must himself be free from that vice. A man who does not consider his own moral condition can never influence others for good.

5. Therefore government in a country depends upon putting one's house in order.

6. The Book of Songs says:—

"The peach tree is tender and fair,
"With its leaves all in bloom;
"The girl is going to her new home,
"She will rightly order her household."

Only when there is order in the household, is it possible to teach the people of the nation to be good.

7. The Book of Songs says:—

"Do your duty to your elder brothers,
"Do your duty to your younger brothers."

Only when a man has done his duty towards his brothers at home, can he teach the people of the nation to be good.

8. The Book of Songs says:

"His manners were without reproach.
"He therefore brought the whole nation to order."

Thus only when the ruler is fit to be to his people a model father, a model son and a model brother, will the people take him as their model.

9. This is, then, what is meant by saying that good government in a country depends upon putting one's house in order.

IX

1. Now what is meant by saying that peace and order throughout the world depend upon having good government in one's own country, is this. When

those in authority honour old age, the people will all become dutiful sons. When those in authority respect and obey their superiors, the people will all become good citizens. When those in authority take care of the poor and helpless, the people will not neglect them. Thus a gentleman has a self-measuring rule.

2. What a man hates in the conduct of those who are above him, let him not show it in his treatment of those who are under him. What he hates in the conduct of those who are under him, let him not show it when doing his duty to those who are above him. What he hates in the conduct of those who go before him, let him not be the first to show in dealing with those who come after him. What he hates in the conduct of those who come after him, let him not follow their example and show in dealing with those who go before him. What he hates in the conduct of those who are on the right hand of him, let him not show in dealing with those who are on the left hand of him. What he hates in the conduct of those who are on the left hand of him, let him not show in dealing with those who are on the right hand of him. This is what is called a self-measuring rule.

3. The Book of Songs says: "How the people love the prince who is a father and a mother to the people." To love what the people love and to hate what the people hate: that is what is meant by being a father and a mother to the people.

4. The Book of Songs says:

"Lofty like the southern hill,
 "With its rugged mass of rocks;
 "Awful you are, my lord of Yin.
 "The people all look up to you."

Those who are responsible for the government of a nation can not be too careful in what they do. The least mistake on their part will have awful consequences to the world.

5. The Book of Songs says:

"Before the Yin rulers had lost the hearts of the people,
 "They found favour in the sight of God;
 "Take warning then from the house of Yin,
 "The great High Mission is not easy to hold."

This means that when a ruler gains the hearts of the people, he will gain the kingdom; when he loses the hearts of the people, he will lose the kingdom.

6. Therefore the first care of the ruler is to make sure that he has the moral qualities. Who has the moral qualities, has the people; who has the people, has the land; who has the land, has the revenue; who has the revenue, has the power to use it.

7. Moral qualities are the foundation of a nation. Wealth is but the means. When the ruler mistakes the end for the means and the means for

the end, the result will be rapine and scrambling for wealth among the people. Therefore the accumulation of wealth in a few hands leads to the dissolution of Society, while the distribution of wealth among the many contributes to the stability of Society.

8. Hence it is said: "Words spoken in violence will return again with violence, and wealth gotten by violence will be taken away by violence."

9. The Commission of Investiture to Prince K'ang says: "The Divine Mission is not given us for ever;" that is to say, if we are good, we shall win it; if we are not good, we shall lose it.

10. In the history of the Kingdom of C'hu it is said: "There is naught that the people of C'hu deem precious; goodness alone they deem precious."

11. Fan, the uncle of Duke Wen of the Kingdom of T'sin, while the Duke was in exile abroad, said: "Our Prince now in exile considers nothing as precious; he only holds as precious his love for his parents."

12. In his speech from the Throne, the Duke of T'sin said: "Let me have as my Minister a plain and simple man who has absolutely no other qualification except a free and open mind and a broad and tolerant spirit; who regards the possession of abilities by others as if he possessed them himself; who shows his broad and tolerant spirit by taking the same delight in the superior intelligence of others as he would were it his own. Such a man will be able to protect our children and grandchildren, the black haired people. He will benefit us in every way. A man, on the other hand, who, when he sees others possessing abilities, is envious of and hates them; who, when he sees superior intelligence in others, shows his narrow and intolerant spirit by putting difficulties in their way, so that they can not get known, such a man will not be able to protect our children and grandchildren, the black haired people. He will in every way be a man dangerous to us all."

13. It is the duty of all good men to banish such a man and drive him to live among the uncivilized heathen, not to allow him to live with us in China. This is what is meant by saying: "It is only the truly good and moral man who can love or hate others."

14. To see men of worth and not be able to raise them to office, but to keep them in a subordinate position under you, that is gross neglect of duty. To see bad and unworthy men and not be able to remove them; to remove them but not be able to keep away from their influence,—that is weakness.

15. To love and like those whom all men hate and dislike; to hate and dislike those whom all men love and like; that is to outrage the natural feeling of men. Calamities will be sure to overtake a person who thus acts.

16. Thus in life there is one great law for a gentleman. If faithful and trustworthy, he is sure to succeed; if proud and careless, he is sure to fail. In the same manner in the production of wealth there is one great law. When there are many who produce and few who consume; when those who work, work hard, and those who spend, spend slowly; then there will always be plenty of wealth in the nation.

17. Moral men make money to live. Immoral men live to make money.

18. You will never find where the rulers are humane and kind that the people do not love honour and duty. You will never find where the people in a nation love honour and duty, that the affairs of that nation do not prosper, and that the wealth in the nation does not belong to the ruler.

19. The noble Lord Men Hsien said: "The man who keeps horses and carriages, does not look after fowls and pigs. The family that stores ice in the house, does not rear oxen and sheep. In the same manner the ruler of a great nation should not keep a minister whose sole aim is to exact as much money as he can from the people. Rather than have such a minister, it were better to have a minister who openly robs him." This is what is meant by saying that what really makes a nation prosperous is not wealth and material prosperity, but honour and duty.

20. When a ruler who wishes to make his nation prosperous and great, devotes his attention only to questions of finance and revenue, he is surely under the influence of some base and ignoble person. When such a base and ignoble person directs the affairs of a nation, even though he be a man of ability, calamities and disaster will follow, and then even a good man who comes after him, will be able to do nothing. This, then, is what is meant by saying that what really makes a nation prosperous is not wealth and material prosperity, but honour and duty.

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things which God hath put within the reach of men, you must fix your mind on that end, and not what will happen to you because of it.—GEORGE ELIOT.

THOUGHTS OF A NEW MEMBER

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.*

BYRON.

ONE of the most significant utterances of the recent Convention was, for me, that The Theosophical Society, in carrying the Movement over the end of the Century, and past the first quarter of the next, had telescoped time, shattering the cyclic law that decreed the messenger of the Lodge might come only in the last quarter of a Century. It rests with our devotion, it was said, whether the next Lodge messenger may come in 1975 or in 1950.

At the time I was conscious of a great surge of gratitude in the conviction that there had been, and there would continue to be, in The Theosophical Society, a devotion of that high level, such as might well perform this miracle. But mingled with that thought was a sense of my own inadequacy, a feeling of remoteness from participation in the miracle.

The thought troubled me, just why, I was not then able to determine; but I carried it with me to the Tea the following afternoon, and must have transmitted something of it in talking with another about opportunity. Opportunity, I was told, lies in our own attitude toward it. This was no new thought, but the speaker touched it with something that made it blossom. "I have a friend", it was said, "who never walks up three steps without conscious intent". I saw at once a mental image of one about whom I felt this must be true, and there flashed into my mind the words, "She walks in beauty", and immediately, "The beauty of holiness". But again, I lost the lesson through smothering it with my own sense of remoteness. Holiness I had attributed to saints, and to all the perfect ones; something to be revered and aspired to, but far beyond the hope of my attainment.

This continued sense of remoteness oppressed me greatly. As a new member of the Society I was increasingly anxious to do my part, mistakenly feeling I could not serve unless I were given something to do with my hands. Now, those hands which had clamoured for something to do, found in their grasp this image of the holiness of pure devotion, and discovered it to be a spherical concept which turned round and round like a polished ball, mirroring ideas in distorted perspective, its inner secrets locked against their groping.

And then, at the next Branch meeting, a key was fitted into the lock, a small key, simple as all great truths are simple, consisting merely in changing the spelling of the word "holy". If spelled "wholly", the sphere was broken open, disclosing the heart of the truth that pure devotion is the putting of oneself wholly into every act, however small. The washing of a cup may become a

spiritual act if done with that intent, and real devotion to our smallest obligation, for the Masters' sake, makes us partakers in that great devotion which has broken the tyranny of time.

It was then I first realized something of what it means to be a member of The Theosophical Society. I had always felt it to be a great privilege, but now I saw it as something infinitely more significant,—a gift admitting one to fellowship not only in the present, but in all the past, and in all the future. It was suggested that the Master Christ, two thousand years ago, in the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, had shown us how the Lodge may telescope our time of membership. The Lord of the vineyard, you will remember, went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. He went out again about the third hour to hire others; again at the sixth hour, the ninth, and the eleventh. But at the close of the day, when the labour was ended, those who had come at the eleventh hour shared equally with those who had borne the burden of the whole day's work.

We were reminded how Madame Blavatsky put her whole self into the smallest thing she did. Those who have come at the eleventh hour, owe it to her devotion, and to that of the many others who have helped to keep the link unbroken, that the Master may perform for us that miracle of giving each an equal opportunity for service. It is not asked of us that we should roll the cycle back upon itself; those who have gone before have done it for us. We need only watch with them one hour. Not some great, dreaded hour of unguessed trial, but this small, common-place hour of the present, these fluttering moments we hold in our hands to-day. It is asked of us only that we make sure the flame of our devotion is burning at its little best this present moment, if we would fulfil our part—a royally equal part—in making it possible for the new Lodge messenger to come, not in 1975, but when he may come.

P. J.

Use your gifts faithfully and they shall be enlarged; practise what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT AND KALI YUGA

When, however, the whole order of mundane things, greatest and least, is corrupted, then it is necessary that the gods should descend for the purpose of imparting another orderly distribution of things.

SYNESIUS: THE WISDOM OF THE EGYPTIANS.

PERHAPS no one of Madame Blavatsky's prophecies has been more often quoted than that with which she sums up several paragraphs at the conclusion of her *Key to Theosophy* (1889): "If the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulses through the next hundred years—tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now!".

Note that the *fruit* of success in carrying forward the Movement will be reaped in the twenty-first, not the twentieth, century; and that the whole context suggests that the ability of the next Lodge Messenger (c. 1975) to bring such a heaven on earth to pass, depends in large measure upon the survival of The Theosophical Society through the present hundred year cycle, so that he may find ready to hand "an organized, living and healthy body", which means "a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth."

This prophecy, if fulfilled, certainly provides a ray of brightness and hope in the welter of Kali Yuga around us,—in fact, so halcyon is it, that it seems at first sight to be almost an impossible contradiction to all that has been told us about the unyielding restrictions and blackness of Kali Yuga, and the 427,000 years of it that still lie ahead. It will therefore be the purpose of this article to suggest, if possible, that this contradiction depends on what H. P. B. might have called a "dead-letter interpretation" of cycles; and that our literature itself, if carefully examined, provides us with the necessary clues for a deeper and more understanding grasp of the subject. Madame Blavatsky's prophetic promise, therefore, need not be discounted in the slightest degree; and we may, if we so choose, use it as an incentive to spur us on to concerted and intelligent effort.

The main points to bear in mind are, first, that there are many cycles, of different kinds, and generated by different causes, which run concurrently; and, therefore, second, that Kali Yuga, being only one of the cycles operating at present, cannot and does not prevent the operation of other cycles, interblending with it. Provided we forthwith associate ourselves with some other cycle or cycles, Kali Yuga is by so much side-stepped or left behind. As several things of great interest have been told us in our early literature about cycles, all cannot be dealt with in one article; but a beginning can be made.

What has been said should not be taken to mean that Kali Yuga is any less rigorous or disagreeable than is generally conceived. "Oh, my God!" wrote Mr. Judge, "The age is black as hell, hard as iron. It is iron, it is Kali Yuga. Kali is always painted black" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, I, 30). How black, and how hard, Madame Blavatsky depicts in detail for us through the words of a very ancient prophecy as to Kali Yuga in the *Vishnu Purāna*,¹ which she quotes with approval in *The Secret Doctrine* (1st ed., I, 377-8): "There will be contemporary monarchs, reigning over the earth—kings of churlish spirit [e.g., some Roman Emperors, to the Kaiser and Lenin], violent temper, and ever addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They will inflict death on women, children, and cows [cf. Russia to-day!]; they will seize upon the property of their subjects, and *be intent upon the wives of others*; they will be of unlimited power, their lives will be short, their desires insatiable. . . . Wealth and piety will decrease until the world will be wholly depraved. Property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be objects merely of sensual gratification. . . . *External types will be the only distinction of the several orders of life*; . . . a man if rich will be reputed pure; dishonesty (*anyaya*) will be the universal means of subsistence, weakness the cause of dependence, menace and presumption will be substituted for learning; liberality will be devotion; mutual assent, marriage; fine clothes, dignity. He who is the strongest will reign. . . . Thus, in the Kali age will decay constantly proceed, until the human race approaches its annihilation."

How,—in the light of this picture, too graphic a present-day verisimilitude to be read by anyone with relish, and in which "decay constantly proceeds,"—how could the Theosophical Movement, be it ever so steadfast and loyal, produce even a relative "heaven" on earth so soon? Do we not have it on high authority that, "We never pretended to be able to draw nations in the mass to this or that crisis in spite of the general drift of the world's cosmic relations. *The cycles must run their rounds*. Periods of mental and moral light and darkness succeed each other as day does night. The major and minor yugas must be accomplished according to the established order of things. And we, borne along on the mighty tide, can only modify and direct some of its minor currents. . . . Having to deal with an immutable law, being ourselves its creatures, we have had to do what we could, and rest thankful. . . . True also, our numbers are just now diminishing, but this is because, as I have said, we are of the human race, *subject to its cyclic impulse*, and *powerless* to turn that back upon itself. Can you turn the Gunga or the Bramaputra back to its sources; can you even dam it so that its piled-up waters will not overflow the

¹ III, p. 197, Wilson's translation. Cf. *The Secret Doctrine* (abbreviated hereafter *S. D.*), I, 423: "The Vishnu Purāna, like all other works of this kind, has passed at a later period into the hands of the temple-Brahmins, and the old MSS. have, no doubt, been once more tampered with by sectarians. But there was a time when the Purānas were esoteric works, and so they are still for the Initiates who can read them with the key that is in their possession." Cf. II, 175n. They long antedate our era.

banks? No; but you may draw the stream partly into canals, and utilize its hydraulic power for the good of mankind."²

Putting these quotations together, and adding the fact, repeatedly stated, that Kali Yuga began 3102 B.C., "at the time of Krishna's death" (*Ocean*, p. 126; *S. D.* II, 140), and therefore that only 5032 years out of 432,000 have elapsed, and where does heaven-on-earth, or anything remotely approximating a golden age (Krita or Satya Yuga) enter in? "*The cycles must run their rounds*". If even Masters confess themselves "*powerless*" to turn back cyclic impulse, what can really be expected of the next Lodge Messenger?

Let us see.

From the very first, where cycles have been discussed in our Theosophical literature, the student has been warned that the whole truth could not be given out to the uninitiated, and that a mechanical application of such figures as have been given, would not solve the problem. "In a transition period the full and complete figures and rules respecting cycles are not given out to a generation which elevates money above all thoughts and scoffs at the spiritual view of man and nature", wrote Mr. Judge (*Ocean*, 126); and similarly, Madame Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, said: "We are not given the figures of the Great Kalpa, and are not allowed to publish those of our small Yugas, except as to the approximate duration of these."³ While, therefore, it is important to realize this, one should not on that account give over all effort to assimilate what has already been revealed. In fact, by piecing together what has been written, much that is both suggestive and of very vital interest may be deduced, well worth the thoughtful consideration of any earnest student, because not merely capable of, but indeed demanding, personal and practical application.

We may begin by recalling the skeleton, as it were, of those facts and figures that have been published.

From the start it was said that "we" belong to the Fifth Race of the Fourth Round. The Fourth Race were the Atlanteans, many of whom turned to great sorcery and wickedness before Atlantis finally went down. Each Race, or Root Race, has seven Sub-Races; and each of these in turn seven ramifications which, writes H. P. B., "may be called Branch or 'Family' races" (*S. D.*, II, 434, with diagram). "In the Eocene age—even in its 'very first part', the great cycle of the fourth Race men, the Atlanteans—had already reached its highest point, and the great continent, the father of nearly all the present continents—showed the first symptoms of sinking—a process that occupied it down to 11,446 years ago [from 1882], when its last island, that, translating its vernacular name, we may call with propriety *Poseidonis*—went down with a crash. . . . Lemuria can no more be confounded with the Atlantic Continent than Europe with America. Both sunk and were drowned with their high civilization and 'Gods', yet between the two catastrophes, a short period of about 700,000 years

² Letter of Master K. H. in *The Occult World*, pp. 135-136; 1st ed.; italics mine.

³ I, 206; cf. II, 156: "For, although the exact figures are withheld . . . etc.; and: "The real figures expressing the mortal years included in this period are not given"—*The Path*, vol. IV, Dec. 1889; "Cycles" by W. Q. Judge.

elapsed; 'Lemuria' flourishing and ending her career just at about that trifling lapse of time before the early part of the Eocene Age, since its race was the *third*."⁴

With this in mind as a background, let us now recall the durations given for the four Yugas into which one Maha Yuga, or great cycle, is divided, each later division being shorter, respectively, by one-tenth of the whole than its predecessor. These are: 1st. Satya or Krita Yuga, 1,728,000 years; 2d. Treta Yuga, 1,296,000 years; 3d. Dvapara Yuga, 864,000 years; 4th. Kali Yuga, 432,000 years; which four, added together, make 4,320,000 years, or one Maha Yuga (Cf. for instructive details and further elaboration, *Isis*, I, 32; *S. D.*, II, 68-9; *Ocean*, 125). Of these, with their expansion into Kalpas and "Days of Brahma", H. P. B. writes: "As the Brahmanical figures given above are *approximately* the basic calculations of our esoteric system, the reader is requested to carefully keep them in mind" (*S. D.*, II, 70; italics mine). Next, we are told in connection with these same figures that: "The course of evolution is divided into four *Yugas* for every race in its own time and way" (*Ocean*, 125), thus directly relating racial development to these figures, but with the important reservation:—"every race in its own time and way". Further: "Each Round, each ring, as every race has its great and its smaller cycles, on every planet that mankind passes through. Our fourth Round Humanity has its one great cycle, and so have her races and sub-races" (*Mah. Let.*, 149). "We", therefore, are the Fifth Root Race of this Fourth Round; and we are told that: "Yes; the fifth race—ours—began in Asia a million years ago;" and specific mention is made of "India—as one of the first and most powerful off-shoots of the mother Race, and composed of a number of sub-races, lasting to these times, and struggling once more to take her place in history some day."⁵ Egyptians, also, were "part and parcel of our own 'Caucasian' stock" (i.e., the Fifth Race; *ibid.*, 152), which had its golden age thousands of years before history (which "catches but a few stray, hazy glimpses . . . some 12,000 years back") has any knowledge, and which, as "a distinct sub-race," has disappeared "entirely (her Copts are a hybrid remnant)". The "old Greeks and Romans . . . were but sub-races of the seven off-shoots of the [Fourth, Atlantean] 'root race';" . . . the "modern" Greeks and Romans of the historic period "all belong to the fifth Race" (*ibid.*, 157; cf. *S. D.*, II, 774). Furthermore, Mr. Judge wrote: "The present root-race to which we belong, no matter what the sub-race or family we may be in, is the fifth. It became a separate, distinct and completely defined race about one million years ago, and has yet many more years to serve before the sixth will be ushered in. This fifth race includes also all the nations in Europe, as they together form a family race and are not to be divided off from each other" (*Echoes From The Orient*, pp. 23-24). In *The Mahatma Letters* (p. 154) additional details are given: "The highest people now on earth (spiritually) belong to the

⁴*The Mahatma Letters To A. P. Sinnett*, p. 151; a very long letter signed K. H., received Oct., 1882; from which we shall quote extensively. Parts of this communication were used by Sinnett in *Esoteric Buddhism*.

⁵*Mah. Let.*, 150, 152. Cf. also p. 118: "Most of the peoples of India belong to the oldest or the earliest branch-let of the fifth human Race."

first sub-race of the fifth *root* Race; and those are the Aryan Asiatics; the highest race (physical intellectuality) is the last sub-race of the fifth—yourselves, the white conquerors.”⁶

Summarizing, therefore, briefly: 1) We in the West are the “last sub-race of the fifth” Root Race, which latter commenced about one million years ago, the first sub-race of which, with its branchlets, still survives in India. 2) The Greeks and Romans of history, and the pre-historic Egyptians, now extinct, were all sub-races of our Fifth Root Race. 3) The Fourth Root Race were the Atlanteans. Poseidonis went down 11,494 years ago to date; so the Fifth Root Race, in point of time, overlapped the Fourth by at least 988,000 years. If the Sixth Root Race were to overlap us, the Fifth, to the same extent, it might seem to be long overdue, therefore, because a mere 427,000 years are apparently left for us. (This question is discussed further in note 13 below.) As a matter of fact, we are told that even to-day, “The *majority* of mankind belongs to the seventh *sub-race* of the fourth *Root race* [Atlantean],—the above mentioned Chinamen and their off-shoots and branchlets (Malayans, Mongolians, Tibetans, Javanese, etc., etc., etc.) and remnants of other sub-races of the fourth—and the seventh sub-race of the third race [Lemurians]. All these, fallen degraded semblances of humanity are the direct lineal descendants of highly civilized nations neither the name nor memory of which have survived except in such books as *Popol Vuh* and a few others unknown to science” (*Mah. Let.*, 154; italics mine. Cf. the expansion of this in *S. D.*, II, 178).

This overlapping of races is an important point to bear in mind, and we are now approaching the crux of the matter. On pages 146-7 of the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. B. discusses “the geological cataclysm which swept away nearly all the Fourth Race to make room for the Fifth. . . . The very commencement of the latter witnesses, during the Dvapara Yuga, the destruction of the accursed sorcerers. . . . It may well be remarked here that the Dvapara Yuga lasts 864,000 years, according to the Sanskrit texts; and that, if the *Kali Yuga* began only about 5,000 years ago, that it is just 869,000 since that destruction took place. Again, these figures are not very widely different from those given by the geologists, who place their ‘glacial period’ 850,000 years ago.” A highly significant note adds: “The Dvapara Yuga differs for each Race. *All races have their own cycles*, which fact *causes a great difference*. For instance, the Fourth Sub-Race of the Atlanteans was in its Kali-Yug, when destroyed, whereas the Fifth was in its Satya or *Krita* Yuga. The Aryan Race is now in its Kali Yuga, and will continue to be in it for 427,000 years longer, while various ‘family Races’, called the Semitic, Hamitic, etc., are in their own special cycles. The forthcoming 6th Sub Race—which may begin very soon—will be in its Satya (golden) age while we reap the fruit of our iniquity in our Kali Yuga” (italics mine).

⁶From what is quoted below about the “forthcoming 6th Sub Race”, the inference may be drawn that this word “last”, means “latest”;—not the seventh Sub-Race, therefore, but the Fifth Sub-Race. If this be correct, the Western European Sub-Race, with its off-shoots in America, would be the Fifth Sub-Race of the Fifth Root Race, of the Fourth Round. For preparation in the United States for the Sixth Sub-Race in the very near future, and for the Sixth Root Race ultimately, see below. Also cf. *S. D.*, II., 445.

The reader will now begin to perceive how the twenty-first century *may* be all that has been held out to us by H. P. B., and that this engaging foot-note opens several vistas which merit consideration. First, we are emphatically told that, "All races have their own cycles, which fact causes a great difference." In other words, the matter is not one of a simple and mechanical calculation beginning with a given year. A Race has a certain individuality of its own, composed as it is of individuals who have free-will; it therefore creates its own Karma, and can either speed up, or retard, its own evolution. This passage and note are the promised amplification, apparently, of an earlier statement in *The Secret Doctrine*, which still further emphasizes the same fundamental principle of the individuality of racial cycles. Referring to the table of Yugas and Kalpas, part of which was given above, H. P. B. says: "These are the exoteric figures accepted throughout India, and they dovetail pretty nearly with those of the Secret works. The latter, moreover, amplify them by a division into a number of esoteric cycles, never mentioned in Brahmanical popular writings—one of which, the division of the Yugas into racial cycles, is given elsewhere as an instance" (II, 70). In a still earlier, and on the surface quite unrelated paragraph in the first volume, we find the same principle expounded: "These 'Eternities' [a hundred years of Brahma, each 'Day of Brahma' consisting of 4,320,000,000 of mortal years] belong to the most secret calculations, in which, in order to arrive at the true total, every figure must be 7^x (7 to the power of x); x varying according to the nature of the cycle in the subjective or real world; and every figure or number relating to, or representing all the different cycles from the greatest to the smallest—in the objective or unreal world—must necessarily be multiples of seven [4,320 is divisible by every digit *except* 7, and therefore *cannot* apply directly!]. The key to this cannot be given, for herein lies the mystery of esoteric calculations, and for the purposes of ordinary calculation it has no sense" (I, 36).

We are, therefore, thrown back entirely upon the *real* world; and are reminded once again, as so often throughout H. P. B.'s writings, that the universe proceeds from within without, and that no study of the outer without the inner will ever really explain anything; nor will any theory based solely upon observation of the outer remain true for one moment beyond the time when the inner itself changes and grows—which it is *ceaselessly doing*. Materialistic science, therefore, including astronomy, is constantly building on shifting sand, when it simply collects the data of observation, and generalizes from these. "Nothing in the material world endures absolutely unchanged in itself or its conditions, even for the smallest conceivable portion of time" (*Echoes*, 10).

That the ordinary figures based on 4,320 given above have "no sense" when applied to a specific problem, becomes manifest with the first effort to fit them, for example, to our own Fifth Race. We recall that Satya or Krita Yuga is of 1,728,000 years duration. "As the '*Satya-yuga*' is always the first in the series of the four ages or Yugas, so the Kali ever comes the last" (I, 377); and again: "The Western Aryans had, every nation and tribe, like their Eastern brethren of the Fifth Race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative

irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now, several of them have reached their Iron Age, the *Kali Yuga*, an age BLACK WITH HORRORS" (I, 644-5). If Satya be always the first age, and our Fifth Race began with its golden age some million years ago, how can we (and even the Indian sub-races) now be already in our Kali Yuga, since Satya is 1,728,000 years long, and the Treta and Dvapara Yugas together equal some 2,160,000 years more, before the last, or Kali Yuga begins? Nor do any fractional proportions or decimals seem to work out—our x is lacking. Yet we are told that "we"—the Fifth Race—have the pleasant prospect of 427,000 years of Kali Yuga ahead of us, for our sins! It would, however, be a mistake to dismiss these cycles as having no relation to our own. These particular numerical Yugas (based on the astronomical, solar year) do apply in some way,—possibly in the sense that they colour, respectively, the minor racial cycles taking place within them.⁷ Superficially, it would not seem karmically quite fair to telescope our Satya, Treta, and Dvapara Yugas to a mere million years, and extend our Kali Yuga to its full duration and bitter end. Obviously, therefore, these figures, taken literally, do not apply,—i.e. "make no sense",—because, once more, "All races have their own cycles, which fact causes a great difference."

Furthermore, though the "Aryan Race is now in its Kali Yuga", while other Races are not, the "forthcoming 6th Sub Race—which MAY begin very soon—will be in its Satya (golden) age while we reap the fruit of our iniquity in our Kali Yuga," for, as stated at the very opening of *Isis*: "*These cycles . . . do not embrace mankind at one and the same time*" (I, 6; cf. p. 294).

A further series of highly important suggestions is made in section XVI of *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 634-647), headed "Cyclic Evolution and Karma," which are all directed to the exposition of this same theme. The reader will perhaps keep in the background of his mind the use of the word "MAY", above, with its possible relation to the success of the Movement as outlined in the *Key*, and the consequent responsibility of the members of the Society. "But these cycles—wheels within wheels . . . *do not affect all mankind at one and the same time*. . . . Hence, as we see, the difficulty of comprehending, and discriminating between them, with regard to their physical and spiritual effects, without having thoroughly mastered their relations with, and action upon the respective positions of nations and races, in their destiny and evolution. This system cannot be comprehended if the spiritual action of these periods—*pre-ordained*, so to say, by Karmic law—is separated from their physical course. . . . And this mastery can be achieved only through INITIATION.

"The Grand Cycle includes the progress of mankind from the appearance of primordial man of ethereal form. It runs through the inner cycles of his (man's) progressive evolution. . . . These are the great Racial Cycles which affect equally all the nations and tribes included in that special Race; but there are minor and national as well as tribal cycles within those, which run indepen-

⁷Thus a race or sub-race having its golden age in Kali Yuga may be imagined to have a much less comfortable and happy one, so to speak, than another race or sub-race having its golden age at the apex of some Krita Yuga. Major Yugas to a certain extent overshadow minor ones.

dently of each other" (pp. 641-2). "There are 'Cycles of matter' and there are 'Cycles of Spiritual evolution.' Racial, national, and individual cycles. May not esoteric speculation allow us a still deeper insight into the workings of these?" (p. 638). "KARMA-NEMESIS is the creator of nations and mortals" to which add a most important statement: "The Cycles are also subservient to the effects produced by this activity," namely, "KARMA" (p. 635). Further: "It is true . . . that the exoteric cycles of every nation have been correctly made to be derived from, and depend on, sidereal motions. The latter are inseparably blended with the destinies of nations and men. But in their purely physical sense, Europe knows of no other cycles than the astronomical, and makes its computations accordingly. . . . But with the pagans, . . . the cycles meant something more than a mere succession of events, or a periodical space of time of more or less prolonged duration. . . . Modern wisdom is satisfied with astronomical computations and prophecies based on unerring mathematical laws. Ancient Wisdom added to the cold shell of astronomy the vivifying elements of its soul and spirit" (p. 645). The key-note to the whole section and discussion is struck in the opening sentence: "It is the spiritual evolution of the *inner*, immortal man that forms the fundamental tenet in the Occult Sciences."

In the light of these quotations, it is surely obvious that the key to the interpretation of cycles lies not so much in the outer revolutions of years, as in the inner evolution of the souls of men, and the Karma which they create for themselves. From this point of view, the whole process becomes in a sense reversible. Instead of men being necessarily subject to cycles, men create their own cycles,—have in fact created the present cycles,—though they are subject, of course, to universal, sidereal and planetary laws. "I may also remind you in this connection that *time is something created entirely by ourselves*," wrote, apparently, Master K. H., underscoring the words he wished to emphasize.⁸

A moment's reflection will make this clear. "If we live in our hearts we soon prove that space and time exist not" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, I, 24). Take, for example, such Masters as Christ or Buddha, or gracious Master K. H. himself. We are told of the latter that he won his final initiation during the life-time of our Movement,—hence in *Kali Yuga*. Manifestly, while working with us, he was, and is, subject to the limitation of our Western, Aryan Kali cycle; but is he himself *decaying constantly*, to paraphrase the *Vishnu Purāna*? Let us quote still another very interesting passage from *The Secret Doctrine*, where H. P. B. is correcting "A Few Early Theosophical Misconceptions Concerning Planets, Rounds, and Man" (I, 152ff., esp. 161-2). "One of such [misconceptions] has reference to the '*Fifth*-' and even '*Sixth*-' Rounders'. Those who knew that a Round was preceded and followed by a long *Pralaya*, a pause of rest which created an impassable gulf between two Rounds until the time came for a renewed cycle of life, could not understand the 'fallacy' of talking about '*fifth* and '*sixth* Rounders' in our *Fourth* Round. Gautama Buddha, it was held, was a *Sixth*-Rounder, Plato and some other great philosophers and minds,

⁸*The Mahatma Letters*, 194; letter of Feb. 2nd, 1883, signed K. H.

'Fifth-Rounders'. How could it be? One Master taught and affirmed that there were such 'Fifth-Rounders' even now on earth; and though *understood to say* that mankind was yet 'in the Fourth Round', in another place he *seemed to say* that we were in the Fifth. To this an 'apocalyptic answer' was returned by another Teacher:—'A few drops of rain do not make a Monsoon, though they presage it.' . . . 'No, we are not in the Fifth Round, but Fifth Round men have been coming in for the last few thousand years.' This was worse than the riddle of the Sphinx! . . . But it is simply this: every 'Round' brings about a new development and even an entire change in the mental, psychic, spiritual and physical constitution of man, all these principles evolving on an ever ascending scale. Thence it follows that those persons who, like Confucius and Plato, belonged psychically, mentally and spiritually to the higher planes of evolution, were in our Fourth Round as the average man will be in the Fifth Round, whose mankind is destined to find itself, on this scale of Evolution, immensely higher than is our present humanity. Similarly Gautama Buddha—Wisdom incarnate—was still higher and greater than all the men we have mentioned, who are called Fifth Rounders, while Buddha and Sankaracharya are termed Sixth Rounders, allegorically. Thence again the concealed wisdom of the remark, pronounced at the time 'evasive'—that 'a few drops of rain do not make the Monsoon, *though they presage it*.'" In *The Mahatma Letters* (p. 117) we read that Buddha was "a sixth round being, as he had run so successfully the race in his previous incarnations as to outrun even his predecessors. But then such a man is to be found in a *billion* of human creatures. He differed from other men as much in his physical appearance as in spirituality and knowledge." "It is not in the course of natural law that man should become a *perfect* septenary being, before the seventh race in the seventh Round. Yet he has all these principles latent in him from his birth. Nor is it part of the evolutionary law that the Fifth principle (*Manas*), should receive its complete development before the *Fifth* Round. All such prematurely developed intellects (on the *spiritual* plane) in our Race are *abnormal*; they are those whom we call the 'Fifth-Rounders'. Even in the coming seventh Race, at the close of this Fourth Round, while our four lower principles will be fully developed, that of *Manas* will be only proportionately so" (*S. D.*, II, 167).

If Plato, an "Initiate", could skip, or rather evolve through, the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Root Races of our Fourth Round, and enter the Fifth Round; if Buddha could, moreover, pass in addition through a whole Round, and evolve himself into the Sixth from the Fourth, they both certainly "created their own time", and are no longer bound by the racial and cyclic limitations of our Aryan Kali Yuga, except in so far as they renounced their real status, and chose for our sake to accept just those limitations by becoming once more incarnate in them. Christ, who has been called a high Fifth Rounder, was in his own right, and by virtue of previous attainment, an Adept King; but his subjects in Kali Yuga crucified him. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes."

All this has a distinct bearing on our first point, together with its corollaries,

namely: 1) The success of our Movement in keeping the link unbroken till the next Lodge Messenger comes, so that he may bring about a heaven-on-earth (Satya Yuga) in the twenty-first century; 2) That this possibility is in no contradiction with what has been written about Kali Yuga, because the Sixth Sub-Race of our Fifth Root Race is due to appear "very soon", and it will usher in, therefore, a new Krita or golden age. We, furthermore, as a people, with the Movement in the van, may hope with assistance to evolve out of the Fifth Sub-Race, in which we now are, and into the Sixth, with all "rights and privileges thereunto appertaining", leaving Kali Yuga (for a while) to the Germans, Russians, Irish, Communists, *et al.*; 3) It is literally within the power of the Movement as a whole, and each member thereof, to "create their own time", with the added realization of all that is involved of responsibility for others. Nor is it time, only, that we may create. Mr. Judge has written repeatedly upon this subject, and we may conclude by quoting a few paragraphs of special import.

"Among the Adepts the rise and fall of nations and civilizations are subjects which are studied under the great cyclic movements. They hold that there is an indissoluble connection between man and every event that takes place on this globe, not only the ordinary changes in politics and social life, but all the happenings in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. The changes in the seasons are for and through man; the great upheavals of continents, the movements of immense glaciers, the terrific eruptions of volcanoes, or the sudden overflowings of great rivers, are all for and through man, whether he be conscious of it or present or absent. And they tell of great changes in the inclination of the axis of the earth, past and to come, all due to man.

"This doctrine is incomprehensible to the Western nineteenth century, for it is hidden from observation, opposed to tradition and contradicted by education. But the Theosophist who has passed beyond the elementary stages knows that it is true nevertheless. 'What,' says the worshipper of Science, 'has man got to do with the Charleston earthquake, or with the showers of cosmic dust that invade our atmosphere? Nothing.'

"But the Adept, standing on the immeasurable height where centuries lie under his glance, sees the great cycles and the lesser ones rolling onward, influenced by man and working out their changes for his punishment, reward, experience and development. . . .

"The great subject of cycles has been touched upon, and brings us close to a most fascinating statement made by the Theosophical Adepts. It is this, that the cycles in their movement are bringing up to the surface now, in the United States and America generally, not only a great glory of civilization which was forgotten eleven thousand or more years ago, but also the very men, the monads—the egos, as they call them—who were concerned so many ages since in developing and bringing it to its final lustre. In fact, we of the nineteenth century, hearing of new discoveries and inventions every day, and dreaming of great advances in all arts and sciences, are the same individuals who inhabited bodies among the powerful and brilliant as well as wicked, Atlanteans, whose

name is for ever set immortal in the Atlantic Ocean. The Europeans are also Atlantean monads; but the flower, so to speak, of this revival or resurrection, is and is to be on the American continent. I will not say the United States, for mayhap, when the sun of our power has risen again, there may be no United States for it to rise upon."⁹

"So, then, in America is now forming the new sub-race, and in this land was founded the present Theosophical Society; two matters of great importance. It was to the United States, observe, that the messenger of the Masters came, although Europe was just as accessible for the enterprise set on foot. . . . The point where the great energy is started, the centre of force, is the more important, and not the place at which it is ended" [a reference to H. P. B.'s death in England].¹⁰

"In the course of many generations there will be produced on the American continents an entirely new race; new bodies; new orders of intellect; new powers of mind; curious and unheard-of psychic powers, as well as extraordinary physical ones; with new senses and extensions of present senses now unforeseen" (*Echoes*, 22).

"So the Masters have said this is a transition age, and he who has ears to hear will hear what has thus been said. We are working for the new cycles and centuries. What we do now in this transition age will be like what the great Dhyan Chohans did in the transition point—the midway point—in evolution at the time when all matter and all types were in a transition and fluid state. They then gave the new impulse for the new types, which resulted later in the vast varieties of nature. In the mental development we are now at the same point: and what we now do in faith and hope for others and for ourselves will result similarly on the plane to which it is all directed. Thus in other centuries we will come out again and go on with it. If we neglect it now, so much the worse for us then. Hence we are not working for some definite organization of the new years to come, but for a change in the Manas and Buddhi of the Race. . . . It is to start up a new force, a new current in the world, whereby great and long-gone Gnanis, or wise ones, will be attracted back to incarnate among men here and there, and thus bring back the true life and the true practices" (*Letters*, II, 17, 18, 19).

We may now see a further reason why at the Convention of 1929, so much was said about "the power of evocation", and "the need for God-instructed men to rule the nations" (July *QUARTERLY*, pp. 75-76). "Every race had its adepts; and with every new race, we are allowed to give them out as much of our knowledge as the men of that race deserve it" (*Mah. Let.*, 157); and again: "Every step made by one in our direction will force us to make one toward him" (*ibid.*, 366).

However,—great, nay even marvellous, as is the prospect for the future, we

⁹*Echoes From The Orient*, 19-21.

¹⁰"On The Future: A Few Reflections," *Theosophy*, Dec., 1896, pp. 263-4; reprinted from *Lucifer*, vol. X, March, 1892, p. 20 ff; cf. *Letters*, II, p. 20 ff.

are all still very much *in* Kali Yuga to-day (though we may not all be *of* it), and this being but 1930, our course is not yet run. The opening address of this year's Convention should remind us all of our great responsibility. Once more to quote *The Mahatma Letters*, and applying quite legitimately to to-day what was written then: "Could but your L.L. [London Lodge] understand, or so much as suspect, that the present crisis . . . is a question of perdition or salvation to thousands; a question of the progress of the Human Race or its retrogression, of its glory or dishonour, and for the majority of this race—*of being or not being*, of annihilation in fact—perchance many of you would look into the very root of evil."¹¹

Nor need we be discouraged at the difficulties, or unduly oppressed by our responsibility. The very age in which we are working "by its very nature, and terrible, swift momentum, permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga" (*Letters*, I, 30); the "hydraulic power" is tremendous, and ready to hand:—in fact, we cannot escape using it, one way or the other. Mr. Judge once answered the question: "What can true and earnest Theosophists do against the Black Age or Kali Yuga?" thus: "Nothing *against* it but a great deal *in* it; for it is to be remembered that the very fact of its being the iron or foundation age gives opportunities obtained in no other. It is only a quarter as long as the longest of the other ages, and it is therefore crammed four times as full of life and activity. Hence the rapidity with which all things come to pass in it. A very slight cause produces gigantic effects. To aspire ever so little now will bring about greater and more lasting effects for good than at any other time. And similarly evil intent has greater powers for evil. These great forces are visibly increased at the close of certain cycles in the Kali Yuga. The present cycle, which closes Nov. 17th, 1897—Feb. 18th, 1898, is one of the most important of any that have been. Opportunities for producing permanent effects for good in themselves and in the world as a whole, are given to Theosophists at the present time, which they may never have again if these are scattered" (*Letters*, II, 49).

To conclude, we might quote once more from Mr. Judge, this time from an article in *The Path* (vol. III, April, 1888; pp. 19 and 21), entitled "Conversations On Occultism." Discussing Kali Yuga, Mr. Judge wrote: "There is an old saying that the gods are jealous about these things, not wishing mortals to know them. We may analyze the age, but it is better not to attempt to fix the hour of a change of cycle.¹² Besides that, you will be unable to settle it, because a cycle does not begin on a day or year clear of any other cycle; they interblend, so that, although the wheel of one period is still turning, the initial

¹¹p. 365. Cf. *S. D.*, II, 301: "Our race then has, as a Root-race, crossed the equatorial line and is cycling onward on the Spiritual side; but some of our sub-races still find themselves on the shadowy descending arc of their respective national cycles; while others again—the oldest [the Indian]—having crossed their *crucial* point, *which alone decides* whether a race, a nation, or a tribe *will live or perish*, are at the apex of spiritual development as sub-races" (italics mine). It is an obvious inference that not all our sub-races have crossed their "crucial point", and that therefore they may still "perish".

¹²Cf. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father" (Mark, xiii, 32).

point of another has already arrived.¹³ . . . As each student *lives* a better life and by his example imprints upon the astral light the picture of a higher aspiration acted in the world, he *thus aids souls of advanced development to descend from another sphere*. . . ."

QUÆSITOR.

¹³This phrase, taken in connection with what has preceded, suggests an hypothesis which may briefly be stated thus. Mr. Judge, agreeing with H. P. B. in the *S. D.*, II, 147 note, distinctly states in the article quoted above, first published in *Lucifer*, and reprinted in *Theosophy*, that "in America is now forming the new sub-race", i.e., the Sixth. In vol. II, 20, of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, he as distinctly states: "The fact is significant that the Theosophical movement was thus, as said, begun in the Western world, in the country where the preparations for the new *root* race are going on, and where that new root is to appear" (italics mine). Now the American continent is *sixth* in order, counting Europe as the Fifth, and is designed, as is each continent, to be the home of a *Root* Race, i.e., the Sixth. We may deduce this from the following: "The Fifth Continent was America; but, as it is situated at the Antipodes, it is Europe and Asia Minor, almost coeval with it, which are generally referred to by the Indo-Aryan Occultists as the fifth. If their teaching followed the appearance of the Continents in the geological and geographical order, then this classification would have to be altered. But as the sequence of the Continents is made to follow the order of evolution of the Races, from the first to the fifth, our Aryan Root-race, Europe must be called the fifth great Continent" (*S. D.*, II, 8). Now our Fifth *Root* Race appeared with its golden age at about the same time that the Fifth Atlantean *Sub-Race* was also in its golden age (*S. D.*, II, 147 note, and above). Hence, reasoning by analogy, we may infer that the Sixth *Root* Race may commence its Satya or golden cycle some time during the development of the Sixth *Sub-Race* of our Fifth *Root* Race, here in America, also to be in its golden age. The correspondence of 5 with 5, and 6 with 6 suggests this, as well as what is said about the analogous development of physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual powers. We are told that the Sixth *Sub-Race* "may begin very soon"; whereas Mr. Judge suggests that "the entirely new race", cited above (*Echoes*, 22), with "new bodies; new orders of intellect," etc., will occur "in the course of many generations,"—indicating a greater lapse of time. Therefore we may look forward ultimately, not only to a golden age, with Adept Kings, perchance, of *Sub-Racial* magnitude, but also of *Root Racial* splendour—if all goes well. And for our personal consolation and encouragement, we may recall that there is one additional advantage in Kali Yuga:—"In this era of Kali Yuga no sincere one . . . remains long away from the work there is to do" (Mr. Judge in *Letters*, II, 44). No one, therefore, need be excluded from coming events by a long sojourn in Devachan.

Study the book of nature that God hath spread out before thee: so thou wilt store up knowledge within thy brain and peace within thy heart.—EURIPIDES.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTION 4

JANAKA AND YAJNAVALKYA: III

THE dialogue between King Janaka and the great sage Yajnavalkya is cast in dramatic form for two reasons. First is the added attraction and vivacity which is given to the teaching by putting it in the form of conversation between two persons, themselves strongly marked, as compared with the comparative aloofness of an abstract dissertation. But there is another and yet deeper reason: the immemorial tradition of the East, governing the relation between Master and disciple, which requires that the Master shall impart wisdom only in measure as the disciple is ready for that wisdom. The disciple must ask a genuine, effective question before the Master has the right to give him the answer. Thus it comes that all the clearest and most explicit teaching of spiritual things in the great Upanishads takes the form of dialogue, of question and answer.

This is well illustrated by the Upanishad of the Questions, the fourth in the series as arranged by Shankara Acharya, who began with the shortest and went on to the longest. In the Upanishad of the Questions, six disciples put questions to their Master; these questions are so arranged that, when they have been answered one after the other, a general survey of the teaching concerning the Eternal, the Divine Self, the world in which that Self gains experience, has been unfolded. The same progression of question and answer is followed in the great dialogue of King Janaka and the sage Yajnavalkya, beginning with the very simple question: What is the light of this spirit of man?—and going forward to final liberation, to realized oneness with the Eternal.

The method is the same as that of the Upanishad of the Questions. The difference lies in the rank and attainment of the questioner. For King Janaka is not a young disciple, like those who ask wisdom of the sage Pippalada; he is himself an Initiate, one who has attained and who is now gaining a still greater illumination from one who stands yet higher on the ladder of life. Therefore King Janaka addresses to Yajnavalkya these words: I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation! He already knows of that higher wisdom, and presses Yajnavalkya so closely that Yajnavalkya exclaims: The wise king has cut me off from all retreat!

The earlier dialogue between the royal sage and the yet greater sage, has set forth, with splendid eloquence and beauty, the teaching of the hidden wisdom concerning man's life, his fields or states of consciousness, and his alternation between the subjective and the objective, through which he gains experience of the manifested world, directly correlated with his own powers, while returning time after time to the unmanifested world, which is his source, his home.

Thus both sides of the soul are provided for, in the daily drama of waking and sleeping.

In the latter part of this divine dialogue the teaching is still further extended, to cover those larger phases of waking and sleeping which men experience as birth and death, as the world of works and the world of restoration and inspiration, the paradise between two earthly lives. In this larger alternation, the powers engaged are the same as in the lesser alternation of waking and sleeping; there is no more than a difference of proportion, a difference of setting.

This is, indeed, one of the major doctrines of the Mystery Teaching, the teaching concerning what is called the Path of the Fathers, the way of reincarnation. The traditional teaching among the Brahmans before they were allowed to share in the immemorial wisdom of the Rajanya Initiates, was that which Arjuna describes in the first book of the *Bhagavad Gita*. At death, the soul went to the Place of the Fathers, where its well-being was altogether dependent on the offerings of rice and water, made at intervals by the son, who was so highly valued precisely because on him devolved the duty of making these offerings, at stated intervals of six months or a year, and who was put in possession of the wealth left by his deceased father, primarily in order that he might have the means necessary for these periodical offerings. The son and the son's son made them, for nine generations; for the ancestors of the first three generations, there were offerings of rice cakes; for the next three, fragments of rice cakes; for the most distant three, offerings of water only. Thus the Fathers—the ancestors—were kept alive in the unseen world. If the offerings failed, they fell into the nether pit, as Arjuna pathetically reminds Krishna. Beyond the ninth generation, no provision seems to have been made for the ascending line; they are lost to sight in the vague distance.

As against this belief, very widely followed throughout the older world, and generally described as "ancestor worship," the secret wisdom of the Rajanya Initiates taught reincarnation, not the rather grotesque "transmigration of souls" which finds its way into popular treatises concerning Egypt and India, but a wholly scientific process, governed by laws as definite as those which regulate the seasons, or the rising and setting of the constellations: the general law of progress toward spiritual enlightenment through graded experiences, governed by the principle of harmony, of compensation, of alternating seed time and harvest, toil and rest.

This teaching is expounded with wonderful beauty of imagery in the dialogue between the two sages. The fundamental principle is set forth in the sentence: Man, verily, is formed of desire; as his desire is, so is his will; as his will is, so he works; and whatsoever work (*karma*) he does, in the likeness of that he grows.

But the ultimate desire, the desire which lies deepest in the heart of every man, though it be hidden by shadows of desire, is the desire of the Eternal. Therefore, unless he be so obdurate in following false desires, that the good law labours in vain to teach him wisdom, man is destined, even after many days, after many lives, to recognize that this desire for the Eternal has been his

motive all along; and recognizing this, he will turn his face toward the Eternal, resolutely setting forth upon the small old path that stretches far away.

So we have reincarnation, life after life, for those who are under desire; but for those who have passed beyond desire, whose desire is the Eternal, there is the way of liberation, the Path of the Gods. And those who find and follow that divine path enter into the heritage of the gods, wisdom and power and love, in ever increasing measure: a path which has a beginning, but has no end, since there are ever greater wonders of the Eternal to be revealed. The virtue of the great dialogue is, that it awakes, in the hearts of those who hear it or read it, the hidden memories of the Eternal, which are like the treasure buried in the field, over which they have passed so often unknowingly. Now the treasures begin to be revealed, and all else is forgotten.

THE WAY OF LIBERATION

And so when he has taken pleasure in this world of dream, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, the spirit of man returns again by the same path, hurrying back to his former dwelling-place in the world of waking.

Then as a wagon heavy-laden might go halting, creaking, so the embodied self goes halting, overburdened by the Soul of Inspiration, when it has gone so far that a man is giving up the ghost.

When he falls into weakness, whether it be through old age or sickness he falls into weakness, then like as a mango or the fruit of the wave-leaved fig, or the fruit of the holy fig tree is loosened from its stem, so the spirit of man is loosed from these bodily members and returns again by the same pathway to its dwelling in the Life.

Then like as when a king is coming forth, his nobles, officers, charioteers and rulers of villages make ready to serve him with food and drink and shelter, saying: the king is coming, the king is at hand!—so all the powers make ready to wait on the soul, saying: the soul is coming, the soul is at hand!

And like as when a king is going onward, his nobles, officers, charioteers and rulers of villages gather about him; so verily, at the time of the end, all the life-powers gather round the soul, when it has gone so far that a man is giving up the ghost.

When this self falls into weakness and into confusion of spirit, then the life-powers are gathering in about him. He takes them up together in their radiant substance and enters with them into the heart.

When the spirit that dwells in sight is turned once more toward its source, he is no longer a perceiver of forms. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer sees. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer smells. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer tastes. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer speaks. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer hears. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer thinks. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer touches. He is becoming one, they say; he no longer knows.

Then of him the point of the heart becomes luminous, and when it has grown

luminous, it lights the soul upon its way, whether it depart from the head or from the eye or from other parts of the body. And as the soul rises upward, the life-breath rises upward with it; and as the life-breath rises upward, the powers rise up with the life-breath. The soul is endowed with consciousness and enters into consciousness.

Then his wisdom and works take him by the hand, and the knowledge he has gained of old. Then as a caterpillar when it has come to the end of a leaf, reaching forward to another foothold, draws itself over to it, so the soul, laying aside the body and putting off unwisdom, reaching forward to another foothold, draws itself over to it.

As a worker in gold, taking an ornament of gold, moulds it to another form, newer and fairer, so of a truth the soul, laying aside the body here, and putting off unwisdom, makes for itself another form, newer and fairer: a form like the forms of the fathers, or of the seraphs, or of radiant beings, or of the progenitor, or of the formative divinity, or of other beings.

For this soul of man is the Eternal; it is made of consciousness, it is made of feeling, it is made of the life-breath, it is made of vision, it is made of hearing; it is made of the earth, it is made of the waters, it is made of the air, it is made of the ether; it is made of the radiance and what is beyond the radiance, it is made of desire and what is beyond desire, it is made of wrath and what is beyond wrath, it is made of the law and what is beyond the law. It is made of the All; as it is said, it is made of this world and of that world.

According as were his works and walk in life, so he becomes. He that works righteousness becomes righteous, and he that works evil becomes evil. He becomes holy through holy works and evil through evil works.

So, of a truth, they said of old: Man, verily, is formed of desire; as his desire is, so is his will; as his will is, so he works; and whatsoever work he does, in the likeness of that he grows.

Then there is this verse:

To whatsoever form his heart is attached, to that he goes, accompanied by his works, through his attachment thereto. When he has received the reward of his work, whatsoever he has done here in this world, he returns again to this world, the world of works.

Thus far for him who is under desire. Now as to him who is free from desire, who is beyond desire, who has gained his desire, for whom the soul is his desire. From him the life-powers do not depart. Growing one with the Eternal, he enters into the Eternal.

Then there is this verse:

When all desires that were hid in his heart are let go, then the mortal becomes immortal and attains the Eternal.

And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast forth upon an ant-hill, so lies his body here, when the spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Eternal, as the Radiance.

I give a thousand cattle to the Master: thus spoke Janaka king of the Videhas.

Then there are these verses:

The small old path that stretches far away, has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world, attaining liberation.

It is adorned, they say, with gleaming white and blue, with yellow and green and red. This is the path that was made known by the Eternal; by it go the knower of the Eternal, the worker of holiness and all those endowed with radiance.

Blind darkness they enter, who worship unwisdom. They go, as it were, to yet greater darkness, who delight in wisdom.

Joyless verily are those worlds, by blind darkness enwrapped; thither at death go those who have not found wisdom, whose souls have not awakened to the light.

Who has gained knowledge of the Divine Self, realizing that he is that Divine Self, longing for what, desiring what, should he fret for bodily life?

By whom the Divine Self has been found, through his awakening to its reality, while he dwells in the wilderness of the world, he is the creator and maker of all; his is the world, for he is the world.

Even here in the world have we attained wisdom; if thou hast not attained wisdom, great is thy loss. They who know this Eternal, they become immortal. But those who know not, enter into sorrow.

When one gains clear vision of this Self Divine, lord of what has been, of what shall be, he no longer seeks to hide from the Eternal.

At whose feet rolls the circling year with all its days, that the Radiant Beings worship as the light of lights, as life immortal.

In whom the fivefold beings and the radiant ether are set firm, him I know to be the Divine Self; possessing wisdom, I know him as the immortal Eternal, I, immortal,

They who know the life of life, the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the heart of the heart, they have learned to know the Eternal, the Ancient, the Most High.

By the heart it is to be discerned: there is no separateness here. He goes from death to death who beholds separateness.

This immeasurable, unchanging is to be discerned, verily, as the One, stainless, beyond the shining ether, the unborn Divine Self, mighty, unchanging.

Let the wise man, the knower of the Eternal, knowing him, gain for himself wisdom. Let him not meditate on many words, for words are weariness.

This, verily, is the mighty, unborn Divine Self, who is made of Consciousness among the life-powers. This is the shining ether in the heart within, where dwells the ruler of all, master of all, lord of all. He becomes not greater through good works, nor less through evil.¹ He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together.

¹ See Note 2.

This is he whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through repetition of the Vedas, through sacrifice, through the giving of gifts, through fervour and penance, through much fasting. Knowing him, one becomes a silent sage. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages.

Knowing him, the men of old desired not offspring. What should we do with offspring, they said, since ours is the Divine Self, the heavenly world? Rising above the desire of offspring, the desire of the world, the desire of wealth, they became saints. For the desire for offspring is a desire for wealth, and the desire for wealth is a desire for the world; for these are both desires.

The Divine Self is not that, not that. It is incomprehensible, for it cannot be comprehended; it is imperishable, for it passes not away; nought adheres to it, for it is free. It is unbound, trembles not, suffers no detriment.

For to him, verily, these two cross not over, whether he has done evil, or whether he has done righteously. He crosses over both; things done or undone afflict him not.

Then this is declared by the holy verse:

This is the lasting might of him who knows the Eternal, that he grows not greater nor less through works. Let him know the pathway of the Divine Self. Knowing it, he is not stained even by evil deeds.²

Therefore he who knows the Divine Self has gained serenity, self-conquest, right cessation and endurance; his will is one-pointed.

In the Divine Self he beholds his own self, he beholds all as the Divine Self. Nor does evil reach him; he passes beyond all evil. Evil does not afflict him, he burns up all evil. He is free from evil, free from stain, free from doubt, a knower of the Eternal. This, O king, is the world of the Eternal. This thou hast attained. Thus spoke Yajnavalkya.

I give the Master the Videhas, and myself also for service. Thus spoke Janaka.

This, verily, is the Divine Self, unborn, unfading, deathless, immortal, fearless. This Divine Self is the fearless Eternal. He becomes the fearless Eternal, who knows this thus.

C. J.

²That is to say, by *former* evil deeds, because he has emancipated himself from their Karma. He who has attained, has removed himself from the world of evil.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder asked if there were any afterthoughts from the Convention, and met with immediate response, the Historian expressing regret that direct reference had not been made to Gandhi, and to the Black Lodge as the source both of his activities in India, and of Soviet propaganda throughout Asia. "Students of Theosophy", he said, "have been deeply interested in the work of the White Lodge in earlier centuries, trying to trace its influence in many historical movements; they have not, so far as I know, made any attempt to trace similarly the machinations of the Black Lodge: and in a sense, no one could blame them, for the study of evil is not a pleasant task, and by the time we have finished our self-examination at the end of a day's work, it may well be felt that a bath in all the goodness and wisdom and beauty which we are able to discover in the past, as in the present and future, is not only the best antidote to depression, and the best stimulus to effort, but the only compensation we can offer ourselves for having 'turned to' in our Augean stable. The fact is, however, that we can never understand, or really learn to hate, the evil in ourselves, until we see the same evil, and perhaps worse, in the world around us, including the world of the past. Further, if we would serve those Masters who work incessantly for the salvation of the race—the Masters of Wisdom—surely we should learn what we can of the strategy and tactics of their enemies,—of those who have always striven and who still strive to separate mankind from the spiritual world, by deadening our sense of spiritual values, and by accentuating the importance of ephemeral as opposed to undying attainments. They are the very soul of evil, and therefore must be as much beyond the range of our comprehension as those who are the very soul of goodness. None the less, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and it is as easy to recognize the 'fruits' of the Black Lodge as of the White. No student of Theosophy could fail to see in Russia at the present time, the fruits of envy, hatred and malice, or, in the Soviet, a tool of creatures far more cunning and one-pointed in purpose than such men as Stalin, who lend themselves to evil purposes, but who are merely the red pawns on the chess-board of the world's affairs. Gandhi, in the same way, serves as a centre through which evil is transmitted: a hypocrite, if ever there was one. Pretending to love peace, he deliberately sows discord; pretending to love asceticism, he uses his ascetic practices solely to gain personal power—when he fasts, all India is made aware of his fasting; pretending to love freedom, he uses all the power he possesses to create anarchy: a typical product of Black Lodge 'control'.

"If the British were to retire from India, the civil wars of China would be nothing in comparison with the strife between the many different races and faiths of the Indian continent. If, during the past fifteen years, over two

million Chinese have either been killed or have died of starvation as the result of internal discord and banditry, the toll in India, in half that time, would be at least five times as great—one reason being that in China, religious fanaticism has *not* been a factor, while in India, even the British authorities have often found it difficult to restrain the savage hatred of Mohammedans for Hindus, and vice versa. Internal strife would end only with the inrush of conquering hordes from the north, for history repeats itself, and that has been the history of India for many thousands of years. The conquerors, five or ten years from now, would be Russian Communists trailing Mongols, Afghans, Afridis with them.

"The kindest procedure at the present time would be to declare martial law and to suppress disorder with an iron hand. If that had been done a few months ago, it would have cost the lives of a few hundred only; to-day, because of the temporizing policy of the British Labour Government, it might mean a few thousand killed and wounded. If there be further procrastination, further display of vacillation and of the usual political cowardice, it is likely that many thousands of lives will be sacrificed,—most of them innocent lives, in so far as the Indian mob is absolutely ignorant, and is easily incited to violence by its unscrupulous and self-seeking leaders. Anything would be better, however, than the wholesale slaughter and misery, the anarchy both material and spiritual, which a 'self-governing' India would precipitate. If China is not an object-lesson, is there anything on earth or in heaven that will cure the world of its blindness? Wrong-headed theory, springing from unlimited egotism, in combination with oceans of sentimentality: the result, a field in which the Black Lodge can work almost without opposition,—except from the back-kick of its own iniquity, for everything it accomplishes destroys itself in time. There are plenty of 'good' men in the world, who believe in the principle of doing unto others as they would be done by; the trouble is that their sympathy with the evil in themselves obliges them, on that basis, to sympathize with the evil in the world around them. They deal weakly with evil, wherever found, and are therefore just as guilty as those who perpetrate it. English politicians (not confining this to the present Labour government) are responsible for every death that has resulted from recent rioting in India. Those who, like Mrs. Besant, now wash their hands of the consequences, but who avowedly did their utmost to stir up discontent with British rule, are just as responsible. Karmically, for what is happening to-day, as immediate instigators of the trouble, like Gandhi, or as the unprincipled politicians for whom vote-getting is the be-all and end-all of life. Re-read, if you are sufficiently interested, what was said on this same subject in the 'Screen' of July, 1929. The treatment of General Dyer, you may remember, was considered at some length, particularly as bearing upon the conditions in India which led up to it."

"I think your use of the word 'unprincipled', as applied to politicians, requires a word of explanation", the Philosopher commented. "It seems to me that the corrupt politician is less harmful in some ways, than the man who feels that so long as he and his party remain in power—or that as soon as he and

his party attain to power—no great harm can come to the country, and that therefore 'nothing counts' in comparison with that objective. Corruption speaks for and condemns itself; but the acts of the other man, who persuades himself that his motive is good, are sometimes so cowardly, so dishonourable, so base, that they are, if possible, worse than venal. To think only of doing what is right, regardless of results to self, and with the conviction that to do what is right must in the end be best for their party,—seems to be utterly beyond most men as soon as they enter the political arena."

"I agree with you", said the Historian, "and would go further, to this extent: I do not see how any man, to whom a right attitude is native, can stoop to enter an arena where the result of combat is determined by the loudest howls of the largest number,—the method of our democratic system, whether in England, France, or America. It cannot be repeated too often that that mode of government is the last logical step in the progress of man's self-assertion. The Old Testament makes this clear: first he was governed by 'God', against whom he rebelled; next he was governed by prophets, against whom he rebelled; next by Kings, against whom he rebelled; finally, as at present, he was governed by his own elementals. He calls this 'freedom', because it flatters him to do so; but those of us who have retained or recovered some sense of reality, see that his present freedom is the worst slavery of any, while those of us who, in addition, have retained or recovered our faith, look for the day when he will at last rebel against his elementals, as a first step up the path down which he tumbled. He will return, let us hope, 'a wiser and a better man,' though at first, doubtless, still very pleased with himself at the cleverness of his performance. Meanwhile it would be a mistake to expect the monkey-house to be a place of peace; we must keep sane by fixing our attention on those—Masters of Wisdom, 'just men made perfect', our Elder Brothers—who wait in patience for the day when mankind at last will turn to them for the guidance always so terribly needed. I fear sometimes, though, that the majority of men will never turn until hopeless ruin and disaster drive them to it from sheer despair."

"It sounds as if you thought humanity were becoming worse instead of better. That is certainly not my idea of evolution!" It was our Visitor who ventured this protest.

"I do not think", the Historian replied, "that anything grows in a straight line. Tides advance, but each movement forward is followed by retrogression. There are cycles within cycles. Humanity may improve in one respect while deteriorating in others. It is not helpful to shut one's eyes to ways in which we are going down hill instead of up. We must strive to see things truly. I cannot but hope, for instance, that we have outgrown the brutality which made possible the rack and the thumb-screw. A mob can still be fiendishly cruel; so can individuals; but their cruelty is condemned both by the authorities and by general consent, while, only a few hundred years ago, it was the authorities—Church authorities at that—who burned Joan of Arc and thousands of others alive, and it was by general consent that suspected persons were tortured

with diabolical ingenuity and with no more compunction than a jockey would feel when whipping a horse in a race. On the other hand—to choose at random among the directions in which deterioration is obvious—I do not know of any period in the history of the white race when women were so immodest: the 'one-piece' bathing-suit of to-day is merely an excuse for showing as much as possible. It is, of course, a disgrace to men at least as much as to the women who do it, for any decent man would drown either a wife or a sister before allowing her to appear in such wanton nakedness. They were not over-refined in the days of William the Conqueror, nine hundred years ago; but in those days neither men nor women would have stood for *that*! I repeat: there are cycles within cycles, and while I believe that *the general tendency* is in the right direction, and that you can see this if you take long views, it would be the extreme of folly to fall into the common delusion that humanity, 'day by day, in every way, is getting better and better'—the cheap optimism of the materialist, no matter by what religious name he calls himself."

"How did *you* like the Convention?" the Recorder now asked, turning to the Philosopher.

"It has nearly always seemed to me that the last was the best", the Philosopher answered, "although nothing is gained by comparison, for each strikes a note of its own. I was impressed by the depth of our last—the depth from which its force welled up; and also by the Society's steady growth in unity of effort and aim. We really *are* 'the nucleus of a universal brotherhood.' I am sorry," he continued after a pause, "that with such unity of spirit within our ranks, we should be the innocent means of provoking envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness; but that is undoubtedly our effect upon some people. They are people who call themselves Theosophists, but who know that we do not want them as members, and that we prefer to have as little as possible to do with them. Because this annoys them, they relieve their feelings by denouncing us as 'exclusive'; sometimes as 'Christian'. We seem to irritate them to the point of obsession. It is too bad. Yet we know, as everyone ought to know, that a certain type of child finds indifference to his existence and to his grimaces, more galling than deadly insults; and we cannot change the facts, for we are quite honestly indifferent in this case, only glancing at their little magazines (one published in Canada, the other on the West Coast) at long intervals, and always regretting having done so, for the reason that we love Theosophy and deplore its degradation. I speak of it now only as a peg on which to hang a repetition of our oft-made statement that the Society is not attempting to form a universal brotherhood consisting of all sorts and conditions of men—a jumble of good men and bad men, selfish and unselfish, principled and unprincipled, alike; for that kind of universal brotherhood exists already in the vast population of the earth: we cannot exclude even the Black Lodge from *that* universal mess, and we have no desire to make the mess more messy than it already is,—as by pretending that a label, such as 'Theosophist', constitutes a fact, or that meeting together in one hall would necessarily make for unity of heart and purpose. The Society, as its pub-

lished objects state, has always laboured 'to form *the nucleus* of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour'. We long for additions to that nucleus; instead of excluding anyone from it, we are spending or trying to spend our lives in an effort to draw others to the nucleus which already exists. But what does this mean? It means that we long to find those who seek nothing for themselves—neither the recognition of their fellows nor inner, occult 'success', neither self-display nor self-commendation, neither power nor peace—but who will work unselfishly, steadfastly, zealously, chiefly within their own natures, to make real the ideal that has been entrusted to us,—the ideal of the theosophic life on all planes of our being, in the right performance of duty as in the right control of thought and feeling: in brief, by following the Noble Eightfold Path of the Lord Buddha, or (the same thing in essence) the Way of the Cross of the Lord Christ. We do not want people who spend their time in wrangling or in criticizing others, or in trying to show how superior they are, or whose business-life is a disgrace, laying themselves—and therefore any Society of which they are members—open to just condemnation. We want people who will combine with the Society which over fifty years of an intensely selective process has built and is building; who can enter into the spirit which, for instance, inspired our recent Convention. Oil and water will not mix, and evil-speaking, lying and slandering will not mix with love of the real Theosophy, no matter how those detestable vices may be camouflaged."

"I do not want to change the subject", said our Visitor, "but I should greatly like to know what is the 'Noble Eightfold Path'".

"I had finished with that particular subject", the Philosopher replied; and then, taking a book from a near-by shelf, he continued:

"In the Mahâ-parinibbâna-Sutta, translated in Volume XI of *The Sacred Books of the East*, Buddha is said to have tabulated 'the truths which, when I had perceived, I made known to you', as follows:

"The four earnest meditations.

"The fourfold great struggle against sin.

"The four roads to saintship.

"The five moral powers.

"The five organs of spiritual sense.

"The seven kinds of wisdom.

"The noble eightfold path.

"The noble eightfold path—which forms the subject of the Dhammakakkappavattana-Sutta, translated in the same volume—is there said to consist of: 1. Right views. 2. Right aspirations (also translated, High Aims). 3. Right speech. 4. Right, or upright, conduct. 5. Right livelihood. 6. Right-effort (also translated, Perseverance in well-doing). 7. Right mindfulness (also translated, Intellectual activity,—though part of the meaning is, Right recollection). 8. Right contemplation."

"That is very interesting," said our Visitor. "May I ask what were the four earnest meditations, and for details of the other 'truths'?"

"The trouble is, I do not know Pali, and would much rather leave the subject to the author of our 'Notes and Comments', who does. The translations in *The Sacred Books of the East* are often painfully wooden, and hopelessly devoid of understanding. I can only hope that he will at some time correct and comment upon the wording I have before me.

"The four earnest meditations are said to be: 1. Meditation on the body (upon its vileness and unreality). 2. Meditation on the sensations (their illusory and transitory nature). 3. Meditation on the ideas. 4. Meditation on reason and character.

"The fourfold great struggle against sin is divided into: 1. The struggle to prevent sinfulness arising. 2. The struggle to put away sinful states which have arisen. 3. The struggle to produce goodness not previously existing. 4. The struggle to increase goodness when it does exist.

"The four roads to saintship are four means by which Iddhi (spiritual power) is to be acquired: 1. The will to acquire it, united to earnest meditation and the struggle against sin. 2. The necessary exertion united to earnest meditation and the struggle against sin. 3. The necessary preparation of the heart united to earnest meditation and the struggle against sin. 4. Investigation (almost any other word would be better) united to earnest meditation and the struggle against sin.

"The five moral powers are said to be the same as the organs of spiritual sense: 1. Faith. 2. Energy. 3. Thought. 4. Contemplation. 5. Wisdom.

"The seven kinds of wisdom are: 1. Energy. 2. Thought. 3. Contemplation. 4. Investigation (of scripture, the translator adds in brackets; but while it may mean study, it may also mean direct approach to, and direct perception of, spiritual truths). 5. Joy. 6. Repose (my guess would be, Poise). 7. Serenity (this, possibly, should be, Spiritual Stillness, or, in other words, the most intense of all possible activities).

"There were also the five hindrances, sometimes called 'veils' or 'obstacles' or 'entanglements': 1. The hindrance of lustful desire. 2. The hindrance of malice. 3. The hindrance of sloth and idleness. 4. The hindrance of pride and self-righteousness. 5. The hindrance of doubt.

"The Buddha gave this explanation of 'becoming thoughtful': 'he acts in full presence of mind whatever he may do, in going out and coming in, in looking and watching, in bending in his arm or stretching it forth, in wearing his robes or carrying his bowl, in eating and drinking, in consuming or tasting, in walking or standing or sitting, in sleeping or waking, in talking and in being silent.' In other words, the thoughtful man, according to Buddha's definition, knows at all times exactly what he is doing, and how and why he is doing it."

"I wonder what he meant by 'right livelihood'," said our Visitor, who happens to be a stockbroker.

"I cannot put my finger on the details," the Philosopher answered. "If I remember rightly, he did not think that a butcher had chosen what you might

call a gentleman's occupation! But you may be certain that he thought far more of the motive, and of the way in which something is done, than of the act itself. It is easier to understand if expressed in simple terms: thus, even a butcher, if known to be honest, industrious, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, intelligent, self-respecting, courteous, gentle in manner and speech, considerate of others, modest, attentive to the interests of his customers, without thinking well of himself because of his virtues,—such a man, even though a butcher, would be more creditable to The Theosophical Society, if he were a member, than a lawyer or banker or engineer, if one of these were known to be a time-waster, irresponsible, self-indulgent, undisciplined, working when he felt like it, and dreaming or gossiping or just 'reading' when he felt like that; lazy; spouting abstract propositions to anyone who will listen to him, but ignorant in all practical respects; self-satisfied and vain; imagining that, because he is interested in Theosophy, it is the duty of the universe, including his friends, to support him as soon as his 'luck turns'; crotchety, irritable, obstinate; anxious to instruct others on any subject, especially on matters of right and wrong, while unwilling to accept advice or instruction from them: such a man, no matter how honourable his 'occupation' in itself, would necessarily bring Theosophy into contempt, and certainly would not have been considered by Buddha as one earning 'a right livelihood'."

"Before we adjourn," said one of our editors at this stage, "I should like to speak of an article which will appear in the current issue of the QUARTERLY,—that headed, 'Higher Education: A New Translation', by Ku Hung-Ming. Several years ago, an old member of The Theosophical Society noticed a commendatory reference by Ferrero, in *L'Illustration*, to the works of a Chinaman, Ku Hung-Ming, who wrote in English. Unable to obtain further information in New York, this member wrote to Shanghai to obtain the Chinaman's books. They happened to arrive when my friend was convalescing after a severe illness,—*Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen* (Shanghai Mercury, 1901), *The Story of a Chinese Oxford Movement* (Shanghai Mercury, 1912), *The Spirit of the Chinese People* (Peking Daily News, 1915), and others. He read them with great interest and pleasure, and wrote later to the author to thank him for the entertainment he had derived. Ku Hung-Ming replied at length, explaining that although the Dowager Empress had never appreciated his services at their real value, he was loyal to her memory and to the Manchu dynasty, and that consequently, under a Republican form of government, he was very hard up! To cut a long story short—because many letters were exchanged—it became evident that Ku Hung-Ming was what the French call *un type*: quite a law unto himself. He was a great scholar, an M.A. of Edinburgh University, as familiar with English, French and German literature as with the Chinese classics. From his point of view, having devoted himself to study and to the welfare of China all his life; having twice married and done his duty in all human respects, to his ancestors included, he was entitled to the support of the reigning dynasty, and, failing that, to the support of anyone who appreciated, as he did, the proprieties, or, as one might say, the honour-

able opportunities of money, of even a little money, to recognize the deserts of scholarship and culture. My friend sent him some money, which was politely acknowledged, with an intimation, as I remember it, that it would last him for several weeks, but no longer. As you know, we never pay for articles in the QUARTERLY, all the work done for it, except of course the printing, being contributed gratuitously. But it occurred to my friend at this stage that Ku Hung-Ming's scholarship was going to waste, and that it might be turned, advantageously to all concerned, into useful 'copy' for us. When, therefore, he sent his next cheque, he sent also a sample number of the QUARTERLY, with the suggestion that his correspondent might like to reciprocate by contributing a translation of one of the Confucian classics. In reply, Ku Hung-Ming explained that he was an old man, and that he was very busy looking after China, but that he gladly bestowed upon us a review he had written of a book by Emile Hovelague. He added, incidentally, that his review had already appeared in some Shanghai newspaper. It is a very interesting review—the old man had a most original mind—and we shall probably publish it in some later issue of the QUARTERLY, with due acknowledgment to the unknown newspaper in which it first appeared. Next, as a result of further correspondence, Ku Hung-Ming sent my friend the translation which is published in our present issue, describing it as a companion to *The Conduct of Life*, which he had translated several years before, and which was published in *The Wisdom of the East* series (John Murray, London). He did not say definitely whether his 'Higher Education' had been published in China or not; his letter implied that it had not been, but we cannot guarantee this. As I have said, Ku Hung-Ming was a law unto himself. He probably saw no reason why his work—good work—should not be published repeatedly, by different people all over the world. Certainly we have no desire to deprive anyone of due recognition, and shall be glad to acknowledge any proper claim to priority of publication. Meanwhile, the article will stand on its own feet. My friend not only came by it honestly, but paid for it."

"What became of your Chinaman?" asked the Student, much interested.

"He died some two or three years ago. The last my friend heard of him was from Japan (his first wife had been a Japanese). He wrote to say that he was supporting, and had been appointed Official Adviser to, the Manchurian War Lord, whose name for the moment has slipped from my memory, but who, later, was blown up while retreating or retiring by train from Peking. Ku Hung-Ming described him as a brigand, but explained that China required a successful brigand to govern her successfully. I believe my friend agreed with him. If the old man left Japan and returned to China, he may have been poisoned; I do not know. He was strongly, openly, and courageously opposed to the Chinese Republic and to all its ways. He was a very extraordinary character. I shall always be grateful to him for the saying that one of the differences between Christianity and Confucianism is that Christianity says 'Be good', while Confucianism says, 'Be good,—but with good taste.' As a criticism, it was biassed and unfair, because it identified Christianity with the bad man-

ners and vulgarity of merely professing Christians; but it was brilliant and immensely suggestive. A remarkable man! In some ways he was great. He had a beautiful faith in the soul of China, especially as revealed in the teachings of Confucius. Commenting on a very disparaging view of Canton by Sir Frederick Treves, in the latter's book, *The Other Side of the Lantern*, he wrote: 'Thus, to this Englishman of the aristocratic class without ideas, a Chinaman in dingy clothes, with a pig-tail and yellow skin, is a Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin and nothing more. The Englishman cannot see through the yellow skin, the inside—the moral quality and spiritual value of the Chinaman. If he could, he would see what a fairy world there is really in the inside of the Chinaman with a pig-tail and yellow skin. He would see among other things Taoism with pictures of fairies and genii, outvying the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece. He would find Buddhism, with its song of infinite sorrow, pity and mercy, as sweet, sad and deep as the mystic unfathomable song of Dante. Lastly, he would find Confucianism, with its "way of the superior man", which, little as the Englishman suspects, will one day change the social order and break up the civilization of Europe. But the Englishman without ideas cannot see all this. To him a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail is a Chinaman with a yellow skin and a pig-tail and nothing more.'

"Perhaps he was something of a fanatic. If so, I cannot do better than quote him again: 'Now what is fanaticism? Fanaticism is nobility of human nature gone mad.' He was far from mad, however, though he was unusual. . . . Well, I hope with all my heart that he is in the best of Chinese heavens. I should like to meet him there some day,—for an hour or two."

T.

The person who is really in revolt is the optimist, who generally lives and dies in a desperate and suicidal effort to persuade all the other people how good they are.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on the morning of Saturday, April 26th, 1930, at 10.30 a.m. As Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston asked that temporary organization be effected, and, on motion, he was elected Temporary Chairman of the Convention, and Miss Julia Chickering, Temporary Secretary. It was voted that a Committee on Credentials be appointed by the Chair, with instructions to report as soon as practicable. The Committee appointed was: Mr. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer T. S.; Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Secretary T. S.; and Dr. R. E. Torrey.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. JOHNSTON: While the Committee on Credentials is doing its work, it is the privilege and great pleasure of the Temporary Chairman to welcome the delegates, and the members of Branches who may not be delegates. The Convention is restricted to members of The Theosophical Society, and we feel very genuine happiness in the fact that it is so truly and so numerously represented.

Each successive Convention ought to be the best that each one of us has ever attended, and I think that in every case we must be conscious of a growing devotion in the spirit of the Convention and, in so far as we partake of it, in our own spirit also. The success of the Convention depends on what members of the Convention give. It would be an entirely erroneous view to imagine that only those who speak give, and that the others receive. In the first place, it is impossible to speak effectively, unless there be, in response, a giving of effective attention. But there is far more in a Convention than speeches made and reports read,—it is the giving of the heart which makes the spirit of the Convention. We are all of us, as members of The Theosophical Society, taking part in a high adventure, a great undertaking; and many of us are convinced that it is not of our initiating, but was launched by the Masters of Wisdom, for the spiritual redemption of the human race. If we realize, even in a small degree, what that means, we must also realize that it is the greatest conceivable privilege to be permitted to share in so splendid an undertaking. That thought should be with us at every moment: the high honour, the high destiny, the grave responsibility that is placed upon us. If we make manifest here the devotion, the enthusiasm, the zeal, the ardour, the aspiration which that work demands, this will be the greatest Convention the Society has ever held, and it will be for each one of us our greatest Convention.

The Committee on Credentials is now ready to report.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: The Secretary has prepared a tabulated list of the credentials submitted, which the Committee has reviewed. That list shows that there are represented, by

delegates or by proxy, seventeen Branches, entitled to cast one hundred and three votes,—a representation of seven different countries:

Aussig: Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia	New York: New York
Cincinnati: Cincinnati, Ohio	Norfolk: Norfolk, England
Dana: Arvika, Sweden	Oslo: Oslo, Norway
Gateshead: Gateshead, England	Pacific: Los Angeles, California
Hope: Providence, Rhode Island	South Shields: South Shields, England
Jehoshua: Sanfernando de Apure, Venezuela	Toronto: Toronto, Canada
Middletown: Middletown, Ohio	Venezuela: Caracas, Venezuela
Newcastle: Newcastle-on-Tyne, England	Virya: Denver, Colorado
Whitley Bay: Whitley Bay, England	

It was moved, seconded and voted that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

Mr. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was then elected Permanent Chairman of the Convention, and took the Chair.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: We have come together once again on what is to me, as I believe it must be to all of you, one of the happiest, as it is certainly one of the most vital and significant days of the year. It is a time when we meet and greet in person, comrades whom we rarely see, but with whom we have worked in that close fellowship of heart and mind, of thought and aspiration and aim, which comes from a common devotion and common labour in a common cause,—comrades with whom we have been close in spirit, though often separated by thousands of miles in space. To-day we meet in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, and in the pauses of our official business we may talk together, as, in the year past, we have often craved to talk, when we could only write instead. Such meetings of friends are happy things, so the note of happiness sounds for us from the very moment that we come here. Indeed I do not think that it is ever silent, but it rings out clear and salient with the very thought of this Convention time, when we look forward to seeing one another, or when, as yesterday, I chanced upon two of our delegates a full twenty-four hours before we had expected to meet. Throughout to-day and to-morrow—for to-morrow we have the pleasure of offering our delegates tea here in the Studio—this note of happiness should deepen and intensify, and with it our gratitude for all that our fellowship in the Society means to us and has brought us.

But there is something deeper than pleasure, something which means very much more than happiness. We meet to further a work to which we have given our hearts, our lives. Of course, I do not mean that every member of the Society has to feel about that as some of us feel. We remember what Mr. Judge said: that Theosophy is a great ocean, shallow at its shore so that a babe can enter it, but with unplumbed depths beyond. This is true not only of what it has to give to us, but of what it is willing to receive from us,—of what men can give to it. There is room in our Society for those who wish to make any measure of gift, from the least to the greatest. For admission to the Society, we ask only sympathy with our first object; but we invite the giving of all a man has, and of far more than he has: the giving of something for which he has to labour and to sacrifice; labour to gain in order that he may give; for which he has to put every other thing aside, so that he may give it to the Society, give it to mankind.

I speak primarily to-day for and to this latter class,—for and to those members who have met here to forward the work which means more to them than their own lives, more than anything that they yet are or have or that they hope to acquire. The other class of members, those who wish to give less, are welcome and have their proper place; but part of what I have to say does not apply to them, for this is almost the one meeting in the year where we can talk freely, where we have no visitors, and so can address ourselves directly to our own concerns, speaking our hearts in sure trust in the theosophic principle of tolerance, without fear

of misapprehension or offence. Yet whatever may be the difference of degree in our interest, there can be small difference in kind. One and all of us have come here to-day for the same purpose: to further the work of the Society; to look back over the years that have passed, trying to judge them truly and to draw from them the lessons that they have to teach; to look forward to the years and needs that lie ahead; to take counsel together as to how to meet those needs, and how to apply to the future the experience of the past; and to transact that minimum of formal business which is requisite in even the most simplified procedure for the conduct of any society. We have to elect officers; we have to listen to the reports of committees and officials. We have to do those routine things that every society has to do, and which will be done this year by some thousands of organizations, meeting in their separate conventions.

Yet though we must observe these forms—the forms of the world—we have but to look beneath their surface to find, within, something so different from what we find in the world and observe in other conventions, that the contrast is startling. We shall elect officers, as do all societies; but shall we find wire-pulling, factions, rival candidates contending for the place, let us say, of the Secretary? We often wish that our Secretary were twins, or triplets, or that there were even more of her. We should like as many of her as we could find; and were a dozen of her to present themselves for office, we should enthusiastically elect them all. But that is not what is going to happen. There will be no rivalry for her position; no need for the Chairman, or official tellers, to count closely the votes cast for or against the nominees for any of our offices. Again, you will have to listen to a report of a Treasurer; but whereas most Treasurers' reports and activities have to be concerned with the raising of funds (and we, too, need funds; for though every department of the Society's work is carried on as a labour of love, there is rent to be paid, and one cannot buy paper and employ printers and send the *QUARTERLY* through the mails for nothing), yet with us, instead of the Treasurer having to spend his time dunning our members, or writing personal letters to entice or to placate some wealthy patron who may be persuaded to donate something to us, the only place where the Treasurer has really been needed to supplement the Assistant Treasurer has been in the effort to see that our members do not make unnecessary sacrifices by contributing to the Society's funds more than they should, or more than we actually require. That is not a common happening, not a common duty to be laid upon a Treasurer.

Still again, at thousands of conventions it will be said that the members are meeting "to take counsel together"; but those words will not mean elsewhere what they mean here. Our method of taking counsel together is not at all that of the world. We shall not take counsel *from* one another, but *together* we shall take it at the source from which it flows, uniting in a corporate lifting of our hearts and minds and consciousness to the Eternal Wisdom that we call Theosophy,—to that higher level of life where counsel can be found, where knowledge exists and is attainable. Instead of doing as each of us has to do every day in the year—seek that counsel for ourselves in private—here we can unite, and in common aspiration, ardour and intellectual effort, we can see whether, together, mounting on our joint endeavour, we cannot reach strata of collective consciousness where clear vision, true knowledge, and sound wisdom await us for our taking, that we may guide our course aright throughout the coming year.

We need, therefore, but to look beneath the surface of our activities to-day to see how widely separated is our procedure from that of the world. Outwardly the same forms, inwardly so totally different! Why is that? How has it come about? Why, for fifty-five years the Society has steadfastly mounted against the current of the world. A swift flowing cycle has swept the world on and down, deeper and deeper into Kali Yuga. Our persistent, unremitting endeavour, led by our great predecessors from the very formation of the Society, has been to climb and mount against that current. We followed in the footsteps of Madame Blavatsky and of Judge, and when they left us (I cannot, I will not say that, for *they have not left us*—but when they were no longer here where we could see them, breaking the trail for us and marching step by step with us, but rather beyond the veil or on the hilltops—those hills whence cometh our help—where they could watch our progress and share in it in thought, and hope and in desire), when they "left us", we followed in the way they had pointed out, steadfastly setting our faces against the advancing cycle, against the headlong current of the world; so now it is no wonder

that, after fifty-five years of such opposing progress, growing ever swifter as it advances, we should find ourselves in thought, in heart and spirit, far separated from the world. Our Society is, more and more, though in the world, not of the world. More and more, beneath its surface, it is packed with that which is the exact opposite of the world,—a high explosive, if mishandled, but nevertheless the antidote the world requires. The world's need is in our hands.

Fifty-five years since the note was sounded by the Lodge Messenger. More than half the cycle. More than half the journey that was given us to travel; the race that was set for us to run. More than half the hundred year period which, in the past, has elapsed between the recurrent strikings of the note from the great Lodge for the attuning of the world,—the giving to the world of the truths that it needs to save it from itself. Fifty-five years is five years more than half the century. What does that fact mean? If it were just so many miles that were involved, it would mean that it would be longer and harder to go back than to go forward. It means that we have passed the divide. It means that our shortest way out is to go ahead, to advance, not to retreat. Only forty-five years ahead, and fifty-five years behind, a clear ten year difference in favour of going forward. That is encouraging, but there is something more than that.

We cannot go back. You cannot turn time backward. You cannot turn the soul backward. Its forward motion is its life; to turn it back is to make it something other than itself, to make it not soul but demon,—or else to kill it, and pray God it might be to kill it! There is the old saying that the devil is but God inverted, and we know the truth of this in ourselves. We know that the good denied turns to poison and evil. So it would be with us. We could not escape. We cannot go back to where we were or to be what we were; for where we were was reached by going forward, and what we were was made by going forward: to go back could never bring us there, but only to the opposing pole.

It was not many Conventions ago that we spoke of this in some detail, pointing out that all which we have gained is still at hazard; that were we to falter now, all the life poured into the Movement, all the sacrifice of our predecessors and comrades, all that we have attained, would be turned against us, turned to evil. That is true to-day as then. It is more true now than then, for more has now gone into the Movement. It will be more true to-morrow than to-day, and still more true in the years to come; for year by year more and more and more must be given to the Movement, and therefore more will be at hazard, if the Movement fail.

In no event can we go back. There lie before us but two courses: success or death—for death is not failure. If a man dies, he dies and that is the end of it; but it is not the end of that for which he dies and to which he has given himself, and he leaves his life as a memorial to something very splendid. That is not a death to be dreaded; in no sense do I believe that it is death at all. To die so is to go on living in and as that for which we died, into which, at death, our being was merged, as throughout our life we strove to merge it. We in the Movement, we of all men, have reason to know this; for we have seen such "death" again and again. Those who die nobly, who die giving themselves to a Cause, go on living in that Cause. Their very death constitutes a surer defence of it, a stronger barrier against evil which may threaten it, than did their lives. It shames us into being true, in our own measure, to that to which they were true, in their great measure. As they died, so can we. That opportunity is ours. Therefore I say we can succeed, no matter what happens, no matter what lies ahead; for we can die. We can succeed, because we can attain or we can die.

But we *can attain*. There is nothing to prevent. Oh, yes, there are difficulties and obstacles; but that is only another way of saying that there are means by which we can mount. We shall have to fight; and our foes do not sleep nor are they weak; but that is only another way of saying that victory is possible. There can be no victory where there is no enemy; no attainment of the heights if all before us be smooth and level. There is, too, a very encouraging factor in our favour, which has recently been shown, in the modern scientific theory of Relativity, to have greater possibilities than had been generally supposed. If the postulates of this theory be correct, it follows that all measures of space and time are relative and not absolute things, depending upon the motion of the one who uses them, so that the length of a yard stick, for example, is longer or shorter according to the velocity imparted to it, and the faster we run toward our

goal, the shorter become the miles that we must travel to reach it. It is not only that there are fewer miles ahead, as one by one they are traversed,—that has always been patent to everybody; but in this new theory of the nature of space and time and motion, as our progress accelerates, each mile becomes really less than before, something smaller, more insignificant, less of a barrier than it was,—and this physically as well as psychologically. Therefore we, who have climbed up over the crest, and are five years beyond it—five years beyond the midway point—should, if we do not pause or falter, find the way ahead far, far shorter than that which lies behind.

When the Movement was carried past the turn of the cycle in 1900, it did what had never been done before. Never before had it turned the corner at the end of the hundred years; and turning it, we entered into new and uncharted ground. Never before had the note which the Lodge had struck in one century continued to sound, strong and true, into the next, resounding from the hearts and lives of men as it had been given to them twenty-five years before. Never before had the Lodge such an instrument in the world, when the world's currents were setting as they now set; no previous body had done what this Theosophical Movement has done,—this Movement which is now entrusted to us. There are no precedents for our situation. No man can set limits to what may be accomplished from it. But this we know: that because we turned that corner in 1900, we gained the power to turn another, twenty-five years later: to carry the Movement forward through another twenty-five year cycle. That now lies behind us. Whatever the future may bring, that has been accomplished; and now we are five years on our way from 1925 toward 1950, and, as the theory of Relativity confirms, the stronger our effort and the swifter our advance, the nearer we bring the time when our task shall be ended and the great Lodge become able to strike its note anew in the world, through a new messenger and a new instrument. It is no longer a question of surviving to a fixed date, as we had thought at first. As we advance, we draw that date toward us, so that the motions compound. Why? Why, because we have broken the cycles, superimposing upon the rhythm of the world the rhythm of the Lodge. What were barriers are no longer barriers. The Theosophical Movement has transcended time, and brought about a new time and a new possibility. What was due, under the old order, in 1975, may come in 1970 or 1950,—I know not when, I am no judge of that; but I do know that it can come sooner if we be faithful.

What have we to do in order to be faithful? It is a simple thing. Nothing great is asked of us, though the greatest of things may depend upon whether we succeed or fail. We are asked to be true to our own truths. Nothing more than that. Whatever our walk in life may be, however humble and simple, it takes us daily to the battle-field where our fidelity is tested. Wherever we are, there is our opportunity; our opportunity to be true, to keep unbroken, untarnished and unlowered, the standards that have been entrusted to us,—the standards by which our great predecessors lived, which they taught us, and which we accepted from their hands,—and so to impress these standards upon the astral plane, upon the inner consciousness, the inner fibre of the world, that they shall be there, despite the world's will or the world's wanting. Despite all the world may do, there will then be a true mould for the world's true life. We have been trusted to maintain this, and we have to do it; first by stamping it indelibly upon our own natures, keeping it alive and dominant in our own hearts and minds—which is a question of giving heed to it, of thinking about it, meditating upon it, of study and aspiration and the constant checking of it by comparison with its prototype, to see that it does not become blurred or confused. And second, it is a question of using it, by insisting that our own life and conduct conform to it in every detail, so that we look only to it, turning our back upon the world.

There is a story of a woman who was in the habit of speaking of the comfort and strength she drew for her religious life from "that blessed word Mesopotamia". There are some words and phrases which seem to whisper something different from what they say aloud, as though they told a secret, beneath their breath. It is as though they came to us fraught with forgotten associations, touching and wakening to consciousness poignant memories in the soul which still slumbered in the mind, so that they evoke a response from the hidden depths of our being—a sense of comfort and of blessing, of courage and of strength, or, perhaps at the other pole, a

sense of loss and sadness and of homesick yearning—that are out of all proportion to the words themselves. There are two verses from the Old Testament which thus whisper. One is from the fourth chapter of the first book of Chronicles: "And these are ancient things. These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges: there they dwelt with the king for his work." The other is from the fifth chapter of Judges: "Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field." They seem to shadow forth The Theosophical Society, the two verses reflecting the two aspects of the life that its members are to live, and which so many of you do ardently strive to live,—the outer aspect and the inner aspect. We are the potters. It is a humble calling, in the eyes of the world; but even in the world's eyes it is a very necessary one. The pottery of a nation, a race, or a civilization, is that in which it holds its food and drink, its nutriment and living water. If we had no vessels, no pottery, how possible would civilization be, with no means of holding and carrying with us the living water, without which we perish, or of storing and keeping it for the thirsty? These are the potters—those who make the vessels that will hold the water of life, those who make the moulds that conserve and give form to whatever is poured into them. And when civilizations fail and fall, and the living water sinks beneath the desert sands, and time undoes the work of man, it is the shards and fragments of the potters' moulds which are unearthed in later ages when all else has perished. But those of whom this verse speaks are more than potters; they are husbandmen as well. They dwell among plants and hedges, among growing things, to tend the little tender shoots of life, its first beginnings,—where the kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds". So small it is that others pass it by and never notice it, nor know what those are doing who strive to tend it, dwelling there with the king for his work,—for the work of Masters, one of whom said that he had come that we might have life and have it more abundantly. There, among plants and hedges, there among the beginnings of life, we may dwell with the king, for his work. That is the outer life to which The Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement invite us, and which we meet here to further to-day.

Then there is the inner life: to jeopard our lives unto the death in the high places of the field. For mind you, it is jeopardy, and that jeopardy is ours. We reach up for the fire of inspiration, the fire that can kill as well as quicken and ennoble. We become the flame-bearers of a flame that can scorch and consume, and we do it at our own risk. We have constant need, therefore, for the safeguards by which alone it can be handled safely: the safeguards of selflessness, of constant self-discipline, self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. We jeopard our lives in all our inner aspiration, all our inner work. There is a certain gloss upon the word here translated "jeopard". The original Hebrew includes the meaning "exposed to reproach". That, too, is true of us. For if we take to ourselves these ideals, and express these aims, we shall be judged by them. The man of the world has his own code, and the world judges him by it. He has not been entrusted with the standards given us. He is not a colour-bearer,—or at least he bears no such colours as ours. But if we take these colours, assume this trust and set forth upon this great adventure, then truly we are exposed to reproach if we turn back from it, and fall beneath the standards we have professed; and that reproach falls not only on us, but on our cause and on the whole Movement that we presumed to represent. The honour of the Movement,—yes, the honour of the Masters,—is in our hands, and it rests upon every one of us, to the peril of his life and to the peril of infinitely more than his life, that he be true to the trust imposed in him and which he has assumed.

It is for such purposes that we are here to-day: to see how to fulfil that trust, taking counsel together from the great Lodge which we seek to serve, whose servants and agents we would be, carrying their message forward till, in the fulness of the new time and the opening of the new cycle, we meet their proper Messenger. That is our trust, that is our work; to that we now turn.

The completion of the permanent organization of the Convention being the next business, Miss Perkins was elected Permanent Secretary, and Miss Chickering, Assistant Secretary. The report of the Executive Committee was then called for.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: While Professor Mitchell was speaking of the fifty-five years of The Theosophical Society's existence, it was in my mind that the collective memory of the Executive Committee goes back over the greater part of that fifty-five years to the very earliest times of the Society's chaos and trial. It covers period after period of jeopardy in the completest sense, when the day seemed to be lost, but for the fidelity of the very few. And what your Chairman has just said about the responsibility of each individual member, has also been very strongly in my mind, as I have been thinking forward to this Convention in the light of our past history. From the time of the first attacks on H. P. B. in 1884 and 1885, it has always been the case in each such period of danger—and we remember many—that the break in loyalty and in devotion began with an individual. Who they were does not now matter. The important thing for us to keep in heart and mind is, that if there were to be such danger in the future, it would also begin with the breaking of some individual in loyalty, in devotion, in his self-giving to the Theosophical Cause. Each one of us should diligently examine himself for possible centres of infection that might be the beginning of a break. That is something we should do from our sense of loyalty to the Movement and to our fellow labourers in the Movement. Let us make it a matter of earnest and heartfelt scrutiny that we shall not harbour within us the qualities that would make us a beginning of chaos and trouble.

There is the other side: there has never yet been a recovery from such a period of darkness that was not founded on the loyalty and devotion of an individual; and as we look back through the years, we have a very deep gratitude to those whom we remember as the unshakable foundation stones without whom the Movement could not have resumed its course. Their names are written in the book of life. There is no need to mention them, but our gratitude is beyond words. Let us keep that fact in mind too, and seek, each one of us, to cherish and strengthen in ourselves those qualities which would make possible a recovery, were each one of us all that was left to serve as a foundation stone. We ought to have those qualities. We *can* have them, for the Masters will help us to develop and strengthen them.

There are other points which come up as we look forward to the future. Of two that I had in mind, one is this: during those years of trouble and perturbation, various groups broke off from the parent stem of The Theosophical Society, and we are witnessing the disappearance of some of the central figures in those groups. There is a possible danger ahead in that connection, namely, that people who are the scattered limbs or parts of the Society may want to join with us once more. Saint Paul has a simile of grafting a branch of wild olive on a cultivated olive tree. If we were to graft these broken members on the living stem of The Theosophical Society, the result would be, not sweet fruit, but crab apples. I should look forward with grave apprehension to any such movement, except that I feel certain it would be blocked. I speak of it lest any of our members should be misled by sweet words like "unity" and "brotherhood".

The other point I had in mind is: we need for the future, two things, devotion and wisdom, the two sides of the Theosophical Movement, and we need them to meet the changes in the world about us—the changes in religion and philosophy—in order to theosophize both. A man like Arthur Stanley Eddington has come close to the theosophical idea; what he says regarding the nature of the physical world is full of near-Theosophy. He speaks of consciousness, of the background of universal consciousness, much as we do. He speaks of the *maya* of the physical world, much as we do. There is a danger there: that we shall think these approaches a genuine turn to Theosophy, and that science has become theosophized,—the truth being that there is a very grave difference, which we must understand in order to deal wisely with the situation. We believe that wisdom springs from spiritual devotion. That must be the foundation stone; for philosophizing is light as air unless it be grounded in spiritual attainment. There is devotion in Eddington. It is diaphanous, but it is there. Some people, however, will catch at Eddington's thought, and make out of it a pseudo-Theosophy, which will not have the heart of devotion, and will be as much of a *maya* as is the physical world in his view. That kind of philosophizing is not Theosophy. Our Theosophy must be rooted and grounded in devotion, in spiritual attainment of the most real sort; and that spiritual attainment can only come in one way: through

self-giving, through sacrifice. If we are to meet this movement of science wisely, we must clearly perceive in our hearts and minds that it needs the added substructure of devotion, in order to have permanent value. Otherwise we might be betrayed into accepting that which is coming to be the fashionable view of science—just as materialism was the fashionable view a generation back—and adopt a diaphanous philosophy which would lead us nowhere. So, while we need wisdom, we need even more that genuine devotion of heart, mind and soul, which is the source of wisdom.

THE CHAIRMAN: Before calling on any other member of the Executive Committee, the Chairman would like authorization to appoint the usual three standing committees. (This was voted, and the following appointments were made:)

Committee on Nominations

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL, *Chairman*
MR. K. D. PERKINS
MISS MARGARET D. HOHNSTEDT

Committee on Resolutions

MR. E. T. HARGROVE, *Chairman*
DR. R. E. TORREY
MISS BAGNELL

Committee on Letters of Greeting

DR. ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, *Chairman*
DR. C. C. CLARK
DR. J. H. HOHNSTEDT

Mr. Hargrove was then called on to speak, continuing the report of the Executive Committee.

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I found myself, on entering this room and seeing so many friends here, local friends and friends from other Branches, greatly concerned with my own feelings about it,—a human tendency. I felt, as you I hope feel, immensely glad to be here, deeply thankful to be permitted once more to take part in a Convention of The Theosophical Society. Then it suddenly occurred to me: Yes, and I wonder how the high Gods feel, as they stand here and look at us all. I think they must be glad too—I feel sure of that—glad to see so many who meet to think and speak of real things in the midst of a world which cares very little about real things. I am sure that a blessing, or what corresponds to a blessing, goes out from those high Gods upon this meeting. Yet one must believe also that, as they look upon us, they must look beneath the surface and must think not only of us, but of the world and of the needs of the world, and must wonder: How many of these people have the makings of recruits—how many of these people are in earnest, deeply, completely in earnest—how many have come here, not for what might be called the delights of a Convention (which are very real), not for the "thrill" of a Convention (to use a very hateful word)—how many, instead, have come as possible recruits? So much for that.

At the Convention last year, a good deal was said about the power of evocation, and of the use of that power by us, not only as individual members of The Theosophical Society, but as a united group, possessing a thousandfold the power of many isolated individuals. Much was said of the power of that united body to call forth from the unseen,—"God-instructed men to rule the nations". Much was said also about the need for such guidance, and the question arises: what progress has been made during the past year in that direction? Superficially, I should say none at all. Yet certain things have happened. For instance, such an event as the panic on the New York Stock Exchange may have helped a little, in so far as it must have shaken the confidence of many people in the infallibility of a so-called "business government", and in the immovability of the pedestal on which "successful" America stood in the eyes of the world. If so, we are that much to the good, because one of the needs of the present day is to shake the blind and extravagant confidence that people have, primarily in themselves, but by reflection, in those also who proclaim themselves to be wise. Can you imagine, for instance, a Senator of the United States saying, "I have not the slightest idea how this country ought to be governed, it is completely beyond me; of course, I will do my very best to find out." That man would never be re-elected. He would not have a chance in the world. Everyone would say, "Why, he *admits* that he does

not know!", and that, of course, would be the end of him. Anything that tends to make people realize that the present method of doing things is not perfect, is a step in the right direction. Please understand, however, that the last thing in the world I want to do is to criticize the present administration. That is *not* my purpose. I think it is just as good as any other administration—may be a little better—though that is neither here nor there. My purpose is to criticize an aim—almost universal—and a method.

Thirty or forty years ago, there was a movement in England for "three acres and a cow". It was sponsored by Jesse Collings, and for a time by Joseph Chamberlain. If every man had three acres and a cow, it would solve all the problems of the world. Now the words have changed, but the idea is just the same: now the wording of the idea is: "every man his own car". During the recent Edison celebration, it was stated that the electric light had done more for the progress of the world than anything else in the nineteenth century: the same idea. President Hoover, at that celebration, expressed the current view very clearly. (I am not jeering; there is no doubt that President Hoover stands far above the average as a man.) He said:

"The electric lamp has found an infinite variety of unexpected uses . . . it has lengthened the hours of our active lives, decreased our fears, replaced the dark with good cheer, increased our safety, decreased our toil. . . . Research both in pure science and in its application to the arts is one of the most potent impulses to progress. For it is organized research that gives daily improvement in machines and processes, in methods of agriculture, in the protection of health and in understanding. From these we gain constantly in better standards of living, more stability of employment, lessened toil, lengthened human life and decreased suffering. In the end our leisure expands, our interest in life enlarges, our vision stretches. There is more joy in life."

I quote this to call your attention to the best standards of the world. "There is more joy in life", because of Edison's electric lamp. If that were true, any man, humanitarian at heart, necessarily would want to increase the number of electric lamps in the world; he would think of the "dark continent" as dark, chiefly for lack of such lamps. In the same way, you can work yourself up, if you choose, almost to the point of tears over someone who does not possess a Ford car.

Expressing much the same point of view, Dr. James Ford, of Harvard University, writes: "Progress is impossible unless each generation is provided with conditions of living superior to those enjoyed by preceding generations. Our chief obligation as citizens is to see to it that our children may have a better start in life than we had." That amounts to saying that it is the duty of a parent who starts in life with a Ford car to see to it that his child shall possess at least a Buick before he dies. Of course that sounds like a joke, but the worst of it is, it is not a joke. It represents entire satisfaction with present aims. There are the so-called statesmen, not only in this country, but all over the world, whose aims, generally speaking, are such as President Hoover formulated—material prosperity of that kind. They are hard at work, doing their best to attain those ends. In the very nature of things, so long as they are satisfied with those ends, so long as they see their whole duty in the attainment of those ends, there is no hope for the world from the standpoint of the Lodge, from the standpoint of the real. It is true that among several other extracts from current periodicals which I have here, a French Professor is quoted as deploring the situation. He points out that the best Greek wisdom taught a man how to live within himself, how to shape his interior being, how to renounce anything that did not depend upon himself; and he says that the categorical imperative of the machine world of to-day is to consume and to consume "until we burst". But who would listen to a solitary French professor!

I am convinced that things have not improved in the last fifty years. Of course, there are cycles, and it would be foolish to be despondent merely because, temporarily, we are going down hill; but in comparison with the spirit of to-day, some of you may remember the Congress of Berlin, when Disraeli, who knew very well the character and the desire of the British people of that time, came back speaking, not of material prosperity, but of "peace with honour". Those of us who know, or think we know, anything at all about Disraeli, must realize that he brought that back as a mantram, knowing that it would "work". It did work,—for all England of that day responded because of the element of *honour* that Disraeli (with or without justification is unimportant) forced to the front, as the major element in his effort and in his success.

What are we going to do about it all? Two things, I think we ought to realize: first of all, understanding is helpful. If the Lodge perceives certain conditions or truths, and no one on earth perceives them, the Lodge can do nothing whatsoever about it. If we can see—I was going to say "eye to eye" with the Lodge—if we have at least some glimmer of understanding in any given direction, that in itself is of enormous help. Every one of us who understands the realities of the situation to any extent at all, helps to that degree. Of course, the greater the understanding, the greater is the actual contribution to the work of the Lodge.

Second, I do not believe that anything definite can be accomplished, except by means of magic. Fortunately, every one of us has it in his power to act as a magician in this respect. Take black magic first, by way of illustration: in certain parts of England, even to-day—in most parts of Europe, as a matter of fact—there are what are known as "wise women". Their enemies call them witches, but people who are sufficiently afraid of them call them wise women. One of the methods of these wicked old women, when they are paid to injure somebody, is to make a small wax figure, a miniature, of the person to be injured. Then, with incantations and "bad words", they stick pins into that figure, using it, in fact, as an aid to concentration. It is a detestable practice; unadulterated black magic,—but unfortunately it works, and we can learn from it. It is for us to use white magic,—not to make little waxen images as an aid to concentration, but to do on a small scale that which we want the world to do in large: think of ourselves as corresponding to the miniature used by the old witch, and then set to work to accomplish within ourselves that which we wish to see accomplished in the world as a whole. Are we satisfied with our present aims and standards? Are we convinced that we know enough to govern ourselves and our own lives? If so, suppose, as a first step, we try to get rid of our self-satisfaction; suppose we try harder than ever to realize that we are not fit to govern our own lives; and then, remembering the old witch, realizing that we do not need a wax image—seeing that each one of us is the microcosm of the macrocosm—let us set to work, day by day, hour by hour, to submit our problems, our difficulties, our thoughts, our acts, our feelings, to that tribunal to which we have decided to look for greater wisdom than our own.

Now what may that tribunal be? The Higher Self. Mr. Judge said, and we know, that the Masters and the Higher Self are one. Those who are in the habit of looking to a Master or to Masters should surely continue to do so. The important matter is that we refer all things to the highest tribunal, within or above ourselves, that we can reach. Let us do that deliberately in order to help the Lodge and to help the world; in order magically to bring about that which is so obviously a terrible need (although we shall never clearly recognize it as the need of the world around us, until we first see it as our own),—the need to lift men's eyes from material to spiritual values, from superficial to everlasting truths, from cheap expedencies to changeless principles, from government by the mob and its nominees to government by Masters of wisdom.

Some people may say that they would like to look to Masters always, but it is so difficult to remember. Once in a while I wonder what the high Gods think of us, when we talk like that. Use your imaginations for a moment. Think, if you will, of a young man and young woman who are engaged; the girl is going to Europe for a holiday. They are saying farewell, and the girl says, You won't forget me while I am away? And the man, with tears streaming down his face, says, I will try not to; I will tie a knot in the corner of my handkerchief; but you know how busy I am, and how difficult it is to remember. He promises to adopt certain practices; whenever he hears the clock strike he will take out her picture and look at it, and so forth. I do not pretend to know what the girl would think; I cannot speak for that particular psychology, but I should doubt if the girl feels flattered, or very sure of her man. Is there any analogy between the situation I have suggested and the attitude occasionally adopted by a would-be chela who says, I really will try hard to remember the spiritual world and the Lodge and all these splendid ideals, but I am very busy, and life is very exacting. Suppose he adopts some ascetical practices, as he would call them—perhaps decides to think of the Lodge when the clock strikes; and suppose he next begins to feel: I am really doing rather well; two whole days have passed, and I have thought of the Lodge every time the clock struck. Once more, think of the girl and her glow of satisfaction when the man says, Two whole days have passed and I have thought of you every time the clock struck! The idea may be entertaining, but what about the Lodge? What

about those who are looking at us to-day as possible recruits? Is there no element of tragedy involved? I think we ought to ask ourselves of these things. They are worth considering.

Very often an example is more helpful than many precepts, or than many analogies. We learn from bad example as often as from good. The aristocracies of the world are in part a reaction from vulgarity. In any school, the older boy reacts from the ways of what used to be called the fourth form. He calls the small boy a "dirty little beast", and then of course has to live by contrast, which is most helpful and most improving. But we can learn from good example also, and one of the splendid examples which ought to be within the range of our observation, is that of a dog. Of course, there are different kinds of dogs. I have known dogs with a very prominent sense of duty, busy all day long about their duties, oblivious of their masters. They would trot off in this direction or in that, very intent, very much absorbed, maybe with a duty to some bone given them and buried yesterday. I am not suggesting we should imitate that kind of dog. I am thinking instead of the kind of dog described by Kipling in his "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen",—just the first few lines:

I pray! My little body and whole span
Of years is Thine, my Owner and my Man.
For Thou hast made me—unto Thee I owe
This dim, distressed half-soul that hurts me so,
Compact of every crime, but, none the less,
Broken by knowledge of its naughtiness.
Put me not from Thy Life—'tis all I know.
If Thou forsake me, whither shall I go?

I should regard that as the one great religious poem of 1929,—though that remark is incidental.

A dog that has only one real interest, that lives and sleeps with one eye on its master, that is alert to go, to come, to stay, to do anything, at a look, a hint. If we could, as human beings, as souls, superior to dogs,—if we could become as that dog in love and fidelity, then what would the high Gods think of us this morning as they look down with prayer in their hearts for a new recruit?

It is not great intellect that the dog possesses. It is fidelity. It is forgetfulness of self. It is absorbed and concentrated attention, the fruit of devotion. We should be better off with those divine gifts than with all the intellect in the world,—though intelligence (better than intellect) will come, in time, as their result. So, not as a joke, but with absolute sincerity, I suggest as an ideal and as an aim for every one of us, the spirituality of a good dog. If we attain to that, then all our other problems are solved. No need to fuss any more, to stew any more, over this weakness or the other. That dog has its weaknesses and faults, of course. But what is it that transmutes them all? What is it that makes them all in a certain sense lovely in his master's eyes (never in his own)? It is his devotion, his fidelity, his forgetfulness of self, his complete and absolute self-giving—because those things are divine; and they are not beyond the power of any one of us. Every one of us can attain them if we will, and in that way be reborn and become new creatures; leave the past behind, and lift ourselves, by our shoe-straps as it were, above the limitations and the sordidness of earth, to take part in the things of heaven. Then we shall really help, becoming members of The Theosophical Society such as H. P. B., such as Judge, such as the great ones of the past.

After it had been voted unanimously that the Report of the Executive Committee be accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the Report of the Secretary T.S. was called for.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T.S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 25th, 1930.

MISS PERKINS: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I have the honour to submit the following report:

BRANCH ACTIVITIES

Gratitude is the prevailing note in all the reports received from the Branches—and what better evidence could there be of capacity for growth and fruitfulness? Pondering over these

Annual Reports, and looking behind the details which are always noted with appreciative interest,—one glimpses something of the spirit that has animated and shaped the effort of each Branch. Nowhere is there evidence of discord; and this suggests that a sense of our grave responsibility is widely shared by members, keeping their work above the personal plane. Difference of view and of emphasis, let us hope there always will be—since harmony is not secured by uniformity, on the one hand, nor by “self-expression” on the other, but only when each contributes his fragment of truth, to be supplemented, and perhaps corrected, as combined with that of his fellows.

In this stage of the cycle, expansion is not expected, nor is general seed-sowing likely to be fruitful; but certain Branches are proving exceptions to the rule for, after a long period of apparently unproductive work, their perseverance is rewarded by the advent of new members, eager to learn from the veterans, anxious to serve. An infusion of young members begins to appear among Branch officers—an excellent report was sent by one Secretary who is not yet twenty-one years old. Certain Branches have very much in mind what was said at a Convention, some years ago, about the Society as an ark in the midst of the world’s psychic storms. Since then such storms have broken, threatening to engulf all that is finest in life; the desperate need of the world for an ark has become apparent; members are drawing closer together, with conviction that the Society is custodian of great treasure, and must preserve *alive*, for the future, the principles and standards of the past. Study classes are emphasized, sometimes they are for outsiders, sometimes for members; the literature most generally used being *The Secret Doctrine*, and the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, particularly the Convention Reports and Mr. Griscom’s “Elementary Articles” and “Letters to Students”. Stress is laid upon the fact that each member has a contribution to make,—as one Secretary puts it, “We have made progress, for each has an opinion, and after all is said and done, an idea seems to break through and we all gain light.”

The activities of the New York Branch are reflected in the reports of its meetings which many Branches receive; they speak of them as a precious link, bringing encouragement as they discover how their own thought has run parallel with that of their fellows. There is this comment from one: “Whatever subject is discussed in those [New York] meetings, its relation to the fundamental issues of life is always stressed, and this helps to counteract our tendency to become too preoccupied with the ‘embroidery’ of Theosophy.”

Of the activities in England, we shall hear through the Letters of Greeting sent from there. The Oslo Branch, sorely stricken, in December, by the death of Colonel Knoff, is carrying on its work as a memorial of affection and gratitude to him. The Secretary writes, “We are feeling his spirit as dwelling with us in our work—and we trust we shall always have him amongst us in that way.” In Arvika, Sweden, another band of members, still mourning one who had been father to them all, is holding a very difficult post—they are few in number but “working with beating hearts”. In Czecho-Slovakia, members are striving both to integrate their work with the life and genius of that new nation, and also to make reparation for the unrepented sins of Germany. Much might be said of the work in Venezuela, and doubtless the “Greetings” from there will give some account of its development.

The European Branches express unqualified appreciation of the ruling of the Executive Committee, promulgated in the October QUARTERLY, that no dues be asked from European members (because of the regrettable attitude of this country on the collection of war-debts from its Allies), but that they be requested, instead, to contribute to the support of Allied wounded, widows and orphans. Such contributions have been sent by them to various funds—one Branch giving its quota to a member who was maimed during the Great War. Yet the Society’s Treasury has not suffered; for an American member, who feels very deeply the wrong attitude of this country, made, through the Secretary’s Office, a special donation that more than covers the amount usually paid into the Treasury by the European Branches.

Members-at-Large

Occasionally a Member-at-Large asks, “What can I do for the T.S.?” Doubtless there are many forms of service which imagination and devotion would suggest, but it might be helpful to speak of what one member is doing, since others could undertake a similar mission, to advan-

tage. Wherever that member has occasion to go, he finds the public library, observes the type of readers frequenting it, talks with the librarian, and looks for the *QUARTERLY* in the periodical room. If inaccessibly placed there, he asks what could be done, and perhaps inquires whether a change could be made if a magazine cover were provided to fit the racks. Or, finding no issues of the *QUARTERLY*, he considers whether a subscription ought to be placed for the library; also whether books on Theosophy are needed, and offers to secure them. Any member could, unhesitatingly, make similar offers,—with assurance that this office would find means to provide the needed material. What better field of effort could a Member-at-Large desire?

HEADQUARTERS ACTIVITIES

Theosophical Quarterly

There is steady increase in the number of subscribers outside the Society. Among libraries in America, Europe and Asia, the circulation is now over 800,—including those which regularly order the magazine and those to which it is sent by friends. Thus a large number of readers, from various walks in life, have opportunity to hear the message of Theosophy. The limited edition on "all-rag paper" has been gladly accepted by librarians, for permanent binding. Early this month the four numbers of Volume XXVII were distributed,—and the preponderant representation of university libraries (including some of the most conservative of the Old World) suggests that coming generations of their students, exploring their archives, will come upon Theosophy in its original, unadulterated form, animated by the spirit of some of those to whom it is far dearer than life.

The subject-index for the entire magazine is still in the land of hope, but an actual start has been made. Welcome offers of additional assistance, in the later stages, have been received and accepted.

Recently, there came to hand a description of different theosophical magazines, prepared for use in the library of one of the Branches. Part of the comment on the *QUARTERLY* is this: "It has borne consistent witness to the principles of Theosophy as applied to the 'religions, philosophies and sciences' of the past and the present. Moreover, a new emphasis was, and still is being laid on living the Theosophic life, and the meaning and scope of chelaship have received a treatment not before equalled in the world's literature. All the greatest expositions of chelaship have been garnered from the past, and translated or interpreted for the present. The Eastern scriptures, Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, and notably those of India, with Western mystical and scriptural writing in all languages, the biographies of saints, mystics, poets and heroes; the historic and philosophic movements which form links in the chain of the great Theosophical Movement, have all been brought to bear on the one great theme of man's individual growth toward the Divine. . . . The value of such material is literally inestimable. Nowhere else can anything comparable be found."

Book Department

There has been increased demand for books reviewed in the *QUARTERLY*. Sometimes such orders are written from memory, but delay at both ends is saved when the order is transcribed direct from the magazine,—giving title of book, author, publisher and price. The Branch in Venezuela still continues its valuable translations of our literature into Spanish. Permission to publish translations is sought by outsiders but can seldom be granted, for an accurate translation is not sufficient; it must be couched in a style that does justice to Theosophy.

The Department has donated its books, here and there, as opportunity came. European and American members are invited to make suggestions as to desirable libraries and the books to be offered; also to report on libraries, public or private, frequented by thoughtful readers, where the *QUARTERLY* might be of interest.

Secretary's Office

A small "travelling library", located in the Secretary's office, contains the books on Theosophy most likely to be of service to new members and to interested non-members. Inquiries for Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles" led to incorporating in this library the issues of the

QUARTERLY that contain them, and last month were added those in which appeared his "Letters to Students". Recent members, who have not had access to the ten volumes (thirty-nine issues) in which these Letters were published, are invited to borrow from the travelling library.

Much assistance has been received during the year, and is acknowledged with sincere gratitude. There still is room for regret that members who have time to take part in the variety of T.S. work that centres here, have so rarely seen the need to train themselves for it. The salary of a stenographer, to do what might be done from within our own ranks, has again been met by one of our members. Special mention should be made of the help of two members; one has contributed an infectious enthusiasm, readily accepting an assignment to plan re-organization in some direction or other, and then, with equal readiness, shouldering the routine of it. The other member attacked the sifting and combining of ancient records, with so much acumen and zeal, that facts long buried are now accessible. Miss Chickering takes notes at all the New York Branch meetings, and this represents no small sacrifice, as those who attend them must appreciate. Her notes go to a member who has remarkable ability in putting onto four or five pages, not only the salient points discussed, but the atmosphere and current of the meeting. The same three valiant proof-readers, never under the dominion of time, read every line of the QUARTERLY twice, first in galley and again in page proof—watchful, as they read, for discrepancies or infelicities. Miss Youngs does, with great efficiency, the final work in the mailing of the magazine—stamping the envelopes, classifying and recording, as the elaborate statistics of the Post Office demand,—and there are other members who stand ready to help in emergencies.

My own deepest gratitude, and the thanks of the Society also, are due to those who unflinchingly give the assistance and direction so vital to our united enterprise. When problems arise, it is these elders who mark the course to be followed; it is they who are quick to detect a need and how it should be met; it is they who point out the principles that should guide correspondence, or stay the hand that is about to supply unasked advice or information, that might prove, as Mr. Judge said, the one drop too much that turns to poison in the cup. Adequate thanks can never be expressed to such givers, but we may pour out our gratitude to the Masters that, because of this help, we have the great privilege of serving the Society in ways that otherwise would be impossible.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

As an expression of hearty thanks to the Secretary, there followed a rising vote of the Convention, after which, the Report of the Treasurer being next in order, Mr. Hargrove took the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T.S.

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: This report would be made more properly, perhaps, by the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé, because it is he who actually prepared it, and it is to him that the Society is indebted for most of the labour involved in the Treasurer's office.

The chief interest of the Treasurer's report is in the comparison of its figures with those of the previous year. This year the receipts from dues were \$648. Last year, the dues were \$820. The difference is explained by the action of the Executive Committee in remitting the dues of all European members, as was announced in the QUARTERLY for October, 1929. General contributions and donations were \$967 this year, as against \$679 last year—an increase which more than makes up for the decrease in dues. The sum of these two, with the subscriptions to the QUARTERLY and the Propaganda Fund (which amount to \$2,597 as against \$2,282 last year) is over \$400 more this year than last,—the totals being respectively \$4,213.02 and \$3,782.45. In addition, we have received advance dues for 1931 which amount to \$213. At the time of the last Report such advance payments amounted to \$144. Adding these figures to the previous ones, the grand total of all moneys received during the year is \$4,426.42, as against \$3,926.45, or \$500 more than last year. We began the year with a balance of \$480 and end with \$420, now on deposit with the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company.

As for disbursements: printing and mailing the QUARTERLY cost some \$320 more than last year,—which was to be expected, since our circulation has increased. Stationery and supplies were also somewhat more this year than last—\$175 as against \$86. Miscellaneous printing cost us \$141, as against \$33. This includes some special printing, such as the reproduction of some of the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, sent to a number of different Branches. There was a telephone bill of about \$60 and Miscellaneous items totalling some \$87, the greater part of which were simply transfers or refunds. In certain cases money was sent us for other accounts (such as the purchase of books), or else, more was sent than should have been,—as when we received dues from abroad, which were later returned in accordance with the ruling of the Executive Committee. The total of all these disbursements amounts to \$4,486.39, as against \$3,877.01, or about \$600 more than last year.

I do not think it is necessary to say anything more regarding the Treasurer's Report as such. You heard, in the Secretary's Report, reference to the approval with which the decision was received that, in view of this country's attitude toward the Allied War debts, the dues of our European members should be remitted, and that they should be asked, instead, to expend an equivalent sum upon the care of the Allied war-wounded and disabled. I have already spoken of my very real and deep appreciation of the widespread, generous desire, shown by all members of the Society, to contribute to its support, and the consequent necessity that the Treasurer is under to watch to see that unneeded sacrifices are not made. Nevertheless, money is requisite, and you all know that we have deliberately set our dues, and the subscription price of the QUARTERLY, so low as to make gifts necessary for our support. I hope, therefore, that the Treasurer may always be called upon to exercise his present unique functions, and not the opposite and usual ones.

The annual statement, which I summarized, reads as follows:

APRIL 28, 1929—APRIL 26th, 1930.

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Current Dues	\$ 648.32	Printing and mailing the THEO- SOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 num- bers)	\$3,872.29
General Contributions and Dona- tions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	967.68	Stationery and Supplies	175.29
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHI- CAL QUARTERLY and Propaganda Fund	2,597.02	Printing	141.20
	4,213.02	Rent	150.00
1931 Dues, prepaid	213.40	Telephone and Miscellaneous	147.61
Total Receipts	4,426.42	Total Disbursements	4,486.39
Balance, April 28th, 1929	480.52	Balance, April 26th, 1930	420.55
	<u>\$4,906.94</u>		<u>\$4,906.94</u>

<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company, April 26th, 1930	\$ 420.55	1931 Dues, prepaid	\$ 213.40
		Excess of Assets over Liabilities	207.15
			<u>\$ 420.55</u>

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

The Report of the Treasurer was accepted with the thanks of the Convention. Mr. H. B. Mitchell then resumed the Chair, and announced various Convention activities. Upon motion, the session adjourned, to re-open at 2.30 p.m.

Afternoon Session

The Convention was called to order at the appointed time, the first business being the Report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The Committee begs to recommend the following nominations: for the vacancy on the Executive Committee caused by the death of Colonel Knoff, Mr. C. Russell Auchincloss; to succeed themselves on the Executive Committee, Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Johnston; for Secretary T.S., Miss I. E. Perkins, and Miss Chickering as Assistant Secretary; for Treasurer T.S., Mr. H. B. Mitchell, and Mr. G. M. W. Kobbé as Assistant Treasurer.

It was voted that a single ballot be cast by the Secretary for the nominees recommended by the Committee. The Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

DR. KEIGHTLEY: There have been sent to the Secretary, and to private individuals, a large number of letters of greeting; cables from England, Venezuela, and Japan, and a number of individual letters, some in connection with the reports of various Branches. I propose, with your permission, especially as the letters of greeting will, in all probability, be printed in full in the QUARTERLY, to read extracts only. (Dr. Keightley then read from the letters.)

THE CHAIRMAN: There is a great misfortune in connection with the "Rama Venezuela." There were to have been two delegates from Venezuela. One, we are happy to say, is here, but the other, on reaching New York, was not able to land. He was ill, and has sent a letter saying he is held at the hospital on Ellis Island, greatly to his disappointment. It was he who was to have delivered the special greeting to this Convention. I am certain we are receiving the essence and spirit of that, even if we do not receive the words,—both in the knowledge that he came so far to give it, and in the message from one of the delegates now here, as well as in the message just read from Mr. Gonzalez.

There is also a letter to the Secretary from a member-at-large, which was not intended for publication, but an extract from which I am sure you would like to hear read now. [This is printed among the Letters of Greeting, unsigned.]

A most cordial vote of thanks was given to the Committee on Letters of Greeting, it being understood that the Committee was not to be discharged until the close of the Convention. The Report of the Committee on Resolutions was next called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: The first duty of your Committee is to report that no formal resolutions have been submitted to it, though there are, of course, as usual, these for which I would ask your approval:

First, that Mr. Johnston be authorized and requested to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have had the great pleasure of listening.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized by this Convention to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention. I trust that these resolutions may be carried unanimously. (This was done.)

It has become part of the function of the Committee on Resolutions to attempt to express the sentiment of the Convention; that is, to attempt to express for the delegates and members present, things they may well have on their minds. I shall hope that we may hear from the other members of the Committee,—in any case from Dr. Torrey, and if possible from Miss Bagnell also.

I do not wish to compete with the Chairman of the Committee on Letters of Greeting, but I received, personally, a letter from Mr. Box which gave me such great satisfaction and pleasure (for more reasons than one), that I should like to read an extract from it. After speaking of the QUARTERLY and of what the members of the Society owe to the QUARTERLY, he continues:

"Following my usual bent I read the April 'Fragments', to its end; on the next two nights I took the 'Screen', through to the end too, to what that generical personage, called the 'Ancient', said of the coming Convention, that: 'From one standpoint, it does not matter what the topic is, so long as we leave the Convention with our souls on fire, and with a will of steel to do as we know we should do. The gates of the Lodge are opened, and it will be our fault if, as we lift our hearts, the "King of glory" does not enter in.'

"Now, whilst determined that this should be so, I was just a little disappointed, since we had left in that way before—we couldn't help doing so. Therefore, I went back to the 'Fragments' and pondered upon its last two paragraphs again, and I will repeat these too, so that, without your referring to them, you may know what I shall have in mind this time; not merely as 'an echo', but what the Great Ones themselves have said and 'are saying to us'. You will remember they are: 'Some day, later on, the gates will have closed, no call will sound, there will be no invitation; but in that day there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. O God, forbid that day, and give us strong hearts and strong men to keep it back,—to keep those gates wide open; and however the tides of time may turn to close them, give us those who will wedge them open, if need be with their very souls.'"

We must all of us greatly regret the absence of Mr. Box from this Convention, although we may be perfectly certain that it is through no fault of his that he is not here.

It is perhaps the next duty of the Committee to speak, on your behalf, of the death of Colonel Knoff, which was a great loss to the Society. Nearly all of you, present here to-day, had the pleasure of meeting him at our Convention in 1927, and must realize, therefore, that he was not only one of our oldest and most faithful members, but literally "a treasure" in the theosophical sense. It would be a terrible mistake to think of him as absent; it would be inconceivable. And at once, in that connection, let us express gratitude to all those members of the Society, scattered throughout the world, who do so much by their meditation, by their participation in the Convention in heart and mind, to make it the living thing that it is. Those who are present to-day may be in the forefront of our minds, but those who are absent—whether living or dead—cannot be far away. We owe them perhaps more than some of us realize, and we can only hope and pray that they will receive much in return.

Speaking on behalf of the Committee, and trying to express what we believe must be in your minds, it seems to me that we must all be feeling more and more strongly, as the years pass, the tremendous need for Theosophy in which the world stands. The world *needs* Theosophy; there is no question about that. Yet we have to use common sense as to the extent of the need, by estimating the extent to which the world would be able to *assimilate* Theosophy. We must not make the mistake that was made years ago of supposing that because we proclaim, let us say, the doctrines of Reincarnation, of Karma, far and wide, we are therefore, of necessity, going to benefit the world. Truth is a two-edged sword, and may do at least as much harm as good, when not understood. Take as a simple illustration, that which is known in some ascetical writings as "human respect",—undue regard for the opinions of other people, deference to worldly opinion. At a certain stage of evolution, it is a sin, to say nothing of its being contemptible. On the other hand, we ought to realize that there are a great many people whose only moral support is human respect. All tribal law and custom are built upon it, are obeyed because of it. Chinese civilization, in the good old days, was based to a very large extent upon human respect, and when respect for ancestors and elders was destroyed, thanks to so-called modern progress, there was nothing left on which the average Chinaman could base right behaviour. We ought to be able to see, too, that on the lower levels the absence of human respect leads to anarchy. The anarchist is simply a man in revolt against public opinion; he wishes to be a law unto himself. From all of which it is clear that we ought not to assume, because something is right for us, that it is right for other people. Whatever happens, The Theosophical Society must represent real toleration, real breadth of vision, and one of the essentials of that is a realization that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison. The principle is perfectly clear, and it is one which we ought always to consider in our dealings with others. We ought to learn to read their condition, for until we are able to do that to some extent, so as to estimate their actual need, we are likely to do them more harm than good.

In every direction, with the foregoing proviso, the world needs Theosophy, needs the understanding that Theosophy alone gives. Take, for instance, the Church, or, rather, the Churches. Can there be any question about the need for Theosophy there? Incidentally, we live in a Christian country, and some of us, during a good many years, have been active in Christian churches. Now whatever happens, in the future do not permit The Theosophical Society to become christianized. An effort of that kind was made a great many years ago in London, and the Masters in those days—I was going to say poured contempt upon it—they would have none of it, would have nothing to do with it. Theosophy is wider and bigger than every religion that ever was. Actually, there is no real danger of that kind, but because of the habit of speech, there might grow up a tendency to speak too much in Christian terms, and that would be a mistake. All churches of all religions need Theosophy,—not only the Christian Church. Theosophy is the source of all religions, the origin of all religions, and when the millennium comes, Theosophy will be the religion of the world.

As for the Christian Church (which is the one that chiefly concerns us, for obvious reasons), it has been my fate recently to hear more of the clergy than I used to hear, and I am afraid that the average of the species might well fill one with hopelessness. There are always exceptions; we know that. We ought to know it, because of our own good fortune—there are members of The Theosophical Society of that persuasion; and there are also clergymen who are not members of The Theosophical Society, who are splendid exceptions. Yet, as General Ludlow used to say, there are three types of humanity: men, women, and clergy.

Of course, criticism is easy. Anybody can abuse the clergy, and those who represent the Christian churches are certainly better than the priests of some other religions. In China, for instance, you know as well as I do what Taoism was originally. Some of you will remember our study of the *Tao-teh-King* of Lao-tse, years ago in the other Studio, and the wonderful teaching contained in that book. Yet the priests representing Taoism in China to-day are so unspeakable, that a decent woman cannot use the word "priest"; it stands for such moral depravity. So we must remember that Christianity is not the only religion whose priesthood is not what it ought to be. The reason I speak of it is this: if the Christian Church is ever to be reformed, it can not be done by its clergy. It must be done by laymen, and it may, in time, become the mission of The Theosophical Society to provide the laymen who will be capable of that achievement. Again I repeat that there are exceptions, but taking it by and large, unless a priest be also a member of The Theosophical Society, I believe the Karma of the world's priesthood, from the beginning of time, is so unfortunate that only the exceptional man can resist it. As a member of The Theosophical Society, he forms a connection which may and should lift him out of that Karma.

Let me illustrate, if I may, one of the reasons why the Church so desperately needs Theosophy. It is only about a week ago that some of you were celebrating Holy Week, Good Friday, Easter. What is the general understanding of their significance? At one extreme, there are those who hold that although the Master Christ then made, "by his one oblation of himself once offered," sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,—Good Friday is no more than the commemoration of an historical event which happened a long while ago, and which it is only seemly to remember. At the other extreme, you have the doctrine of transubstantiation. What light does Theosophy throw on the subject? A great deal, and from many different angles; but it is impossible this afternoon to deal with more than one. It so happened that last Good Friday, there appeared in the *New York Times* a report of a paper by Dr. Gilbert N. Lewis, of the University of California, read by him or his representative before the Society of Arts and Sciences. He was speaking of the nature of time, and I wondered how many orthodox Christians, reading what he said, saw the connection between his explanation of time, and the Church services which some of them were going to attend. The headline said: "Past and future are interchangeable in physical sciences"; "Challenges Einstein idea—bars concept of 'one-way causality'." "Would you believe," the speaker asked, "that events now transpiring are among the factors which decided Cæsar to cross the Rubicon? . . . From these sciences [physics and chemistry] we cannot banish one-way time, without also banishing one-way causality."

According to Dr. Lewis, who claims to speak on behalf of modern science, it is a mistake to

think of time as a procession from past to future. He calls that one-way time. He says there is no such time as that found in chemistry or in physics. He says there is two-way time; that is to say, that the past does help to produce the present, but that the future helps to produce the present, and that the future also helps to produce the past. "If we think of the present as pushed into existence by the past, we must in equal measure think of it as pulled into existence by the future. Causality, thus rendered symmetrical, gains rather than loses significance. It is a word that expresses our recognition of the remarkable correlations in all series of events. To admit that this correlation extends in both directions in time not only simplifies the concept but enhances its value." Such a view is an important step in the right direction, though by no means complete. Granting that there is two-way time, Theosophy has always said that time is a trinity; that there is three-way time, and that the one reality is the eternal present.

But to come back to Dr. Lewis' question: "Would you believe that events now transpiring are among the factors which decided Cæsar to cross the Rubicon?" How many people, reading that on Good Friday, responded as every student of Theosophy must have responded: Yes, I see the point—events now transpiring are among the factors which brought about the Crucifixion. It is what Theosophy has always said; what every student of Theosophy, speaking about the events of Good Friday, has invariably emphasized. It is not a matter of some historical event that happened two thousand years ago. It is a question of what is happening now. It is a question of the eternal present. When H. P. B., in *The Voice of the Silence*, speaks of the great wall of compassion erected by Masters with their blood and tears, holding back the awful Karma of the world, she does not mean only the things suffered by them ages ago, in previous Manvantaras; she means things suffered by them to-day, in the eternal present,—for that which was, is, and that which will be, is. Time is the great illusion, and the only difference between what will be and what is, is a matter of planes. Things already *are* on some other plane. Whatever you and I may ultimately become, we already *are*,—although, from our present limited standpoint, it will take time to bring that future into the present. While that may not be quite so easy to perceive as the activity of the present in the past, it ought to be clear to everybody that that which brought about the Crucifixion was not merely the doings of the world of that day. What also brought about the Crucifixion is *our* doings, the doings of the world at the present time.

I do not know whether Dr. Lewis' arguments are sound scientifically. If something needs to be argued about, it is dull before you are half way through, dead before the end. You either perceive the thing or you do not perceive it, and no real, vital truth *can* be argued about. Whether his arguments are sound or not, that which he outlines, that which he suggests and supports by argument, has been stated over and over again by the theosophists and mystics of all ages. It is a concept without which any religion must remain inert; it is a perception without which Christianity, as known to-day, must remain essentially a misunderstanding of its Founder's teaching; a perversion of the real. It is a marvel to me that anybody can remain satisfied to derive his religion from things that happened two thousand years ago, *if that were the end of them*. There are some who see more clearly, though in more ways than one. You may remember the story of the sailor who went to a Mission for the first time, and who came out and saw a Jew and knocked him down. Later, when asked the reason for such conduct, he said, "Do you know what that man did; he crucified Christ!" "But that happened two thousand years ago," was the reply. "Yes, but it is the first time I heard about it!"

I repeat, it is a marvel that things are no worse than they are, when understanding is so limited, so petty, so inadequate in any real sense. The need of theosophical interpretation becomes greater and greater, for, on certain planes, men's minds are being educated, and instead of that education being helpful, it is doing them more and more harm. They think they are understanding things not understood before. They think science is giving them a grasp of life, a depth of vision, which in the Middle Ages were unknown. They are mistaken. In the Middle Ages men knew more of spiritual reality than the average man of to-day. They were not so muddled mentally; they looked within for the explanation of things; they did not think themselves so wise.

In the department of education, Theosophy is terribly needed also. A few days ago, a speech

was made by the Reverend The Hon. Edward Lyttelton, former headmaster of Eton, who was quite excited because he had come across a book which had explained to him at last what education ought to be. He had been headmaster for many years. Only since he had ceased to be headmaster, had he discovered what it was he had been doing wrong the whole time! The book had given him the (I should suppose) rather elementary idea, that facts ought to be connected one with another when taught to a child. If you tell a child of six the date of the first Mikado of Japan, it does not mean anything to him, but if the child has tame rabbits at home, and he goes out and sees a wild rabbit, he has connected something, added something to his knowledge, knows the difference between tame and wild rabbits. In other words, the acquisition of knowledge must be sequential, by effect either of contrast or of similarity, or, better, by both. It is rather amazing that a man who was for so many years headmaster of Eton, a great school, has just made this discovery, but he says it is so. Then think how dangerous even that small amount of truth may be,—because, building on that foundation, without the light of Reincarnation, a teacher would be likely to treat all children as if they were brand new, with absolutely blank minds, with no past, and would not dare tell them anything unless able to connect it with an object already observed in this life; no trailing clouds of glory, from that standpoint; no past experience, no background such as has been permitted to us, with a huge storehouse to draw upon, from which to bring garnered truths to the surface of the child's consciousness; no, just a blank slate, and all educational processes to be limited to connecting a wild rabbit with the tame rabbit at home! We must see that an educator, imbued with Dr. Lyttelton's "discovery", but without a knowledge of Reincarnation, would at least be badly cramped. If there be no inheritance of honour in a child's soul—how connect the first instructions about honour with the experience of that child? To say that heredity supplies the link, would merely confirm the theosophical position,—though without explaining it.

We see once more then, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and that we need not be over-anxious to put into the head of every stranger we meet, ideas about the Masters or about Reincarnation and Karma. Talk about the Masters is just as likely as not to rob him of whatever remnant of faith he has left in a Master; in which case the last state of that man would be worse than the first. We ought to move slowly and carefully in all such matters. We ought to make very sure that we have done all we possibly can to educate ourselves in the higher sense—in terms of self-understanding and self-conquest—before we undertake to educate other people. Of course, there are always two ways of looking at things: I recently heard an old member say that he had begun to lecture on Theosophy before he knew the a. b. c. of it himself, and another old member comment that that is notoriously the only way to learn anything!

I am now going to ask Dr. Torrey to speak on the subject of education.

DR. TORREY: Thomas Henry Huxley once wrote that the function of education was so to train the faculties of the young that their possessors might be useful and happy in their generation. Already an agnostic, and committed to the proposition that man's interests and attention must be focussed upon the material world, I think we do him no injustice if we interpret the word "useful" to mean those activities which shall lead to the conquest of the material universe for the benefit of the human personality. Useful activities are those which raise the standard of material living—which provide food, clothing, shelter, and which abolish disease and sickness: in a word, such activities as shall tend to the founding of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth. It is the programme of the modern social worker both within and without the churches, and it marks a growing abandonment of the transcendental ideal of an earlier generation.

By "happy", Huxley referred to the higher ranges of mental and emotional life which are open to the cultured man. He himself has told us of the subtle pleasure which he experienced in his studies of comparative anatomy when, after days of investigation, all the diverse structures ran into a common mould as the expression of a central law. So, likewise, would be included the pleasures to be found in music, art, literature and gardening.

It seems to me that those words of Huxley's struck the key-note of the education which has developed and is developing among us. To be sure, the educational pendulum has continued

to swing from the "useful" on the one hand, to the "happy" on the other—between vocationalism and liberalism—but the field of personality and naturalism, in which the swing takes place, is questioned by almost nobody. Certain schools lean strongly to the useful, and comprise in their curricula courses in floriculture, bee-keeping, salesmanship, etc. Other schools affect to despise the vocational and to teach the humanities. One of the best expositions of the latter type of education is found in Dr. Mickeljohn's "The Liberal College". To read it is an intellectual treat; it awakens one's enthusiasm. Here at last, one thinks, is a programme to which all liberal thinkers may rally. But one reaches the end of the book and finds no end—no last chapter—no fifth act to tell us "what the wild drama means". Dr. Mickeljohn's philosophy descends from that of the agnostics: its product is a green tree with beautiful leaves,—but sterile. Such is the product of the Liberal College.

Let us suppose that a Master of Wisdom had spoken those same words attributed to Huxley: The best education is that which shall make a man useful and happy in his generation. Such a Master has told us that the Great Ones are forced to use the words which all men use, but that they use them in a different way: that in the words lie deeper meanings than the merely literal.

In all reverence, then, may we not imagine a Master using these words, and may we not, in the light given by Theosophy, attempt to see a deeper stratum of meaning in them?

Useful: what do the Masters find useful? When the vision of an immortal life supplants the theory of mortality bounded by the points of birth and death, then all our mortal standards of the useful pass away. Food, clothing, shelter, health, do not cease to be important, but they no longer dominate the mental horizon as ends in themselves. The economic interpretation of history and of life, fades and dissolves away. The useful is still useful, but it is a means to a transcendental goal—it is the field where we bring into manifestation the hidden powers of the soul and come to self-knowledge, and where, so soon as we give up the lust for personal reward, our work shall become creative, flashing with a pure and original fire. Then, indeed, men shall see our good works and glorify—not us—but the Father in Heaven.

Useful to whom? To the Masters and to the Lodge: useful as servants trained to do their work for the elevation of our human kind out of a world of shadows.

Useful and happy: what does Professor Huxley tell us is the source of his greatest happiness? He found it in the contemplation of the significances which underlie the facts of morphology—in the recognition of the unity which stands behind diversity. This was a flash from the Gates of Gold. And if this happiness dwells even in the reflected gleam of the Gates, what must be the joy of the direct sunlight.

So to the practical question of what kind of education we are to give our boys and girls, I can see but one answer: that kind of education which shall make them useful to the Lodge, in whose service they will find that happiness which comes from self-conquest and abandonment of selfishness.

And who is to give them this education? Those in whose hearts the Masters have lighted the altar fire of Theosophy. That living light has a marvellous penetrating and reproductive power. But if we are to do this thing; if we are to live up to the height of intuition which brought us into the Society, we must realize that good-will and passive receptivity are not enough.

For twenty years I have dealt with the education of young America. Its dominant characteristics are a sweet amiability, a passive receptivity, a preference for intellectual candy rather than the bread and meat of a staple diet; a terrible dislike of original thinking, a foggy mentality, a glib use of words with small regard to meanings, and a marvellous dexterity in finding excuses for defections.

Yet I wonder if older America is so vastly different. When we enter the T.S. we are in a position analogous to that of Freshmen in the colleges. For though we have finished (or pretty nearly been finished by) our blessed American system of education, we are not educated in even the best worldly sense of the term. We need, I suspect, the identical discipline which a Freshman needs. Our reading is superficial; we seek psychic glamour—mistaking our emotional thrills for true development; our concepts are hazy. Look at the farce of the Scopes' trial—a

host of presumably educated people wandering about in a fog of evolutionary misconceptions, and unable to distinguish between Darwinism, a theory, and evolution, a fact.

We of the Freshman Class of the T.S. need to come down to brass tacks and to work at least as hard as college students work (believe me, it won't provoke a nervous breakdown), and on pretty nearly parallel lines. We need to do again, and to do well, what we have partly done in the schools: to learn to read and write; to learn our arts and sciences over again. And, indeed, it isn't a dull task. For, after all, we are *not* college Freshmen; we have moved to a higher level of the spiral of education. With our mature minds and with the light supplied by Theosophy, we can pierce the veil of the words of our books and come to the significance beneath. We may read, perhaps, the same words which we read years ago, but the meaning has changed. This immediate reward lies very close to all of us—it is the reward of conscientious work in which Huxley found his greatest happiness. In the light of Theosophy we shall see the gradual formation of a cosmos where, before, chaos and dark night had reigned.

I hope no one will imagine that I am urging you to make of Theosophy a mere tool for intellectual study. There can be no right knowledge without fervour—without love of Truth, which is right feeling, and no true understanding without experience which rests upon right action.

MISS BAGNELL: It has seemed to me that it might be of interest that a member who does not live and work habitually at this centre in New York, should describe something of her impressions on coming to Headquarters. Perhaps the most vivid impression is of a unity of Brotherhood here, lived in a manner which makes of it a powerful force. It happened that last night I was glancing through two volumes of *The Path*. The first volume, 1886, opened by chance at an article entitled the "Corner Stone"; now that corner stone was Brotherhood. The writer left his reader to recall to mind that other Corner Stone "on whom the whole building is fitted and joined together". The last volume of *The Path*, 1896, happened to open at an article entitled "The Art of being Brotherly". It struck me that this is one of the finest of arts, and it has seemed to me that this art is being practised by this group of members here in New York,—I am speaking of the generation now growing up into effective manhood in the work of the Society. I am not suggesting that this Brotherhood is by any means perfect, but rather that we have here a pattern, a rough sketch on which to construct something permanent. The working model of such a Brotherhood is described in *Light on the Path*; its members are pledged to each other "by such vows as need no utterance."

It has seemed to me that this Brotherhood is founded on an inner reality, which does not depend on externals. Rather, those externals—all that concerns the impermanent personality—are what will cast shadows on the picture, blur its outline, and make the pattern ineffective. I am convinced that only in so far as we get away from the false personality, and learn to rely on the inner essence, can we make this Brotherhood of lasting effect, able to meet the perils which may confront us.

It may be objected that such a unity would be expected of a body of members such as this in New York; but what can be said of isolated members holding lonely positions in small Branches afar off? Yet there, also, such unity can be achieved and lived, the most vivid example which I know of this, being a member who has already been mentioned to-day, Colonel Knoff, of Norway. In all his long years of membership, he came but once to Convention, yet he was ever, in a vital sense, in heart and soul, a member of this Brotherhood.

To illustrate my point, I should like to relate an incident which happened in the Great War. During an advance a young officer of the Machine Gun Corps found himself in an isolated position, in a shell-hole, with his gun and a few men, cut off from the main body of his fellow-soldiers. He held that position for forty-eight hours, unaided, until reinforcements could come up. I do not believe that officer was bothered by the fact that he could not receive orders from Headquarters; his duty was quite clear—to look straight ahead and keep firing at Germans, so long as ammunition lasted. It did last, till the reinforcements came. The point I should like to suggest is that the officer, in that outpost, was supported by the fact that the main body of troops was not far off. He was part of a Brotherhood of soldiers, and—living or dying—he was wholly dedicated to the service of a Cause.

It happened that I went into a church in Fifth Avenue an hour or two ago, and found there a card with words which, I believe, might prove inspiring to any who, in isolated positions, might be tempted to be overcome at any time by discouragement. "We have come out of darkness into light, out of the drear night into the shelter of home, out of our loneliness into the fellowship of the saints." Those who form this group of members here at Headquarters have the support of mutual fellowship, and may, in truth, experience that "a Brother who is helped by a Brother, is like a strong city." Yet if any should, at any time, feel despondent, apprehensive of the future, or fearful of perils and dangers ahead, I would suggest there is power to be gained by having a mantram ready to repeat. Now there are many mantrams, but the one which is uppermost in my heart is this:—"Those few, those happy few, that band of Brothers."

I should like to suggest, as an informal resolution, that the Brothers have a Banner, and on it is written: "Upward and onward for evermore!"

THE CHAIRMAN: I think a very sincere vote of thanks should be extended to the Committee on Resolutions, for their representation—their revelation—to us of what was in our hearts, in particulars of which we may not have been fully aware before they spoke; I suggest also that the Committee continue in being until the end of the Convention. (It was so voted.) This completes the formal reports of the standing committees of the Convention. Our next business and pleasure is to hear from the delegates. We have a delegate here from Venezuela—may we hear from him?

MR. CARIAS (speaking in Spanish): Mr. President: In the name of the Venezuela Branch I have the pleasure of greeting the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled. At this very time our brothers in Caracas are meeting, with sincere spiritual devotion.

The activities of the Venezuela Branch have been continued under the method previously adopted. As a subject of study was set forth a consideration of the three principal objects of the T.S., regarded from the three corresponding aspects—philosophical, religious, or scientific, according to the choice of each student. After working out the analogies we passed to a consideration of the contrasts. The teaching and the life of the Western Master in the light of Theosophical concepts were also subjects of study, and we discussed with grave interest the present condition of the Christian Church.

One public event deserves mention. Several newspapers of Caracas reproduced certain ill-informed statements regarding Theosophy, and this led us to publish an extract from the "Epitome of Theosophical Teachings" of W. Q. Judge. The official clerical organ then published a series of articles in the endeavour to combat us, but was blindly in error. We decided then to write a letter to the Archbishop, taking exception to such conduct, and we embraced the opportunity to tell him what the members of the Venezuela Branch understood to be Christianity. Later we published a series of lectures by Mr. Johnston, "The Theosophical Society and Theosophy" by Professor Mitchell, some of the writings of H. P. B., the Lecture by Professor Mitchell on the theory of relativity, and some other articles. Not one of these writings was attacked. Some people acquired a new conception of Theosophy and gained a clearer notion of our ideal.

I may also add that the predominant characteristic of the greater number of the students in our Branch is a devotional one. To apply Theosophy in daily life—that is the end we have in view. We humbly aspire to be in future finer and more useful instruments in the service of the Masters.

MR. HARGROVE: I have just received a letter from Mr. Garcia, the other delegate from Venezuela. He writes from the U. S. Marine Hospital, Ellis Island, and says that on account of his health, he is held under observation, and may not be able to get away until next week. "As you can realize, I am sorry to be unable to attend the Convention, due to this unexpected incident, my trip having been made with that sole purpose in view. Anyway, I will keep the hours." I know that the members will be glad to hear even that much from a delegate who came so far for the purpose of attending the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

THE CHAIRMAN: A similar letter was sent to me, which adds this: "I will keep the day with you, and will take this as a sign that perhaps the blessing of a Convention is not one which I may have merited as yet."

MISS HOHNSTEDT, after delivering a message of greeting from Mr. Roberts of the Middletown Branch, spoke of the work of the Cincinnati Branch during the past season, and then of "the danger of admitting pseudo-theosophists to our ranks," adding that "by this time we ought to be able to pierce through the Maya which surrounds our familiar terms, and recognize when they are used with a meaning quite different from that which they have for us."

DR. HOHNSTEDT told the lesson of his experience when running an old Ford car over roads that were very bad: that, instead of rushing into action hastily, it is best "to keep cool and wait." Applying this to the occasional plea of a member that the Cincinnati Branch should work with other organizations, and should invite members of those organizations to Branch meetings, he suggested that it would be worse than folly to invite trouble where none exists; that we should not weaken in our position, but go forward serenely with the conviction that all such questions dispose of themselves if left to the solution of time.

Brief speeches were then made by Mr. Roy, Mrs. Regan, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Danner, Mrs. Moser, Mr. Lewis, Miss Schuyler, Miss Clements, Miss Dandridge, Mrs. J. L. Mitchell, emphasizing the helpfulness of the QUARTERLY and of the reports of the New York Branch meetings, and expressing much gratitude for the inspiration and reinforcement found at the Society's annual Conventions.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: What I have in mind to say has already been said much better than I can say it, but every one of us must want to take advantage of this opportunity to try to express some part of the gratitude which we all feel for the privilege of being here, for all it means, and for all that we have been given. You remember what was said some years ago at a Theosophical Convention, about the Society being the ark to which was entrusted the pearl of great price, the ancient wisdom that is the salvation of the world. The way out of the labyrinth, the way in which a man may find and win his own soul, is entrusted to us, to The Theosophical Society.

Before the session began, I was asking myself what the Masters of the Lodge who were interested in forming The Theosophical Society, and who have supported it all these years, would like to see us bring here to-day. I think it was expressed this morning,—devotion and loyalty above all. With that, they can do anything. That, in one sense, is all they really need, whole-hearted devotion, complete loyalty. Surely, though, there is much work which they need to have done in the world, and, as the Chairman said in his opening address, any gift can be used. How they must long even for little gifts, gifts that we all have it in our power to make if we would—the gift of enthusiasm, of gladness, of joy, of welcoming the opportunity to serve, of every power we have or can acquire. All of life exists for the purposes of the soul, and there is no part that does not exist for that purpose, or that cannot be used for that purpose. Therefore the Lodge must be interested in, and have work which it wishes to have done in, every department of life. It follows that the ability to master any part of life can be brought here and given to the Work, as a gift. That knowledge goes far toward transforming life. Suppose we have done something dreadfully stupid, have made a clumsy mistake, and everything has gone wrong. We can sink down in depression, or we can say: "Well, the weakness that caused that mistake was in me; thank heaven that, having made it, I can see the consequences right here and now, so that I can learn the lesson and get it right next time." An opportunity of that sort comes every day, every hour of every day, if we are alert enough to see it. Some work that we have to do, we can learn to do better in order that, when—many lives later perhaps—that same work needs to be done for the Theosophical Movement, and its leaders are looking for some one to do it, they may say: "Yes, we can use him. He won the power to solve that problem five lives ago!" There is some power that can be taken every moment, and to take it, transforms that moment, and enables us to bring a gift here, and to offer it as a small return for all that has been poured out for us.

The ark of the covenant, the ancient wisdom, the knowledge of the laws of growth of the soul, the ideals needed for the salvation of mankind, have been put in our keeping. If we could only imagine the Masters looking down, and see how they must look at it and at us! The key to the happiness, the growth, the development of the souls of men is entrusted to us. As was said, there must be a response to those ideals, or the Lodge can do nothing. Ideals have to be presented somehow before there can be a response to them. Someday the world will respond to theosophical ideals as it responded at the time of the Great War. Think of the people who seemed to have no life, no ability to respond in them, but who leaped up at a call of honour that they could understand, and gave their lives heroically and gladly. They showed that the capacity was there, waiting for the call. Now the ideals of the Lodge, the ideals the soul needs for its salvation, have been given to us to preserve until the time comes when the world is ready for them. How are we going to preserve them? The only way is by being faithful to what we can see. The price each man has to pay for his own soul is to live unflinchingly in obedience to the highest that he can see. It is the only way that an ideal can be made living, and it is only a living thing that can reproduce itself. You can light a million fires from one flame, but if the flame dies out, you have to begin to create fire all over again. It is the same with ideals. An ideal that is not responded to, soon fades from view. So the ideals which the Lodge has given us, through the sacrifice of those who have gone before us, will fade from view unless they are lived.

Forty-five years to go! There was another simile used at a Convention years ago, of the members of the Theosophical Movement as soldiers of a besieging army who had stormed the first wall of a city in which was held captive the heart of the world. They were pausing for a moment, looking down from that first wall at the other walls which still had to be taken. I should like to change that simile a little and think of ourselves as beleaguered, a very few holding a post with tremendous numbers of the enemy besieging it. We hold it as long as The Theosophical Society and its members remain true to the ideals that have been entrusted to us, as long as we stand up for them and protect them against attack. By doing so we may immobilize great enemy forces, just as at Maubeuge, during the war, many German divisions were held back from the battle of the Marne. When Maubeuge fell, it released large forces of Germans which, could it have held out for a few days more, would have been immobilized for that much longer during a critical period. We have the immense advantage of knowing for just how long we have to hold out: at most for forty-five years. As Madame Blavatsky said, if we can hold out for those forty-five years, the world will be a very different place in the next century.

DR. CLARK: Last week, while rapidly turning the leaves of a new book, *Two Men of Alexandria*, to see whether it might be worth reading, this sentence from Philo caught my eye: "Thou art my country, my kindred, my home, and my very great confidence". I said to myself "That is what people will be saying next week, at the Convention; that is what we have been saying for many years." How fortunate we are to have this country and this home which gives us very great confidence! How important it is that this home shall be maintained for others, who in their turn may say similar words, and may not be as waifs in the world, lost, without country, home, or kindred.

As I placed the volume with my newspaper, I noticed a word that seemed somewhat out of place in a newspaper column, the word, "imagination". The word occurred in an editorial which commented upon the career of Sir Charles Higham, an English advertizing man. Twenty years ago, when he had neither money nor business, he resolved to write down some of the things he hoped to obtain from life. Among these were: that he should be the first advertizing-man to be knighted and to enter Parliament; that he should own a Rolls-Royce car and a pleasant little place in Sussex! Friends to whom he showed his list of desires told him he was a mad dreamer, but within a few years he had obtained all that had been written down. Asked to explain what underlay such surprising acquisition, he replied: "imagination and energy".

What an amount of imagination is wasted by some members of the T.S., and what a deal of energy we throw away for things that are not worth while! That wasted energy and imagin-

ation would, if rightly used, suffice to maintain our "home and country", and make its future as certain as were Sir Charles Higham's title and seat in Parliament.

Having ourselves experienced so great generosity, shall we not be generous toward others? Shall we deprive new-comers of their "home" and cause them to say, not joyful words like Philo's, but mournful: "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were. O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen".

MR. GANSON spoke of the Convention as being "just like coming home",—the infinite within our reach, because "plane after plane is right here in our souls", giving some realization, no matter how dim, that "I am with you even unto the end."

DR. WOODWORTH, using the analogy of different coloured lights thrown on a building, pointed out that in our study of Theosophy, we acquire "various concepts from time to time, cross-sections as it were", each true in a limited sense; but that we must strive to attain complete and balanced vision as a result of *living* what, at any stage, we can see and understand.

MR. LA DOW: It seems to me that the note of gratitude is one that we can dwell upon, because in the first place, all of us here are grateful to one another, the younger members are grateful to the older members, and we are all grateful to the Lodge. There is one aspect of the subject that I should like to emphasize, and that is the cause we have, to be grateful to theosophical truth itself. There have been many comparisons made to-day between the Society and the world, between that which the Society stands for and that which the world stands for. Yet I am sure that the worst possible interpretation of that truth (and as we have been reminded, every truth is a two-edged sword), the worst possible interpretation of this difference between the Society and the world would be that we should go away thanking God that we are not as other men. I am certain that everyone here will agree that if it were not for the fact that Theosophy had been brought to his attention, he would belong to the world, he would be excited about the latest fashion in electrons, might even be a pacifist, might think that the highest type of mind is the engineering mind, or might be allured by any of the other dogmas floating around to-day. The only reason we have not fallen victims of one or another of these toys of thought, is that Theosophy has been brought to our attention.

MR. BRUSH, speaking for the younger members, said that while those living at a distance sometimes thought of themselves as less fortunate than members living in New York, it might well be that their different Karma implied different needs. In that case it would be important to use rightly the opportunity provided: in New York, not to "lie down" on the older members, though using to the utmost the help which contact with them offered. Experience proved that "doing what you are told", in the sense of obeying your own conscience as clarified by the wider experience of others and by the teachings of Theosophy, is the only way to acquire a better and deeper understanding.

MR. AUCHINCLOSS, after expressing deep appreciation of his election as a member of the Executive Committee, said: We have been talking this winter, at the meetings of the New York Branch, of codes of honour and of chivalry, which means, among other things, those inner principles and beliefs and ideals which we express through an outer Rule of Life. This outer expression of our inner code too often falls short of what we should like it to be. Why? Because, I think, we do not really *listen* to what we are taught; because we do not really *listen* to the promptings of that higher part of our nature which is constantly trying to tell us what we ought to do, in order to express our code. We are pre-occupied, we are inattentive, we are not one-pointed, we take in only part. So it is easy for our lower nature to colour the part that we do take in, with the result that the outer expression of our code seems to us, and rightly, unsatisfactory.

We have just passed Easter, and the hearts and minds of many here have been, and still are, full of what the world calls the mystery of death, the mystery of Resurrection. Yet, wherein lies the mystery? The Master Christ said, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." What, in one sense, could be more simple than that? If we *listen* to what we are taught; if we *act* on what we hear,—we shall have our code, and the great Examples of its expression, and

the promise of life and of resurrection here and now,—a promise with which bodily change has nothing whatever to do; a promise of which these annual Conventions are a constant reminder,—for here, it is always as if the stone had been rolled away, as if there were the very stillness of the Resurrection morning itself, when of all times it should be easy to listen.

MR. MILLER, referring to the advantages and disadvantages of being at Headquarters, said that "members at a distance may not realize that we who are here and have so much poured out upon us, feel at times overcome with the responsibility that is placed upon us." Speaking of gratitude, he suggested that Napoleon's strong sense of gratitude seemed to reflect something of what the Masters are said to feel toward those who strive honestly to serve them, and that members of the Society, who inevitably are colour-bearers, can best show their gratitude for their many privileges by looking beneath the surface of their own natures and by up-rooting all qualities that tend to make them unworthy of their high calling.

MR. SAXE spoke of the sense of responsibility shown by men in charge of an air-pump supplying air to a diver, as an illustration of the unceasing watchfulness, and of the "continuous consciousness of responsibility", which "we must attain eventually, and just as soon as we can."

MR. KOBÉ: This morning it was said several times, and intimated more often—though not in these words—that the infinitely little, if done for and given to Theosophy, is infinitely great. I should like to speak especially to the younger and newer members, to those who are attending their first Convention, and to some who are perhaps between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. As they listened to all that was said, they must have had a sense of the vastness of Theosophy, and of their own lack of ability to fit anything into that vastness. I should like to say to them that the reason Theosophy is vast, is because it is all-inclusive; it includes, therefore, the little as well as the great. The little which any one of us can do for The Theosophical Society, means that some other member does not have to do that duty, whatever it may be. Therefore some one has additional time to give to doing something that is more important. And because of that, some one else can give attention to a still more important duty, and so on, up the scale. So you see what is apparently a very little contribution can increase in magnitude as it is run up the scale, all the way to the Lodge. The infinitely little that is done to-day, may be infinitely great by to-morrow.

MR. PERKINS: I do not think that any of us present at Convention to-day will forget that it has also been a council of war. We are called here to be given instruction, to get the past and the present into truer perspective, and to gain a picture of the action that lies ahead of us. The time ahead of us is undoubtedly a period of great danger to the world, and a period of the gravest importance to The Theosophical Society and to every member of it. We all know that in 1914, when the Great War broke out, it broke on a rising tide of materialism; and then, through the splendid devotion of France and her Allies, that rising tide of materialism was held back for a little. In the middle of the war, the dark powers that were behind it on the side of Germany, broke through in Russia, as Bolshevism—which has not yet been checked—and, finally, broke through the Allied ranks when, by granting Germany the Armistice, the Allies failed in "final perseverance".

As we look forward at this time, we are conscious of the underlying forces at work. We see again, in 1930, the rising tide of materialism and the constantly increasing contagion of Bolshevism. Every living force in the Theosophical Movement, from the Masters who stand at the head of it to the last member of the Society, is, of necessity, in direct conflict with everything in that tide.

We look forward to a time of peril. What action as individuals do we need to take from day to day? When we read of some outrageous attack against religion in Russia, we must recognize the purpose behind the facts for what it is, and instantly decide, without mental argument, what our attitude and feeling is. When we read our newspaper, let us no longer read it in the pacifist way,—saying, "Oh well, there is undoubtedly a great deal to be said on both sides of this question". We read a headline, perhaps about a Judge whom the President has nominated to the Supreme Court of the United States. We do not know anything about it, but he is probably a good Judge,—at least, he is attacked for only one thing: a judgment made in the lower

Court which Union Labour now thinks was unfavourable to it. There is no question of injustice or unconstitutionality, but this particular Labour group says, "We do not want this man in the Supreme Court because he might not be favourable to us." Instantly we should say to ourselves, "That is the spirit of organized greed that is seeking to destroy everything in this country that savours of good government." Again, we pick up our newspaper and read, from a man prominent in public life, a long series of arguments about why he should have whiskey. Instantly we must say something positive to ourselves; perhaps we shall say: "There speaks a thirst-elemental. It is not a sane man but a thirst-elemental that is talking. Just listen—I know it by the sound of it."

So much for our newspaper. Throughout the day, we shall meet the spirit of materialism and Bolshevism from the outside and from the inside, and we shall be in conflict with it consciously, if we are truly alive as we ought to be. Think of the disgrace if a member of The Theosophical Society should be found, drowned in this torrent of greed and rebellion,—drowned in a sitting position, with *The Secret Doctrine* under one arm and *Isis* under the other. It is possible for that to happen to me or to you, and the only thing that can avert it is our coming alive to the situation that exists. We must go out of this Convention and this council of war, with a decision that we will no longer live casually and negatively, adopting every wandering thought in our minds as if it were our own. No. We will give every thought a quick glance straight in the eye and say, "What source do you come from?" When we recognize that the thought is opposed to those whom we love, opposed to all those who have given us the opportunity to be at this Convention to-day, to the great Masters of the Lodge and their servants all down the line, who have brought us here, held us here, kept us here when we had no power in ourselves to stay but for them,—then let us instantly do something decisive, hate that thought keenly, reject it with the fire of our loathing. If we cannot do anything more active at the moment, we can unclasp a fist and reach for the throat of that thought and throw it under our feet where it belongs; then raise our hearts in gratitude to the Lodge, that still, for another day, we are on the firing line, doing our small part decisively and effectively, with fire to hate and with fire to love.

THE CHAIRMAN: Our Convention should now be brought to a conclusion. We must discharge certain Committees. I would ask for a motion to discharge, with renewed thanks, the Committee on Letters of Greeting; also we should discharge with thanks the Committee on Resolutions and the Committee on Nominations. (These motions were made, seconded and carried.)

There is one thing that remains on my mind and heart to say. I ask you to think over what it is that has moved you in this Convention, and what has profited you. We have expressed our sense of gratitude to that Wisdom itself, theosophic Truth, and to the great Lodge of Masters who made it known to us. We have felt deeply our gratitude, but we need to think why we are so grateful for these things to-day. We are grateful, really, because something of them has been appreciated, something has been understood. Did anyone who spoke originate the truth of what he said? Was it his teaching, or did he only manage for a moment, in some way, to reflect his own love of it, his own gratitude for it, his own reverence for it, and desire to respond to it? In this is contained, it seems to me, one of the important lessons that should remain with us from the Convention. We do not have to talk in order to serve; we do not have to do extraordinary things; we have only to understand, to love, and to reverence, to respond to what is offered us in the Theosophical Movement, and to drive it home more deeply into our hearts and lives. Did not those lines from "Fragments" mean more when we heard from Mr. Box's letter how he re-read them and thought of them? Did we not, for a moment, get a heightened sense of their significance? Did not the "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen" mean more to us because it meant much to Mr. Hargrove, as he reflected his appreciation of it? That is the one gift which all of us can make to the Movement; and, as Mr. Kobbé said, it will go back, up the stairs of the Hierarchy, to the Highest, back to the Lodge, to the Supreme, from which the truth came—our appreciation, our love of it, our reverence for it, our gift of ourselves to it. That is the gift which we can make to the Ancient Wisdom,—the new and ever new and eternally young response of the soul to the Ancient Truth.

After votes of thanks from the Convention to the editors of the *QUARTERLY* and to the officers of the Convention had been carried unanimously, the Chairman read two cablegrams which had just been handed to him: "That we may answer with you to the actual Masters' inspiration, Rama Venezuela", and, also from Caracas, "Fraternal greetings. Rivero." The Convention, on motion, then adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We have great delight in sending all of you our fraternal greetings and the most hearty wishes for a good Convention.

For all members of the Arvika Branch,
Fraternally yours,

AMY ZETTERQUIST,
Chairman.

AUSSIG, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Friends: It is my privilege to send you the most cordial and fraternal greetings and best wishes for a successful Convention on behalf of the members of the Aussig Branch. If we could see the whole plan of the Lodge, as the Masters are seeing it, we might be able to understand always the how and the why of anything. Although we do not possess the capacity to see, we are yet free to go to the Masters and to ask them to heal our blindness by helping us to comprehend the causes which have fastened the bandages over our eyes; and never has a Master neglected to respond to a real prayer. So we grow by prayer and aspiration and the realization of what we are able to understand, into the ability to see spiritual things. Likewise we grow in love and in obedience.

Please let me quote from a Letter to Students of Mr. Griscom, wherein he said: "We must combine in our persons the devotion, self-sacrifice and self-surrender of the monk, with the fighting qualities, courage and hardihood of the knight, both to be tempered by gentleness, courtesy, and the dignity which comes from a consciousness that we are the servants and warriors of the Master."

That has given us a deeper comprehension of our position, and we hear the call to battle, addressed by Cavé to the Convention of 1916: "Comrades: The Master has given us a consign: 'Ils ne passeront pas!' Let us use it as a mantram, as they are doing in France, to galvanize even our cold hearts to the flame of his love and service. Let us meet each mood, each temptation, each slackening of the will with the flash of its steel,—determined to conquer—to die if need be,—but to conquer eternally for him."

So we may enkindle the spiritual will in us to respond to the Masters in obedience and loyalty, together with you, in Convention assembled.

Thankfully and fraternally yours,
HERMANN ZERNDT.

(Telegram) CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Greetings from the Cincinnati members. We are holding a special Convention meeting this evening.

THE CINCINNATI THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

GATESHEAD, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: Gateshead Branch send greetings to all members in Convention assembled and best wishes for a most enjoyable meeting. We send our gratitude for the great work you have done for the Society in the past. Our thoughts will be with you during the Convention.

Fraternally yours,
PERCY W. WARD,
Secretary.

SANFERNANDO DE APURE, VENEZUELA.

To the Members of the T.S. in Convention Assembled: We members of the T.S. in Sanfernando de Apure send all of you our warm fraternal greetings and good wishes.

We shall be present with you in spirit. May the Masters' blessing and inspiration descend upon you.

D. SALAS BAÍZ,
President, Jehoshua Branch.

EAST BOLDON, CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND.

The members of the Krishna Branch of the T.S., South Shields, England, send hearty greetings and earnest wishes for a most successful Convention.

We shall be with you in thought and spirit, and hope that some inspiration and blessing may reach us as we meditate and pray in unison with you.

I am yours fraternally,
H. MAUGHAN,
Secretary.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

To the Members in Convention Assembled: We are in the midst of this rushing, restless, rapid cycle, and the years are flying past on speedy wings, yet so far we have been able to keep the "door" open, and each year our Convention meets to give peace, contentment and light so we may all help, each and every one, to prop the "door", that the support may be a little stronger as each year goes by. May the Great Master of the Universe be able to act through this Convention, and may disciples lean a little closer to him that the "door" may be kept open and ready for the great moment.

Fraternally yours,
ROSSIE JANE WHITTLE,
Secretary.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. We eagerly look forward to your deliberations each year, and we trust that an ever-increasing spirit of wisdom and love may be manifested.

These milestones, which the Conventions constitute, serve the purpose of indicating the way we have come and the way we are going. We can, therefore, at this juncture, usefully review the journey since passing the last milestone; we can see our gains and our losses, our weaknesses and our strength, and we can realize that the vitality and force of the T.S. is in its members' collective efforts to embody the ideals for which it stands.

In the course of the battle of life, gaps are made in our ranks and we need to re-form and close up. Does this discourage us? A thousand times no. When warriors die, their souls incarnate, as it were, and there is a spirit abroad that gives an added impetus to the Cause they

loved. May our Norwegian members, in particular, have had this experience of late, and may we all feel more strongly the call to the "Work" of our time.

We may well remember that the T.S. is not merely a collection of isolated units throughout the world, but that it is a living entity, a spiritual force, and that we can each give our contribution to that force. As we strive in this impersonal and disinterested way, we shall surely gain strength and poise by further remembering that even as a whole the T.S. is not working alone, but that it has behind it the beloved Masters and all the hosts of heaven.

Let us then, more determinedly face the foe, both within and without, resolving that greater headway for the souls of men shall be made ere the next milestone is reached.

With renewed greetings and best wishes from the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch, I am

Yours sincerely,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

Mr. Lincoln also wrote:—We are glad indeed to get the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, for they are greatly helpful. We read them at our meetings and discuss them. In one of them I was glad to see "a Master is first and foremost a warrior, not a weakling." The general conception of a Master, by Western people at any rate, seems to be one who is weak and effeminate. But of course they are quite mistaken, and I think the more the members of the T.S. realize the type a Master is, the stronger will they be.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: The Norfolk Branch sends its greetings to all fellow-members, with heartfelt good wishes for Convention. We hope that the meeting will be a very good and happy one, and our thoughts will be with you all. . . .

The reports of the meetings of the New York Branch, which we receive regularly, are circulated among our members, and are very greatly valued. We deeply appreciate your kindness in sending them, and are very grateful for the unvarying help and sympathy that we receive. I append a list of members of our Branch—and with renewed good wishes for the success of the Convention, I am

Yours sincerely,

ALICE GRAVES,

Secretary, Norfolk Branch of The Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Graves also wrote: I need not tell you how much we are thinking of you all, and how earnestly we hope that this Convention may be a good and fruitful one. We do not increase in numbers here, but in thinking over our inner work for the last year (outer work, as you know, is not practicable for our scattered corresponding members—some of us have never met personally) one or two things seem to me to emerge. Firstly, I think that our study plan—by correspondence—has drawn our inner selves more closely together; there is a greater feeling of unity in our small group; and this seems to me to be evidence of team-work, without which no movement can succeed. As you know, we write "comments" on our study month by month, setting down the thoughts that occur to us, and what we think to be their practical application. One member in this way often throws light upon the difficulties of others, and so we are all helped. The need for thinking out the meaning of the books we study, alone and without discussion with other members, has its advantageous side, and I think perhaps it helps us to develop intuition. Thus what might appear to be a drawback, is turned into a benefit. May it not be a step on the road towards our ideal of unity?

The second point is that I have observed evidence of the truth and reality of our teachings in the fact that no one who has really, and from pure motives, been drawn to Theosophy, can altogether drop away from it, no matter how much circumstances and conditions may conspire against them. A time of quiescence, of apparent stagnation, has in some instances been followed

by a revival, showing how deeply the truth has penetrated, and how much fruit the seed that was sown, has brought forth.

I think that the past year has been one of encouragement in some ways, but it has also shown us what a long road lies before us, and how great is the need for redoubled effort, greater fervour, more ardent aspiration, courage, and faith. In the hours of discouragement and darkness through which we all pass at times, I constantly recall these words, "Desiring truth you shall surely have it, intending righteousness you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you."

Mrs. Bagnell wrote:—Every year I find that the Convention means more to me, and I am sure that this must be the case with all our members. It is for us all, *the* great event of the year, and it is supremely necessary that we should not only gain all we possibly can from it, but also contribute all that lies in our power, to it.

Most of us must feel that our contribution is pitifully small, but that does not matter as long as it is *all* we have to give, and that it adds to that united spirit of life which is the force of the whole T.S. Also we should gain so much from every Convention that the following year we may be able to give more, and the thought of this is not only consoling but very stimulating.

It is difficult not to get depressed occasionally, when one looks around and sees what is happening in the world at the present time. It seems as if not only nations but the whole of humanity were smitten with madness and bent on self-destruction, and although one knows that of course that is an exaggeration, and that there is much good as well as evil in the world, the evil is so rampant and so noisy that it is difficult not to feel appalled by it, or to wonder how it can ever be overcome. The answer and the remedy lie of course in Theosophy, and I often wonder how people get on who know nothing of it, and who have not its teachings to support them, and to enlighten their darkest hours. It is true that Theosophy is not confined to the T.S., and that there are many people who are in essence Theosophists without knowing it, but it seems to me that the greatest need in the world to-day is a *real* knowledge of Theosophy, and that therefore we who have at any rate some knowledge of it, and owe so much to it, have a very grave responsibility in regard to all our fellow men.

How can we best fulfil it? not by propaganda—although that should be always in our minds, so that we may never lose an opportunity of helping others as we have been helped—but by becoming such real Theosophists that the faith which illumines our whole lives may become visible, to all with whom we may come in contact.

There is a beautiful saying about the early disciples,—that others took "notice of them, that they had been with Jesus", and it should be possible for something of the sort to be said of every member of the T.S. Each Convention is a renewed opportunity for each one of us, whether we are able to be there or not. It is possible, then, for all of us to come into closer contact with the Lodge, to stand in the presence of the Masters and come to know a little more about them,—what their will for us is. It is a fresh beacon light lit in the world, which it is our privilege to tend and keep alive during the coming year; and my prayer is that this Convention may be even greater than any that have preceded it, and that the hearts of every one of us may catch fire from it, so that we in our turn may become tiny beacons, and so perchance bring light and warmth into some other hearts.

Greetings from Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Bagnell, sent by cable, were read: "Best wishes for Convention. All our thoughts are with you."

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: You will now have received our Report signed by our Secretary, Mrs. Sundal, and also a proxy for yourself as our delegate at the coming Convention. We shall thank you very much for transmitting our greetings to all the members in Convention assembled. If possible we shall assemble here also on the day of the Convention and at all events our thoughts will be with you.

Our beloved late chairman Colonel Knoff, faithful unto death, partakes now in the Convention on "the other shore" amongst our living dead, and his work is continuing amongst us here also. As to this, I quote part of a letter from a Pastor to whom ten days ago I sent his (Colonel Knoff's) book, *Essays on the Truth*: "It strikes precisely in the midst of the area of problems where men and women of the time are working in silence, and it gives the answers, plainly, earnestly, admirably. *Highly remarkable* is the book!"

I must not forget to express our thanks also for the Reports of the meetings of the New York Branch, which have been of much value to us, and which are read and studied regularly at our meetings.

With renewed sincere greetings from all of us, I remain,

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

HENNING DAHL.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

To the Officers and Members of The Theosophical Society, in Annual Convention Assembled: The members of Pacific Branch extend to you a cordial greeting, and in spirit are now with you on this auspicious occasion. . . .

Year after year at these Conventions the opportunity and way to become a human soul in a human being—the first stage in the forward and upward movement for better service—have been stressed by those speakers competent to do so, from their own knowledge and experience in such advancement, through their own continual efforts, and in turn seeking to pass it on to all of us and others in the world, as a connecting link between an unreal and a real existence.

What is said at these Conventions is for our good, and not for the personal benefit and satisfaction of those who speak. We have the opportunity of being prospective real helpers by filling the places to be vacated in time by those now with us here, to continue the link unbroken between the world and the Lodge of the Masters of Wisdom until the coming of the next Lodge Messenger, the achievement of a century's definite effort, not accomplished heretofore in many centuries.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,
Secretary, Pacific Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Members of the T.S. in Convention Assembled: Toronto Branch sends its fraternal greetings.

We believe we have learned much by our study of the reports of meetings of the New York Branch—helped in our understanding of useful work and helped in our endeavour to accomplish some of it. Our best thanks for them.

The least of us can help in the upholding of a true "code", and it would seem to be one of the easiest and surest ways "to arouse the consciousness of the Immortal in others", because the appeal is so direct to the soul.

The Theosophical Movement is progressing splendidly, and thanks to the devoted and beloved New York members there is every promise for the fulfilment of the great founder's wish, that it be carried over to the time for the coming of the new Messenger. We feel happy and inspired in this belief, and resolve to do our part however humble it may be.

ALBERT J. HARRIS.

(Telegram) DENVER, COLORADO.

To the Secretary T.S.: On behalf of the Virya Branch I send greetings, and regrets that we could not send a delegate to participate in the Convention.

ANNE EVANS.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Fraternal greetings from the members of the Whitley Bay Branch.

It is our privilege at the time of Convention to unite our thoughts with yours. In past years the similarity of our thoughts has been brought home to us on many occasions. It is with feelings of pleasure and rejoicing that we recognize the extent to which our consciousness has blended with yours. In fact it is to many of us another proof of the ultimate possibility of the attainment of the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, where instead of strife and discord we shall have that "Fellow feeling which can make us wondrous kind". May the hours of Convention foster that spirit and so draw us nearer to the ideal, is the sincere wish of the Whitley Bay members.

Yours fraternally,
FREDK. A. ROSS,
President.

BERLIN-SCHÖNEBERG, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled in New York: Dear Comrades: The study-Group in Berlin-Schöneberg sends every one of you their heartiest greetings and wish that you may have the Masters' blessing upon your labours. Our most earnest wish is that the fruits of this labour may be a help to all friends of the Theosophical Movement, and through them to all mankind.

With this wish, we shall take part in heart and thought at the time of your convening and of your deliberations.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD WALTHER,
LOUISE BETHGE,
HELMUTH PINTHER,
KARL WALZER.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We deem it again a great privilege to have the pleasure of conveying to you our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention. We shall endeavour with heart and soul to be united with you so as to lift ourselves to the sphere of consciousness of the Convention. May our prayers to the Masters of Wisdom—to make this Convention indeed a successful one—help us to reach up to this goal.

As for the work of our study class during the year now going to a close, we are happy to be able to say that it took an harmonious course. The QUARTERLY articles which we have been reading and studying, furnished us again with enlightenment and new strength. We would ask you therefore to be good enough to convey our deep-felt gratitude to all friends who have taken part in the contribution of these precious gifts.

Our hearts are filled with the desire that mankind may not forget the World War, but that its moral note may now and at all times peal forth to touch the hearts and souls of other men. We are thankful for the renewed impulses given by the last Convention, and hope that this beam of light may pierce farther into the darkness of the world.

We are, however, very sorry to say in conclusion that we are not in a position to give you any news in regard to the repentance and restoration of our nation, save that the 'Small Minorities'—which are striving to help spiritually—are still alive and active.

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class:

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
OSKAR STOLL,
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

(Cablegram) CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

Praying Masters Convention be great successful spiritual incarnation. Cordially with you.

GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ.

ONEAL, ARKANSAS.

To the Secretary T.S.: May I ask you to convey my sincere greetings to the members in Convention assembled. How I should love to be there!

As the time for Convention approaches, there is an inner alertness, an increasing awareness of the great blessings which so generously flow to us from the Great Lodge of Masters who have hoped so much for us: who have sacrificed so *much* for us! Have they hoped in vain? Must their sacrifice be wasted? Or, shall we not respond promptly, loyally, joyously reaching forward in glad anticipation of meeting them halfway in their splendid effort to help all mankind? In Cavé's words: "The call goes forth, to come; the invitation stands, to come: but most men scorn and turn away; some men wish to haggle over terms, 'hard terms' they call them: and some shrink timidly aside,—some day, later on, when I am fit, they murmur. Some day, later on, the gates will have closed, no call will sound, there will be no invitation; but in that day there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. O God, forbid that day, and give us strong hearts and strong men to keep it back,—to keep those gates wide open; and however the tides of time turn to close them, give us those who will wedge them open, if need be with their very Souls."—Amen.

My Comrades, we enjoy a wonderful privilege this day—for though you see me not, I shall hope to be there in spirit—in their presence! And how glad I am for you; that you may be there in person. As a result of this blessing, may we, each one, be encouraged and strengthened to go forward through the coming year with determination in our hearts to respond to that noble call of the Ideal, of the Immortal Soul, and to radiate by spiritual contagion some part of this blessing to our fellow-men.

Sincerely and fraternally,

WM. E. MULLINAX.

P.S. Any greeting would be incomplete without mention of our splendid QUARTERLY. No member could possibly do without it—and many other people also. And the splendid souls who make it possible.

Now just a word to "the Old Guard", and I have done. I may never have the extreme honour of meeting them face to face; nevertheless I know of them, and love them, and ask the Masters' richest blessing for them. To: —, to —, to —, to —, to —, to —, and to our Secretary! not only my love, but my heartfelt appreciation also of their efforts on *our* behalf. May the Masters' love burn brighter always in your hearts for all mankind. W. E. M.

A member wrote from Missouri: I am truly very sorry that I cannot be present at Convention. Unless you remember vividly your own first Convention, you can not know how wonderful the experience last year seemed to me. I had thought of group consciousness as an ideal before; there I realized it to be an actuality. The power at work awed me. And the beauty and silence in which it worked,—gave me lessons I cannot put into words, but that I can, and do, strive to learn.

Greatly to the interest and pleasure of the assembled delegates and members, greetings were also received from Mr. Homer P. Baker (Salamanca, New York); Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Mrs. Kidder (New York); Mr. Harry Knoff (Germany); Mr. and Mrs. Alberto Plisnier and Mrs. Smersu-Mussafia (Italy); Mr. José M. Quintana (Venezuela); Mrs. Raymond (by cable from Japan); Mr. and Mrs. Schoch (Brazil); Miss Jennie B. Tuttle (California); Mr. A. Valedon (Venezuela); Mr. and Mrs. Weber (Germany).



REVIEWS

The Field Museum-Oxford University Expedition to Kish, Mesopotamia, 1923-1929, by Henry Field; Leaflet 28, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, 1929. Illustrated with 2 maps and xiv plates; price \$0.50.

The findings of these joint expeditions have been described in the public press from time to time, but an official summary is now made available which has great interest in many related fields of knowledge. The period of time involved antedates our own Kali Yuga, and in a strictly scientific way, therefore, deals intimately with the life of the declining cycle of the preceding Age. Of special note to students of Theosophy is the conclusion reached by Professor Stephen Langdon of the Bodleian, Director of the Expeditions, and summarized by the author, that the earliest religion revealed by inscriptions and remains establishes, not a primitive polytheism, but belief "in a single god. . . . An, the Heaven-god. . . . Only the great trinity of Earth, Nether-sea, and Sky, as well as the Sun-god have appeared. . . . In his opinion the history of the oldest religion of man is a rapid decline from monotheism to extreme polytheism and to widely spread belief in evil spirits. It is, in a very true sense, the history of the fall of man" (pp. 13-14). Professor Langdon's dates range from 3600 B.C. to 4200 B.C. and earlier. Exquisite art objects have been found,—the earliest known to science—as fine in workmanship and design as any of later periods; and it is to be noted that in far-away India, similar "press seals and painted pottery have been found in the Indus Valley at Mohenjo-Daro in the Sind and at Harappa in the Punjab" (p. 14). Ritualistic rushlights consist "of a solid copper frog with naturalistic eyes of limestone inlay" that supports "a copper rod whose summit branches into five petals shaped like lotus leaves" (p. 21). This is of very special interest in the light of what H. P. B. wrote years ago in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 385-6 (1st ed.): "Finally it is the goddess *Ilquét*, under her shape of a frog, who rests on the lotus, thus showing her connection with water. And it is this frog-symbol, undeniably the most ancient of their Egyptian deities, from whose unpoetical shape the Egyptologists have been vainly trying to unravel her mystery and functions. Its adoption in the Church by the early Christians shows that they knew it better than our modern Orientalists. The 'frog or toad goddess' was one of the chief cosmic deities connected with creation on account of her amphibious nature, and chiefly because of her apparent resurrection, after long ages of solitary life enshrined in old walls, in rocks, etc. She not only participated in the organization of the world, together with *Khnoom*, but was also connected with the *dogma of resurrection*. There must have been some very profound and sacred meaning attached to this symbol, since, notwithstanding the risk of being charged with a disgusting form of zoolatry, the early Egyptian Christians adopted it in their Churches. A frog or toad enshrined in a lotus flower, or simply without the latter emblem, was the form chosen for the *Church lamps*, on which were engraved the words 'I am the resurrection', 'Εγώ εἰμι ἀνάστασις'. These frog goddesses are also found on all the mummies." Not only the sacred Lotus, but the Cross within the Circle, and also plain Crosses, are found constantly, as well as the usual Mystery and Masonic geometric designs; while on one piece of pottery, the crab, perhaps from the Zodiac, figures prominently. In other words, all the old symbols were known and used, especially the Spiral, about which H.P.B. had so much to say in *The Secret Doctrine* (see Index). Verily, the "Ancients" knew more of reality than does modern science, and Wisdom shall be justified of her children.

B. A.

Open House In Flanders 1914-1918, by Baroness Ernest de la Grange; Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1930; price \$3.50.

This is a War book which must be placed in a class by itself. It is a chronicle of daily life during those four eventful years, in the lovely old château, La Motte au Bois. Only a few miles back of the firing line (part of the time actually in it), the thunder of the guns was heard night and day; constant air raids threatened the safety of all those who remained in the vicinity; yet Baroness de la Grange, who was there when War first broke out, could never be persuaded to abandon her ancestral home—not even when, later, clouds of asphyxiating gas blew in at the windows! La Motte au Bois stands just behind a kind of semi-circle of towns whose names have now grown dear to us because of their heroic resistance—Béthune, Festubert, La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle, Armentières, Messines, Ypres and Passchendael, with Dixmude, Furnes and Nieuport farther to the north—a kind of circle “pass not”, much of the time. Here Baroness de la Grange lived, and enjoyed experiences, and made Allied friendships, which fell to the lot of very few. Her account of the earliest days gives a vivid picture of the kaleidoscopic changes which anyone so near the lines was certain to meet, and these various episodes are told with a *verve* which, incidentally, throws an enchanting light on the writer herself. First the French Cavalry came scouring the countryside, and in it were many of her relations and friends, who paid her flying visits as chance brought them to her gates; dashing into the park for a moment in order to salute her; galloping out again without time even to dismount. Then, during the “Race to the Sea”, it was the Uhlans who swept through her village, followed by the British Cavalry in hot pursuit—ending in sharp skirmishes in which she narrowly escaped being involved. Alone in the great château, save for a couple of maids and a little nun whom she had taken in, she was surrounded by lurking dangers. “It is seventeen days, and therefore seventeen nights,” she writes in October, 1914, “since the Sister and I have dared to undress, for fear of the Uhlans.” At about the same time, also: “Last night we watched from behind the half-closed shutters of a second floor window, the coming and going of shadowy figures, stealthily gliding along, under the hedges of the park. It was a brilliant moonlight night and the spies were busy. . . . It makes us sick at heart, but we are powerless to warn our men.” Her first permanent guests were the British; Lord Allenby (then General Allenby) making La Motte au Bois his Headquarters for some months. A firm and lasting friendship established between them was the result, and La Motte felt safe indeed, under the ægis of the famous British Cavalry Corps. Lord Allenby was followed by other Generals—Sir Julian Byng, Sir William Birdwood, Sir William Pulteney, Sir Alexander Godley, etc., and part of the charm of the book is the manner in which we are given home glimpses, as it were, of these distinguished soldiers. The châtelaine of La Motte au Bois must have been a delightful hostess, and it is evident that she endeared herself to officers and men alike, never missing an opportunity to serve them all. Indeed, she has won for herself the title of “Mother of the British Army”. It would be impossible to touch on the many delightful experiences recounted in this book—from the visits of the Queen of the Belgians, King George and the Prince of Wales, to the humblest of Tommies who sought her counsel regarding matrimonial schemes; but for those to whom life close to the lines was not unfamiliar, this book will be like a happy home-coming, for with all their pain, those days are good to remember, and we have a kind of nostalgia when we think of them. From every page shines out the gallant spirit of the author, for even when, in the spring of 1918, La Motte au Bois came under heavy shell fire, and suffered severely, she looked at the crumbling walls of her old home and felt that, compared with the sufferings of the rest of France, she had little to regret.

An introduction by Lord Allenby is naturally of the deepest interest to us. The book is delightfully illustrated, and the translation from the unpublished French, preserves with remarkable skill, that which the reader feels certain would be found in the original—vivacity, wit, sympathetic understanding, and warmth of heart.

VOLUNTEER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 350.—*When the Master Christ said "I came not to bring peace, but a sword", did he not mean his words to be understood on the spiritual plane alone?*

ANSWER.—If we believe that various other things which the Master Christ said are worth fighting for, surely his illuminating statement, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword", tells us both what we ought to do, and where and how we ought to do it. How can anything be understood merely on the spiritual plane, and then left there, without being translated into the most effective action possible on every plane? As above, so below. If we come to some measure of understanding, in and through and behind the words that he spoke, of right and truth, of mercy and compassion, of loyalty and honour, shall we not join battle, if need be, that these things shall be recognized and observed on the plane on which we find ourselves, in the world in which we live? What was the World War all about? In the last analysis, it could have been nothing else than the working out, through nations in arms and on this plane, of the age-long conflict on the spiritual plane between those principles for which the Masters have always stood and do stand, and the evil purposes of the Dark Powers.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—As a Master is the very Incarnation of Truth, his words are true on all planes. When we quote *these* words we often overlook those that immediately followed them. If he came "to set a man against his father and a daughter against her mother", why not "one nation against another"?

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—One would expect a Master's words to be true on all planes. Surely the ideal is that the physical and psychic planes should reflect the spiritual as accurately as possible. Only when there is peace in the invisible world, ought there to be peace on earth. There can only be lasting peace on any plane when evil has been conquered. Obviously there is never a time when a man ought to make even a truce with the evil in his own heart, and the same thing is true of nations and the evil in the world.

F.

ANSWER.—An occult statement is not to be interpreted on one plane only. It has a real meaning on all planes, from the lowest to the highest. However, it must be the hope and intention of all Spiritual Teachers that their words be given the highest possible meaning on whatever plane or planes interpreted.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The assumption in this question seems to be that a sword is a wicked thing, and that the man who uses it is even worse. I had supposed that every student of Theosophy had discovered that "it is the motive that counts". Perhaps this is easier to understand if, instead of talking about swords, we speak of "the use of force". Surely, on that basis, there is a sufficiently obvious difference between the force used by a child in a tantrum, and that used by the mother who restrains and punishes her child; between the force used by a burglar, and that used by a policeman who shoots him; between the sword of a Hun, who uses it for rapine and rape, and that of a soldier who wields his to protect the women and children who, without his aid, would fall victims to the Hun. My own idea of the Master Christ is that he would rather a million Huns were strangled than a single woman outraged; but, if any man thinks differently, on his head be it,—especially if he should ever meet that Master.

T.

QUESTION No. 351.—*I am told that one is subject to the Karma of his nation. If one goes to another country and becomes naturalized there, will the Karma of his new nationality be added to that of the country where he was born?*

ANSWER.—Naturalization, like any other ceremony, may be largely what we make it. Becoming naturalized has a deep, interior significance to some; it is purely a matter of convenience to others. Yet it is to be doubted whether any vows of allegiance, no matter how lightly taken, are without their karmic fruit. A common analogy is that of a man who is born into one family, and marries into another. The old karmic ties with the family into which he was born are not completely severed because of his marriage; nor are the new karmic ties neutralized because of his earlier family connections. But as he has, of his own free will, taken upon himself the new responsibilities, he will surely expect and wish to share in the Karma of his new family—or his "new nationality", until the time arrives when, as the result of age-long evolution, he finds himself no longer "subject" either to personal or national Karma. T. A.

ANSWER.—Karma deals with what we are, rather than with what we call ourselves. To the extent to which the man makes himself in reality a citizen of his new country, to that extent he will share in its Karma. If its actions bring foreign enemies, lawlessness, corruption or bad government upon it, he will obviously share in that Karma. His action in changing his allegiance, and his motives for doing so, will also have their own Karma. F.

ANSWER.—If a child is adopted, obviously he is affected by the environment of the household of which he thus becomes a member; which is only another way of saying that he is subject to the Karma of this family as well as to that of the family into which he was born, though the extent to which he is affected by the Karma of either or both of these depends on his individual Karma. Correspondingly the same thing probably would hold true of anyone becoming a citizen of a country other than his native country. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—It is not possible to escape the Karma of the nation in which one is born by going to another country and becoming naturalized there, but neither is it possible to escape the added Karma of the new nationality. The very act of becoming naturalized implies the assumption of new and additional obligations of a national character, of new duties and ties, and with them we assume inevitably a part, which must be ours, in the working out, in the present and future, of that nation's past. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—As the inner replaces the outer, the Karma of the inner tends to overpower that of the outer. Too cryptic? Then think of a man whose god is his god, born in a country where garlic is all-pervading; next, think of a man whose god is money, born in a country where money is the fair prey of rank and armed power; think up the scale until at last you reach the chéla, whose god is his Master and his Master's purposes. It should be clear that the extent to which the Karma of his nation affects him—whether it be his nation by birth or by naturalization—must vary greatly in each case.

It is motive, as usual, that counts. Thus, if a European comes to America merely "to better himself", the probability is that he will enter the most mercenary current of this nation's Karma. If, instead, he should come here to work for Theosophy, he will be likely to participate ultimately in that struggle of the few against the many which characterizes this nation's history from its inception,—the struggle, not of irrational idealism against commercialism, but of right principle against sentimentality. He may even become able to contribute something to the flow of that Karma,—if no more than a vivid, first-hand experience of garlic. J. McK.

QUESTION No. 352.—*Is it possible, outside of chélaship, to have any definiteness as to code? It seems to me every well meaning individual has a code, in deference to the moral sense at least, and yet they differ in a thousand ways, inside the dogmatic religions as well as outside.*

ANSWER.—Definiteness is of course a comparative term, as applied to codes. The Pharisees of old carried it to a point where they hardly dared to smile without first consulting a Scribe to ascertain whether smiling was permitted at that stage of the proceedings. In their assiduity for details they forgot the main objectives, such as kindness and compassion. They went too far in their efforts for definiteness. On the other hand, as life is made up of details, one needs con-

stantly to study the application of the principles of his code, in detail; otherwise, when trying to be kind, for instance, he may merely be a nuisance. One's code should be ever increasingly definite, but never crystallized or static. A standardized "definite" code for all men would be preposterous. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—It is certainly possible to have definiteness as to one's code, but one should not expect either finality or uniformity. The code by which a man lives, determines what he is and what he becomes. He who in act, thought and feeling, invariably lives by the code of a gentleman, is a gentleman. When he fails to do so, to that extent he is not a gentleman. To live by any code, brings out and strengthens certain qualities. Different codes have been used at different times and by different races to develop various qualities needed by the soul. All true codes are founded on the laws governing the growth of the soul, but growth must take place a stage at a time. A thief needs to learn honesty before he can understand honour. What is appropriate at one stage of development is too high for those less advanced and too low for those further along. A man's code is his path of evolution. It should be growing, not static. The ideal of to-day should be the code of to-morrow, and then a new and higher ideal will come into view, and so on to ever greater and greater heights. The highest that he can see should be the measure of his code. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The fact that codes differ, does not of necessity imply that all and sundry are lacking in definiteness, nor is it definiteness which is the acid test, making the particular code in question desirable or otherwise. A code might have all the precision of the alphabet, or be as well-defined as a time-table, and yet be out-and-out black magic, for it is quite easy to imagine the disciples of the Black Lodge having a very exact and clear-cut code. Therefore, to a student of Theosophy, the definiteness of a code would not be the important factor, whether he were considering it in the light of chelaship, or merely from the point of view of the "well meaning individual". The question of supreme moment would always be: How nearly do the laws which govern this code, approach to the universal, spiritual laws which govern the White Lodge? T. A.

ANSWER.—Why not? If we have inner principles and beliefs and ideals, if they really mean anything at all to us, we have a code. Suppose we ask ourselves what those inner principles and beliefs and ideals are, clarify them in our own minds, analyze them. Then, as a next step, let us ask ourselves further *why* we have them, *why* we feel as we do, what our motive and purpose in life is. The result of all this must inevitably be a far greater definiteness of understanding than we have ever had before, both in regard to what we really feel and believe, and in regard to the way in which we should like to act in the light of these feelings and beliefs. Then, let us ask ourselves, once more, what we are doing about it, what more we could do about it than we are now doing. Once this point has been reached, if our feeling be real and if our analysis has been honest, we should be conscious of an intense dissatisfaction with the way in which, up to the present, we have outwardly expressed our code; each further step that we take, each effort that we make, more adequately to express it, should result in making increasingly more definite the code itself, which we call "ours", but which comes in reality from the spiritual world. C. R. A.

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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



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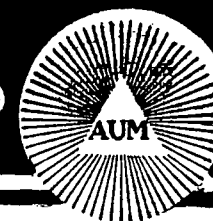
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



OCTOBER, 1930

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THE SEVENFOLD COUNSELS OF PERFECTION

THE manner in which the Buddhist scriptures came into being has set its mark on them in two ways. First, since those scriptures with which we have been engaged were sermons or addresses delivered often to general audiences of villagers, they have a popular interest; many of them, besides being good doctrine, are good stories. Second, as they were not written down at the time, as were, for example, the *Bhagavad Gita*, or the many treatises attributed to the great Shankara Acharya, it was expedient to give them a form which would lend itself to easy recollection, and this was attained by the repetition of passages, so that the discourses are exceedingly easy to remember.

The firm tradition among the Buddhists, a tradition which we are fully justified in accepting, is that this process of handing on the discourses orally was continued until after the death of the Buddha; that a Great Council was held at Rajagriha, capital city of Magadha, in the year 543 B. C., immediately after the death of the Buddha, and that at this Council the disciples recorded what they remembered of their Master's discourses, the noble Ananda, who had been attached to the Buddha as spiritual aide-de-camp, contributing many vivid details of the time, place and persons concerned with each of the addresses. Besides the rich material incorporated in the sermons themselves, there was also a great body of tradition, recording further incidents, discourses and teachings, as, for example, the mass of material which forms the Commentaries on the *Dhammapada*, the "Sentences of the Law of Righteousness", which had been reduced to writing not later than the year 307 B. C., and which were carried in that year to Ceylon by the great missionary Mahendra. After he had taught the doctrine of the Buddha to the Sinhalese who were emigrants from Magadha on the Ganges, and who spoke a dialect very like that in which the Buddha delivered his teachings, Mahendra translated the Commentaries into this popular dialect, from which the modern Sinhalese is derived. This

version was re-translated, some eight centuries later, into the older language of Magadha by the great Buddhist teacher and scholar Buddhaghosha, whose name means "the voice of the Buddha". The name Pali, "series", which was at first applied to the series of Buddhist scriptures, was in time transferred to the dialect of Magadha which the Buddha had spoken, and which, as the vehicle of his recorded discourses, became the sacred language of Buddhism studied to-day in Ceylon, Siam and Burma, but not in Magadha, which is to-day a part of the province of Bihar. This name, it may be noted, is identical with Vihara, a Buddhist monastery, and the district was so called because Buddhist Viharas were so numerous there in ancient days. While the alphabets of Ceylon, Burma and Siam, though differing slightly among themselves, are all derived from the same source as the alphabet in which Sanskrit and Hindi are written, these Buddhist alphabets have at first sight a very different appearance. This apparent difference has a very simple cause. The material used for writing is generally the same, namely, strips of the leaf of the palmyra palm. The writing was done in Northern India and the Ganges valley, as it is done in the village schools to-day, with a reed cut to a point. Its Hindi name is *kalam*, identical with the Greek *kalamos*, which means both "reed" and "pen", and the Latin *calamus*, so that *lapsus calami* means literally "a slip of the reed". With the reed is used ink made of soot or lamp-black, the original Indian ink. And, as the tip of the *kalam* is comparatively soft, it does not tear the fibre of the palm leaf strip. As a result, it is possible to draw horizontal or vertical lines without tearing the material, so that Sanskrit and Hindi have a square look. The Southern Indian languages, as also Sinhalese, are generally written with a steel stylus, so that care must be taken not to tear the fibre. As a result, the letters of these scripts tend to run into curves; they are rounded rather than square, though the characteristic parts of the letters are much the same as in Hindi.

Incidentally, in view of the fact that palm leaves and reeds, with a simple ink made of soot, are, as they have been for ages, the ordinary materials used for writing in India, the suggestion of Professor T. W. Rhys Davids that, in the time of the Buddha, "the lack of writing materials made lengthy books impossible," sounds somewhat absurd. The great American Orientalist, W. D. Whitney, writes more wisely when, discussing the transmission of the Veda, he says:

"While oral tradition continued to be the exoteric practice, writing might still be resorted to esoterically; collections might be made and arranged, treatises composed, texts compared and studied, by the initiated, while the results were communicated to the schools by oral teaching, and memorized by the neophytes."

This memorizing, as we have seen, is consciously made easier in the case of the Buddhist discourses, by constant repetition, while the popular appeal of the teaching is secured by introducing a good story. In the discourse with which we are at present concerned, the story element is provided by Ajatashatru, King of the land of Magadha, whose visit to the Buddha on an earlier

occasion has been already recorded. It may be remembered that Ajatashatru, whose title recalls a Vedic king, many millenniums earlier, gave the Buddha a vivacious account of other teachers whose doctrines he had studied, that the teaching of Buddha appealed to him as being altogether superior, that he offered himself as a disciple of the Buddha and became, in fact, a lay disciple. The Buddha expressed his admiration for the young king, and said that he might have attained to a high degree of spiritual achievement, if he had not sinned by putting his own father to death. That is only one of several incidents recounted in the Buddhist scriptures, which show Ajatashatru as fiery, warlike and despotic in temper. This side of his character, and at the same time his great reverence for the Buddha, is made the starting point of our discourse.

Once upon a time, we are told, the Master was living at Rajagriha, the capital city of Magadha, on the mountain known as Vulture Peak. At that time the King of Magadha, Ajatashatru, son of the princess of Videha, had determined to attack the community of the Vajjians, against whom his anger had been aroused, so that he said: "What though the Vajjians be possessed of great power and might, I will uproot the Vajjians, I will utterly destroy the Vajjians, I will bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians!"

So much for the violent spirit of King Ajatashatru. Now for his deep reverence for the Buddha, and his willingness to profit by the Buddha's limitless wisdom and insight. Having thus declared his hatred of the Vajjians, Ajatashatru, King of Magadha, thus addressed his Brahman Chief Minister, whose name in the dialect of Magadha was Vassakara, that is, Rain-maker:

"Go thither, Brahman, where the Buddha is in residence, and having gone thither, on my behalf bow down at the feet of the Buddha, and wish him health and well-being, bodily vigour and ease. Then say to him, 'Sir, the King of Magadha, Ajatashatru, son of the princess of Videha, is determined to attack the Vajjians, to uproot the Vajjians, utterly to destroy the Vajjians, to bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians.' When you have said this, pay close attention to whatever the Master says, and bring word of it to me, for a Tathagata, one who has come as his predecessors came, cannot possibly speak anything but the truth!"

"So be it, Sire!" said Vassakara the Brahman, the Chief Minister of Magadha, obedient to King Ajatashatru; and causing carriages to be made ready, he entered one of the carriages and set forth from the city of Rajagriha toward the mountain Vulture Peak. So far as the way was passable for carriages, he proceeded in his carriage; then descending from his carriage, he went forward on foot to the place where the Master had his abode. Approaching the Master, he proffered to him the greetings of courtesy and friendship, and, having courteously greeted him, he seated himself at one side. And when he had seated himself at one side, the Brahman Vassakara, Magadha's Chief Minister, thus addressed the Master:

"Sir Gotama, Ajatashatru of Magadha, son of the Videha princess, is determined to attack the Vajjians, to uproot the Vajjians, utterly to destroy the Vajjians, to bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians!"

At that time it happened that the noble Ananda was standing behind the Master, fanning the Master with a palm-leaf fan. The Master thus addressed the noble Ananda:

"Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians meet together frequently in concord and harmony?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians meet together frequently in concord and harmony!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians continue to meet together frequently in concord and harmony, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians continue to meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among the Vajjians, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among the Vajjians, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among them, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether among the Vajjians there is forcible abduction of the women and girls of their families?"

"I have heard, Sire, that there is no forcible abduction of the women and girls among the Vajjians!"

"So long, Ananda, as there is no forcible abduction of the women and girls

among the Vajjians, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, whether the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old?"

"I have heard, Sire, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, that the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old!"

"So long, Ananda, as, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, whether Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm?"

"I have heard, Sire, that among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, that Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm!"

"So long, Ananda, as among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, so long as Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline."

And so the Master addressed Vassakara the Brahman, the Chief Minister of Magadha:

"Once upon a time, Brahman, I was at the city of Vesali, at the Sarandada temple, and there I taught these seven salutary rules of righteousness to the Vajjians; and so long, Brahman, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness shall stand among the Vajjians, so long as the Vajjians shall continue in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long, Brahman, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline."

When the Master had thus spoken, the Brahman Vassakara, the Chief Minister of Magadha, said this:

"By keeping even a single one of these salutary rules of righteousness, Sir Gotama, the increase of the Vajjians might be looked for, and not their decline; much more when they keep all seven righteous rules. Therefore it is certain, Sir Gotama, that the Vajjians cannot be overcome in war by Ajatashatru, king of Magadha, except through diplomacy or by fomenting discord among them. So now, Sir Gotama, we must be going, for we have many things which must be done!"

"Do whatever thou judgest to be timely, Brahman!"

And so the Brahman Vassakara, Chief Minister of Magadha, well pleased and approving what the Master had said, arose from his seat and departed.

There is a highly coloured and enthusiastic account of the visit which the Buddha spoke of, to the city of Vesali, in the *Dhammapada* Commentary already referred to. We are told that the town was magnificent and wealthy, that it was ruled by seven thousand, seven hundred and seven princes, the same Vajjians whom King Ajatashatru had it in his heart to attack and subdue; that these princes, who took turns in exercising supreme power, had each his palace and his park. The city was close to the bank of the Ganges, and the Buddha made his approach by boat, along the great river, attended by five hundred disciples and splendidly received by the princes and peoples of Vesali.

The sevenfold precepts which he framed for the Vajjians are of great interest and value. We remember that, before reaching supreme enlightenment, Siddhartha had been a prince, the heir apparent of a kingdom. In these precepts we have the rules of government which he might have followed, had he become a temporal ruler. But there is a still deeper interest. Underlying each of these rules of policy there is a spiritual principle, a principle of conservation, valid for such a movement as that in which we ourselves are taking part. Each one of the rules may well be considered in this light, with the question, to what degree we are adhering to the spiritual principle involved.

Some such reflection concerning the spiritual application of the rules he had just formulated, seems to have come into the Buddha's mind, for the story continues:

And so the Master, not long after the Brahman Vassakara, the Chief Minister of Magadha, had departed, thus addressed the noble Ananda:

"Go thou, Ananda, and as many disciples as are in residence in Rajagriha, do thou assemble them in the hall of services!"

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda replied, obedient to the word of the Master, and as many disciples as were in residence in Rajagriha, all these he assembled in the hall of services; then, coming to the place where the Master was, and making salutation to the Master, he stood on one side and spoke thus to the Master:

"Sire, the Order of disciples is assembled. Let the Master now carry out his purpose!"

And so the Master arose from his seat and, going to the hall of services, seated himself on the seat which was prepared for him, and, having seated himself, the Master thus addressed the disciples:

"I shall teach you seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall meet together frequently, holding frequent meetings, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall meet in harmony, shall rise up together in harmony, and in harmony shall carry out the works of the Order, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, and shall remain steadfast in the performance of the precepts of the teaching which have been laid down, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples confer honour upon the seniors who have served long, the fathers of the Order, the leaders of the Order, greatly esteeming them, showing them honour and respect, and giving due weight to their wise judgments, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not come under the sway of the desire of sensation, which arises within them, and which leads to the bondage of rebirth, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall prefer their quiet dwellings in the forest, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples, each one of them, shall practise recollection so that qualified co-disciples may come to join them, and that co-disciples may dwell among them in quietude and well-being, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of rites and ceremonies, so long as they shall not delight in rites and ceremonies, so long as they shall not be absorbed in rites and ceremonies, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of talk, so long as they shall not delight in talk, so long as they shall not be absorbed in talk, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of dreaming, so long as they shall not delight in dreaming, so long as they shall not be absorbed in dreaming, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure gar-

den of society, so long as they shall not delight in society, so long as they shall not be absorbed in society, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not harbour sinful desires, so long as they shall not come under the sway of sinful desires, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall abstain from evil friendships, evil companionships, evil associations, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not seek success in this lower world as their goal, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall be full of faith, so long as they shall be full of humility, so long as they shall shrink from evil-doing, so long as they shall follow after wisdom, so long as they shall be valorous in effort, so long as they shall be instant in recollection, so long as they shall possess discrimination, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall diligently practise the seven members of wisdom, namely, recollection, careful search into the law of righteousness, valour of heart, joy, serenity, contemplation and detachment, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall cultivate discernment of the impermanency of worldly things, shall cultivate discernment of the unreality of the separate self, shall cultivate discernment of the impurity of lust, shall cultivate discernment of the evil fruit of sin, shall cultivate discernment of the abandonment of sorrow, shall cultivate discernment of revulsion from desire, shall cultivate discernment of the cessation of desire, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Six salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall establish and preserve among co-disciples brotherly love in bodily acts, brotherly love in acts of speech, brotherly love in acts of mind, both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples, concerning whatever good things they may receive, righteously gained, in the case of such things received, even if it be only a bowl of food, shall divide them without partiality, considering them as joint possessions of the co-disciples, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall keep the precepts unbroken, inviolate, undistorted, unspotted, the precepts which make for liberation, which are revered by the wise, uncoloured by desire, conducive to contemplation, accepted by all, guarding them among the co-disciples both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall preserve the noble teaching which leads to salvation, to the complete destruction of sorrow for him who lives obedient to it, so long as this teaching shall be accepted by all the co-disciples both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these six salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these six salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline."

There, verily, the Master, dwelling at Rajagriha, on the mountain called Vulture Peak, addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs; the poison of unwisdom."

FRAGMENTS

THE THREE VOWS

HE whose heart and mind have turned with longing to the intimations of the inner life about him, he who feels the drawing power of a higher way called discipleship, can enter thus upon its strait and narrow path.

He will strip himself. One by one he will cast aside his attachments; some with a sharp wrench of pain, others by slow starvation. Yet as he does this he must replace them; his affections must not wither, hanging rootless in mid-air, but be replanted in reality. In the soul of things must he find their beauty, not in their exterior expression.

One by one he will despoil himself of the trinkets and jewels with which circumstance has bedecked him. One by one he will relinquish his habits of life and thought. One by one he will shake off his faults by recognition and detestation of them, and his virtues by seeing their littleness and sham. All these things he will do by removing himself from them. Much will have to remain, but he will not be there.

This process may be swift, or it may be slow: with some it has taken many lives; others have accomplished it in a quick gesture of realization. However that may be, it has to be accomplished in absolute completeness; and he who seeks discipleship must face the finality of this judgment. One tiny filament of material attachment will make his other sacrifices null and void: the divine Law understands and loves too perfectly, not to be implacable.

For the soul, enamoured of the Master, despoils itself of all for his dear sake, who first despoiled himself for sake of us; and into the soul, empty of all that is natural to it, the Master will pour that which is supernatural, that which is of the divine. Nor can this be done for him until he finds all his joy and deepest satisfaction in so emptying himself that he may so be filled.

Then God's angels, looking upon him, shall murmur among themselves: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Interest in any thing outside of God, outside of Divine Wisdom, *for its own sake*, is impurity.

So the disciple first despoils himself; then turns aside, withdraws into his own inner centre, unites himself there with the light which is his Master's

light. Living in that light, he finds it to be everywhere, about him as well as within.

At this point he may safely go forth, for he will go forth with the light and in the light and as the light; the husks and shells of things will no longer distract or entice him, he will see them to be husks; and, as like seeks like, he will regard only that which is of the light,—only that, be it great or small, in which he finds the pulse of his Master's spirit.

Then, in the eyes of God's angels, he is chaste.

In this manner he acquires obedience, by means of which he began; at that time a blind obedience to a vision or higher impulse, which, steadfastly pursued, has brought him to oneness of will and desire with his Master's will and desire, through the power of the inner light, itself but a facet of the Eternal Radiance.

Now he realizes that he has taken the three vows; and, with the two-edged sword of obedience in his hand, is ready, valorously yet humbly, to undertake the tasks of his discipleship. He has entered into life, whether in this world or some other world, and all the spaces of the universe are for his conquest and his delight.

CAVÉ.

EGYPTIAN SOURCES OF GREEK THOUGHT

Although the Logos is common to all, yet most men live as if each had a private wisdom of his own.

HERACLITUS.

SCHOLARS too often view the early philosophy of Greece through the deflecting medium of Aristotle's criticism. Aristotle, whose life overlapped the great period of Hellenic genius, seems to have failed more or less completely to understand most of his predecessors. Intellectually a Titan, he was deficient in the more subtile power of the understanding which enables its possessor to discern between the real and the unreal. Thus, whenever the Ionian cosmologists spoke of "water" or "fire" as the "first principle" in Nature, Aristotle interpreted their words in the most literal sense. He classified them without hesitation as both naïve and materialistic.

As a matter of fact, there is evidence that the Greek philosophical systems originated as commentaries upon still earlier systems, and that the cosmologists, like Plato, adapted to their use the symbols and the technical language of the Mysteries. More specifically, the debt of Greek to Egyptian thought has been persistently underestimated. The connection between Greece and Egypt seems to have been closer during the Pre-Homeric Age than subsequently, but Egyptian influence was a tangible quality even during the "classical period", as is proved by the account of the initiation of the great Pythagoras in the Egyptian wisdom.

We can test the tradition that his geometrical discoveries were based upon his Egyptian instruction. Mathematical papyri have been found, and it is certain that the Egyptians used geometrical principles in the construction of the Pyramids and in the solution of practical problems, such as the measurement of fields after the annual inundations of the Nile. Historians have pretended that the Greeks were the first people to elevate mathematics into a pure science unalloyed by practical considerations; but recent research indicates that the Egyptians had reached this height of abstract thought fourteen centuries before Pythagoras. For example, in a scientific periodical there is the following statement which the authors support by proof: "The Egyptians some two thousand years before the Christian era set up equations of a purely algebraic type" (*Science*, Sept. 27, 1929; art. on "The Michigan Papyrus, 620", by L. B. Karpinski and F. E. Robbins).

There were other "historical" Greeks who visited Egypt in quest of knowledge: Thales, "the first philosopher"; Herodotus, "the father of history"; Solon, the Athenian law-giver, who was Plato's "authority" for the story of Atlantis. Both Solon and Herodotus returned to Greece with the conviction

that in the remote past the Egyptians and the Greeks had been intimately associated. The priests of Saïs, with whom Solon conversed, referred to a time when the two nations were, in some way, related by the bonds of a common religion (*Timæus*, 22, 23). Herodotus states that the Pelasgian or archaic Greeks gave no names to their Gods, until they were ordered by the Oracle of Dodona to adopt the titles proposed by the Egyptians (*Euterpe*, 53, 54).

Greek and Egyptian myths reveal many correspondences, and it is especially significant that the Greeks themselves identified the Mysteries of Eleusis with the Mysteries of the Egyptians, saying that Demeter was Isis and that Dionysos was Osiris (cf. Herodotus: *Euterpe*, 154). A French scholar, Paul Foucart, has undertaken to prove that Herodotus was repeating a genuine tradition when he said that the founders of the Eleusinian Mysteries consciously used the pre-existing model of the Egyptian worship of Isis and Osiris.¹

It is impracticable to discuss his thesis in great detail, and the reader is referred to his work, which is a treasure-house of data revealing the very intimate association of the Egyptian and Ægean civilizations. He offers evidence that the Egyptians of the Eighteenth Dynasty were overlords of the Ægean region, including Crete and other islands and the Asiatic mainland; also that at various times actual Egyptian colonies were founded in Greece proper, as is suggested by the myth of Danaos and Ægyptus.

"A stela found in the temple of Amen at Karnak, now in the Museum of Cairo, has preserved a poem composed in celebration of the victories of the great conqueror, Thothmes III. The King is represented adoring Amen, and the God replies to him: . . . 'I have enabled thee to defeat those who dwell in the islands; the people who are in the midst of the Great Green (the Mediterranean) hear the roar of thy voice.'" The texts and monuments "attest that the Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1580-1350 B.C.) subjected to their power the coast of Syria, the littoral of Asia Minor and the islands to the south, as well as the archipelago of the Ægean Sea." There is an inscription: "The chiefs of the Keftiu (Cretans) and of the isles . . . arrive in peace". These Keftiu carry vases and wear the Mycenæan costume. They resemble the urn-bearers of Knossos. We even know the name of the governor of the Ægean under Thothmes: Thoutii (*Les Mystères d'Eleusis*, 4-8).

These Egyptian references to the Ægean have been corroborated, in a measure, by discoveries in Crete and elsewhere. Thus, a statuette of Amen has been found in the grotto of Dicte, and a seal of Queen Tiy at Hagia Triada, near Phæstos. The most interesting find at Knossos was the lower part of a diorite statue which has been attributed by Griffith, Petrie and Budge to an artist of the Twelfth Dynasty or Middle Kingdom (2000-1788 B.C.). The commercial intercourse between Egypt and Crete has been revealed by the presence of Cretan vases at Kahun and Abydos, in ruins and tombs of both the Twelfth and the Eighteenth Dynasties (*op. cit.*, 13-16).

¹*Les Mystères d'Eleusis*, by Paul Foucart, Member of the Institute and Professor at the Collège de France: Paris, 1914

Among the discoveries at Mycenæ, Foucart notes especially a little vase of blue enamelled faience bearing the impression of the *cartouche* of the famous Pharaoh, Amenhotep III (1411-1375 B.C.). At Eleusis itself, in the lowest stratum of the excavations, the Archæological Society of Athens unearthed, among other objects, a scarab bearing a typical Egyptian design: the hawk, emblem of Horus, the uræus and the solar disc (*op. cit.*, 8-11, 19-23).

Foucart might have strengthened his argument by attributing more significance to the evidence of Græco-Egyptian relations long antedating the Eighteenth Dynasty. Thus we read in *Egypt and Western Asia*, by L. W. King and H. R. Hall, that "Egypt and Crete were certainly in communication in the time of the Twelfth Dynasty and quite possibly in that of the Sixth or still earlier. We have Third Dynasty Egyptian vases from Knossos. . . . In fact this communication seems to go so far back in time that we are gradually being led to perceive the possibility that the Minoan culture of Greece was in its origin an offshoot from that of primeval Egypt . . ." (p. 128, *seq.*). Maspero infers that there is mention of the Ægean race in the Pyramid Texts of the Sixth Dynasty, and during the Middle Kingdom they were given the common designation of "Hau-nibu", "Peoples beyond the Seas" (*Dawn of Civilization*, p. 391).

There can be no doubt, in the light of these archæological data, that the Egyptians, during their periods of political and commercial expansion, exchanged ideas as well as commodities with the Ægean nations. Also, there can be little doubt that they gave more than they received, by reason of the greater prestige of their own civilization. During most of the Hellenic or classical period the Egyptians were passing through a cycle of isolation, in spite of the efforts of the Saitic Pharaohs to establish Greek colonies in the Delta. Like the Chinese of the Nineteenth Century, they were contemptuous and suspicious of foreigners, and only a few determined individuals, like Pythagoras, seem to have been able to break down the Egyptians' reserve. But the Egyptian attitude towards foreigners appears to have been quite different in the expansive days of the Empire, and if we accept the tradition that Demeter was Isis, we are justified in believing that the Egyptians actually introduced wheat into Greece and also imparted to certain favoured Pelasgians the Mysteries of Nature and of the human soul, "the first provocation to philosophy."

* * * * *

In Alexandre Moret's *Mystères Égyptiens*² (pp. 105-142), there is a chapter upon "The Mystery of the Creative Word." Professor Moret assembles a group of Egyptian texts which make manifest the outlines of a consistent metaphysical system, and this system is shown to be a formulation of the so-called Logos Doctrine.

The Logos Doctrine was the theme of Hermetic and Gnostic speculation. It was ever-present as the controlling thread of Alexandrian philosophy, from Philo Judæus to Synesius. It was incorporated in the Fourth Gospel and provides the key to much that would otherwise be obscure in the Epistles of St.

²*Mystères Égyptiens*, by Alexandre Moret, Professor at the Collège de France, Paris, 1923.

Paul. Moret is convinced that these developments of Græco-Roman and Hebrew thought, especially in the field of Hermetic literature, were directly inspired by the metaphysical traditions of ancient Egypt. But there are also analogies, which Moret does not suggest, between the texts which he cites and the cosmological speculations of early Greek philosophy. At least, a new light is cast upon the surviving fragments of that philosophy, if they be interpreted hypothetically as expressions of the same general ideas which are recorded in the Egyptian documents.

The student of Theosophy dares to offer this hypothesis, which may seem preposterous to "orthodox" scholars, because he believes that both the Egyptians and the Greeks were trying to put into words the universal teaching of the Logos Doctrine, the teaching that the Universe is embodied Consciousness. He feels no surprise when he discovers traces of the Logos Doctrine in Egypt, for he respects the tradition that Egypt was once an active centre of the Lodge, and it has been said that wherever the Lodge has established its power, we find its sign-manual in some expression of the Logos Doctrine. In the same spirit, he frankly expects to find traces of the Logos Doctrine in the early thought of Hellenic Greece, for—again, according to a tradition which seems reasonable to him—the Hellenes were under the protection and tutelage of the Egyptian Lodge.

Among the texts cited by Moret, he makes particular mention of the Nesiam-su Papyrus which was actually written at the beginning of the Ptolemaic Dynasty (c. 300 B.C.), but the original of which "certainly dates from the New or Theban Empire (1600-1200 B.C.)". Although this period did not coincide with the age of Egypt's supreme spiritual glory, it was a time of great expansion, as has already been said. It was, in fact, during these centuries that the Pharaohs established their hegemony over the Ægean peoples, and much of the evidence of Egyptian intercourse with the Pelasgians dates from the reigns of Thothmes III (1501-1447 B.C.) and Amenhotep III (1411-1375 B.C.). It appears probable that many Egyptian ideas entered the currents of Greek thought during this period, and that these ideas came to the surface in the days of Thales and his successors eight centuries later,—provided that we refuse to take seriously the possibility that Thales and others studied the "sources", at first hand, in Egypt.

The Papyrus begins, paraphrasing the Pyramid Texts, with a description of the eternal substance in its primordial state. "There was then neither heaven nor earth, nor had (even) a worm or a reptile been created." The germs of all things rested in a condition of inertia or darkness (*nenu*), blended together in the depth of an abyss called the *Nun*, or the *Waters born of the Nun*, or the *Abyss of the Nun*. Moret notes that in Coptic translations of Genesis, the word "Nun" is used to denote "the deep".

In the *Nun* floated an undetermined divine spirit containing within itself the seed or potentiality of all future existences. This spirit was not defined as separate from the *Nun*, for the Egyptians recognized no distinction between divine consciousness and divine substance. Therefore, that which floated in

the Nun was the Nun itself, for what else could it be? Nevertheless, for demonstrative purposes, a special name was given to the potency in the Nun which causes the germs of things to grow and to acquire *formal* existence. This name was Tum, a word signifying both "non-being" and "totality". The Nesiamsu Papyrus affirms that in the Nun "there was no point where Tum could hold himself"; in other words, the Divinity was omnipresent, and its image was the mystical circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

The Nun resembles Mûlaprakriti or Svabhâvat, the abstract *Space* of Eastern philosophers. One recalls the first Stanzas of Dzyan: "Naught was . . . the Visible that was and the Invisible that is, rested in Eternal Non-being—the One Being. The Hour had not yet struck: the Ray had not yet flashed into the Germ" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 56-57). The Egyptian texts do not seem to express definitely the concept of alternating æons of manifestation and non-manifestation, like the Indian Manvantaras and Pralayas, save in so far as they often suggest "the idea that every being and every thing exist eternally in the Nun and return to the Nun after death" (Moret, *op. cit.* 110). Also, according to the symbolic myth, the Sun-God is re-born daily by virtue of his power to undergo each night the ordeals of initiation in the kingdom of death, and the Egyptian cosmologist can scarcely have failed to recognize a correspondence between our terrestrial days and nights and cosmic sequences of light and darkness.

The Nesiamsu Papyrus records, in vivid phrases, the first movement in the Nun towards creation or manifestation. Tum desired "to establish in his heart" all that which was to exist. Seeking existence, "he stood upright in the midst of that which was in the Nun; he stood upright outside the Nun and outside the things which were inert." In the Leyden Papyrus, it is said that Tum "ascended" above the primordial waters, "exalting himself upon his throne, according to the act of his heart."

The universality of the symbolism, in spite of its unique Egyptian form, must be apparent. Tum is "the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters," as he is the Indian Nârâyana, "the Spirit which is invisible Flame, which never burns, but sets on fire all that it touches, and gives it life and generation" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 686).

The Egyptians most frequently represented this emergence of Tum from the "waters of space" as the creation of Light. Tum rose above the "desert" of non-being, as the Sun rose daily above the desert to the east of the Nile. He was transmuted, for creative purposes, into the shining form of the Sun-God, Ra. In the earliest known Sun-Hymn of the Pyramid Age, the God is saluted as "Tum who became himself". That which was in essence "Non-being" because it was "the one Being," became manifest as the First of a series of "beings." In this connection, it is interesting to note that in the Kabbalah, Light had a special meaning, signifying the Sephiroth, the differentiating potency in Nature, the Manifested Logos (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 41-42).

As Tum, the Unmanifested, was one with the eternal Nun, so Ra, the Manifested, was one with Tum. The undivided and partless Divinity, Tum-Ra,

merely "externalized himself by the power of creative desire." When submerged in the Nun, he is compared to "a falcon which closes its two eyes; if he open them, he is above the water, and the Sun, his right eye, is shining." Or Tum is like a lotus beneath the surface of a pond; when the flower emerges, as is stated in the Pyramid Texts, "Tum the Beautiful (*Nefer-Tum*) rises from it and becomes the Sun" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 111-112).

The emblem of the hawk is also found in the Indian scriptures, and the lotus is preëminently a universal symbol. "Whether as the Lotus or water-lily, it signifies one and the same philosophical idea; namely, the Emanation of the Objective from the Subjective, Divine Ideation passing from the abstract into the concrete or visible form. For as soon as Darkness, or rather that which is 'Darkness' for ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine Manifested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transitory. At this stage of action, the Demiurge is not yet the Architect. Born in the Twilight of Action, he has yet to perceive the Plan, to realize the Ideal Forms which lie behind in the bosom of Eternal Ideation, just as the future lotus-leaves, the immaculate petals, are concealed within the seed of that plant" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 407-408).

Nefer-Tum, born from the Lotus, is one with all the great creative Gods. He is Brahma, the formative Power, and he is Lakshmi, the female or manifested aspect of Vishnu, who is also called Padma, the Lotus, and is shown floating upon a Lotus-flower in the Ocean of Space.

Before proceeding with the study of the Egyptian texts, let us consider whether the Nun has any recognizable counterpart in early Greek philosophy. The first cosmologists of Ionia, according to Aristotle, "were content to seek a material first principle as the cause of all things . . . Thales, the originator of this kind of philosophy, declares this principle to be water" (*Metaphysics*, I, 3). It is futile to enter into an argument with Aristotle, but a completely new line of investigation is opened, if we adopt the hypothesis that the "first principle" of Thales was not physical moisture but primordial substance which is said to have been symbolized in the Mysteries by water.³ We know so little about Thales' cosmogony, that it makes, perhaps, very little difference what may be our interpretation of his particular meaning. However, there is a certain advantage in orienting one's course judiciously at the start.

This advantage becomes noticeable when we consider the better-preserved system of Anaximander of Miletus (c. 570 B.C.), who was the successor of Thales. Anaximander taught very definitely that the "first principle" was no one of the elements now recognized. He named it *to apeiron*, the boundless, the undetermined, the infinite. "The boundless is unbegotten and indestructible.

³ "'Waters' and 'Water' stand as the symbol for Ākāśha, the 'Primordial Ocean of Space', on which Nārāyaṇa, the self-born Spirit, moves. . . ." (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 494).

... From this eternal principle was separated at the creation of the world something generative of heat and cold" (quoted by C. M. Bakewell: *Source Book in Ancient Philosophy*, 4-6). Moreover, this substance was of spiritual essence: "This is the divine, for it is deathless and cannot be destroyed."

The expressions of the sage are characteristically Greek, both more abstract and more fluent than the Egyptian sentences, but is it not conceivable that Anaximander and the author of the Nesiamsu Papyrus were meditating upon the same beginningless and endless Mystery? We may call this Mystery "the deep" or "the boundless", but difference of title can have no significance, for the essence of things, as the Egyptians said, cannot be defined by any name (Leyden Papyrus).

A later Greek philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus (c. 505 B.C.), identified the "first cause" of being with the principle of fire. "This universe", he said, "the same for all, no one, either god or man, has made; but it always was, and is, and ever shall be an ever-living fire, fixed measures kindling and fixed measures dying out" (Bakewell: *op. cit.*, 30). It is incredible that this passage points to the fire which we see with the eye of the flesh. To what, then, does Heraclitus refer, if not to the equivalent of Ra, the manifested Solar Fire, reflecting the unmanifested Fire, Tum? A modern physicist has remarked that the concrete is not the real. Heraclitus expressed the same idea: "The hidden harmony is better than that which is obvious." It is recommended that the student give Heraclitus and Anaximander and Thales the benefit of the doubt, and assume that they may have spoken with a deeper meaning than Aristotle discovered. In any case, such an assumption may reveal aspects of Greek genius which have not been generally suspected.

It is said that the agent of Tum's Self-creation is his Voice or Word. In the Leyden Papyrus we read that the Demiurge "has said his forms." In the Nesiamsu Papyrus, the Creator affirms that "He has created all forms with that power which went forth from his mouth when there existed neither heaven nor earth." Moret remarks that this identification of the Divine Word with the creative potency was by no means a late modification of Egyptian thought, for it is clearly denoted in the Pyramid Texts.

"His word is a substance", said the devotee in a Hymn to Amen-Ra. In the Leyden Papyrus, this theme is developed in a magnificent passage: "The God appeared upon his throne, when his heart so desired. Then were all beings in silent stupor before his force. He uttered a cry, like a great bird, and the cry was heard everywhere. He uttered a cry, and he was alone. In the midst of the silence, he began to speak. He began to cry aloud; the earth was in silent stupor; the deep sound of his voice circulated. There was no second God with him. Giving birth to beings, he provided that they should have life."

However, this God, though a Creator, is not a "Personal God" isolated from his creation. He is the united life, the synthesis of all beings, and the creatures which are emanated by his Word, are themselves the vehicles and containers of his consciousness. "Ra has made of all his names the cycle of the Gods. He has spoken his members" (*Book of the Dead*).

There is reason to believe that the Egyptians, like the Hindus, regarded sound as the audible symbol and sign of the vibratory force which underlies the apparition of form in Nature. God "geometrizes", to use a Pythagorean term.

This suggests what may have been the immediate origin of some of the fundamental ideas which Pythagoras brought from Egypt. Pythagoras illustrated his doctrine by means of "numbers". The "harmony of the spheres" and the orderly progression of forms, both celestial and terrestrial, were conceived as manifestations of divine numerical ratios and sequences, or as a mystical conversion of arithmetical into geometrical truth. Modern physicists, who reduce the phenomenal world to a complex of mathematical symbols, are the inheritors of a line of thought which was initiated or rather transmitted by the Pythagoreans. One ventures to suggest that it was derived from the Egyptian doctrine of the Creative Word. If the Word be vibratory energy; if each mode of that energy be determined by the *number* of its vibrations per unit of time, and finally, if each number or proportion between numbers be the *noumenon* of some corresponding form, the deductions of Pythagoras were, in a sense, inevitable, so inevitable that it appears very probable that the Egyptians themselves must have discovered them. They may even have used them as the basis of the abstruse calculations of astronomical cycles shadowed forth in the orientation and construction of the Great Pyramid and other edifices.

Some Egyptologists have rashly assumed that the Egyptian mind did not clearly discriminate between a word and the thing which it denoted. Like the Aryans of Vedic times, the Egyptians are said to have believed that correct enunciation of the name of an object endowed the speaker with magical power over the object. This belief may be less naïve than it seems, since the enunciation of a word inevitably sets in motion currents of sound-waves which can affect the molecular constitution of bodies with which they come into contact. There are laboratory experiments which attest the potencies of sound.

However, Moret shows that the Egyptian philosopher conceived the vibratory force of the word as an emanation or expression of consciousness. Like the Fohat of Eastern Occultism, the force which proceeds from Ra-Tum is "the 'bridge' by which the Ideas existing in the Divine thought are impressed on Cosmic Substance as the Laws of Nature" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 44).

Moret cites a text from the tomb of a priest of Memphis who died during the reign of Shabaca (c. 700 B.C.), a text which is evidently the copy of a more ancient original.

"He (i.e. the Supreme God) is first in the heart and in the mouth of every God, man, animal . . . who live only by virtue of the faculty of thinking and of enunciating everything which pleases him . . . the tongue gives birth to the Gods, to Tum and to his Ennead,⁴ and thus every divine word is formed in the thought of the heart and (then) emitted in speech. The word creates beneficent forces and appeases what is harmful . . . the hands act, the feet move, all the members of the body are stirred, when the tongue speaks the word, the thought

⁴The Ennead was a group of nine Divinities. The first God of the Ennead was, in a sense, the synthesis of the group, the other Gods being his emanations or "members".

of the heart." Moret quotes Maspero's commentary upon this passage: "According to our author, every creative operation must proceed from the heart and from the tongue, and be spoken inwardly or *thought*, before it is enunciated outwardly in words. . . . Things and beings spoken inwardly exist only in potentiality: in order that they may attain actual existence, the tongue must solemnly speak them" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 123).

Moret expresses the opinion that the theologians of Memphis represented the Supreme God under the form of a metaphysical Trinity: Ptah, the united creative potency, manifesting himself through the agency of the divine heart (Horus) and of the divine tongue (Thoth). This "Triad" of Memphis appears to have been the forerunner of the Hermetic Trinity which may be said to have passed without essential modification into the Nicene Creed: Creative Wisdom (*nous*), Reason (*logos*) and Spiritual Force or Substance (*pneuma*).

One may also recognize in the Egyptian insistence upon the priority of consciousness in creative activity, a prototype of Plato's "theory of Ideas". One is not disparaging the genius of Plato, by suggesting that his Ideas or Archetypes translate into "terms of consciousness" the Pythagorean Numerals, and that the primary substance of his thought was derived from Egypt, either through Pythagoras or through his own acquaintance with the teachings of the Mysteries.

In every complete statement of the Logos Doctrine, the Divine Word is represented in a dual relationship to the world. Thus, the Universe or Macrocosm is described in the Egyptian cosmology as the manifested form or body of the Divinity. In the words of Heraclitus quoted above, "the Logos is common to all." But there is also a special relation between the Logos and the Microcosm, the human soul, which is, in a sense, the "personal" emanation of the Logos, as the Macrocosm is an "impersonal" emanation.

The microcosmic aspect of the Logos Doctrine is expressed in St. John's Gospel by the sentence: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." Before St. John, there appears in the system of Philo Judæus, the idea that the Logos is the mediator between the hidden, ineffable Divinity, and mortal natures. Similarly, in the Hermetic scripture, *The Divine Pymander*, the Logos assumes the form of the Shepherd of mankind. The Indian belief in the cyclic appearance of Avatars is based upon the same conception, for the Avatar is the Logos incarnate in an individual human form.

There can be no question that the Egyptians believed that the Word could become flesh. Osiris, the mystical Dionysos of the Greeks, was a God who became a man, in order that men themselves might become divine. In the Seventeenth Chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, Osiris identifies himself with the Logos in the following terms: "I am Tum, I am he who existed alone in the Nun. . . . I am the great God who creates himself, I am Nun, the father of the Gods. . . ." Assuming the guise of a human king, he established the arts and sciences of civilized life, passed through the experience of physical death and dismemberment, and finally acquiring personal immortality by conquering the powers opposed to man, he became the saviour of his followers from mortality and corruption.

The saving grace of Osiris was made possible by the fact that human nature contains within itself the potentiality of becoming self-conscious divine nature. This potentiality was said to reside in the Khu principle, literally "the luminous", which is defined by Professor Sayce as "a link between men and the gods", and as "a spark of that divine intelligence which pervades the world and to which it must return" (*The Religion of Ancient Egypt*, 61, 63). The Khu, therefore, resembles the Monad (Atma-Buddhi) of the Eastern Wisdom.⁵

It would seem that the Heart (Ab) corresponds to the idea of personality or Manas. Professor Breasted says that the Egyptians constantly used this term, Ab, to denote the seat of the mind or "invisible intelligence" or, more generally, of "consciousness and feeling" (*Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, p. 59). It is interesting to compare Breasted's statement with a diagram in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 670, in which the Ab is given as the "middle principle" between an upper and a lower "triad".

In the Judgment Hall of Osiris there is a great balance, a long beam with two scales, in one of which the Heart of the dead man is placed, in the other, the feather of Maat or Truth. The "unjustified dead" is separated from his "higher principles" and delivered to a monster in attendance, the "Devourer". The "justified" receives back his heart and the Divine Scribe, Thoth, announces: "His Heart is Maat." In other words, personal immortality or blessedness may be said to depend upon the ability of the Ab to manifest in physical existence the divine and eternal nature of the Khu. In so far as this process is perfected, the man is changed into a God. He is "Osirified", taking the name and sharing the consciousness of the Master, of the Logos. The supreme objective of the Mysteries of Osiris in Egypt, and of Dionysos in Greece, appears to have been the realization of this divine union by the Initiate before the death of the physical body.

There is frequent reference in Egyptian texts to the identification of the regenerated man with the Immortal who stands "at the head of his ray." The Pharaoh, in his representative capacity, was addressed as the incarnation of his Patron, the Sun-God. He was "the son of a God" and "one with his Father in Heaven." Similarly, the participant in a religious ceremony possessed, during the celebration of the rites, the attributes of the God to whom he sacrificed. Moret describes such a ceremony, the offering of the statue of Maat, and links it with the "Mystery of the Word".

The Egyptian metaphysicians taught that when the Logos emanated the souls of men and Gods, it also emanated a substance which would provide them with the nourishment necessary for growth. The Egyptian word for food was *per-kheru*, which means "emission of voice", and as in the Upanishads, food seems to have been a symbol of spiritual experience and also of the World-Soul.

The daily bread of the Gods was Maat, Truth, Justice, Reason. But Maat was also a Goddess and, like the Indian Vach, the mother or daughter of the

⁵Gerald Massey must be quoted with caution, but there is material for meditation in his tabulation of the Egyptian "seven principles of man". He calls the highest principle Atmu. Atmu is another form of the word, Tum (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 669, seq.).

Divine Word. She was the eternal companion of Thoth-Hermes, the Instructor and Initiator, whose services were needed in the transformation of the mortal into the Immortal.

The suppliant who offered a statuette of Maat was supposed to assume the "personality" of Thoth-Hermes. Moret quotes the following prayer addressed to the Supreme God (*op. cit.*, 133-134):

"I come to Thee, I who am Thoth, with hands united, bearing Maat. Maat has come that she may be with Thee. So come the Gods and Goddesses who are with Thee, bearing Maat. They know that Maat is Thy life. Thy right eye is Maat. Thy left eye is Maat. Thy body with its members is Maat. The vesture of Thy members is Maat. Thy food is Maat. Thy drink is Maat. . . . Thou hast existence, because Maat exists."

He who would commune with the Gods must nourish himself with the food of the Gods which is Truth. Moreover, Truth meant not only conformity of a mental or verbal image to objective fact. It signified, in equal measure, conformity of the personal will to the Divine Will, conformity of individual action to the design of the Logos. We must use at least three words to translate the word, Maat,—Truth, Justice, Reason.

The Egyptians believed that every act, as well as every word, had creative potency and left its record upon the soul. When the soul stood in the Judgment Hall of Osiris, this record of its deeds determined its fate, from which no escape was possible. Every man was, therefore, his own judge, the generator and executor of his own "Karma".

One can recognize the importance of the Egyptian term, *Maa-Kheru*, "true of voice" or "just of voice". The "true of voice" were "the Gods, the King who is a living God on earth, the dead who have earned Paradise, . . . finally, living men in a state of grace. . . ." To be "true of voice" is to speak and to act with the consciousness of a God, "to have at one's disposal the Creative Word which gives all power at every moment and on every occasion" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 136, 137).

The student of Plato cannot fail to recognize certain analogies between the thought of the great philosopher and the Egyptian view of the soul's nature and destiny. Like the Egyptian psychologists, Plato defined personal immortality as conditional upon the ability of the human personality to transform itself into a perfect image or reflection of the "Higher Self", which is eternal in essence but not necessarily Self-conscious. There is a well-known passage in the *Phædrus*, in which he compares the Self and its vehicle to a charioteer and a pair of winged horses. "Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed; and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and, as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them" (Jowett's Translation, p. 551). The charioteer, like the Khu, is "a link between man and the gods", and belongs by right of birth to the retinue of Zeus or some other Divinity. The horses are intended to execute the will of the charioteer, for they corre-

spond to the Ab or personality, but too often they represent a state of consciousness which is partly good and partly evil, and in which the evil, passional element may at any instant get the upper hand and run away with the chariot.⁶

Moret quotes from this same section of the *Phædrus* to illustrate the virtual identity of the images used by Plato and by the Egyptian suppliant to describe the nourishing power of Truth. "In the region above the heavens", said Plato, "is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding being; and feeding on the sight of truth is replenished. . . . This is the life of the gods" (Jowett's Translation, 552-553).

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These fragments give a faint idea of the Egyptian Wisdom. Also they should enable us to re-discover forgotten meanings in Greek thought, so that we can better appreciate what is most valuable in the treasure which we have inherited from the Greeks. The object of comparing Greek and Egyptian concepts is not primarily to prove that the former were derived from the latter. That is a worthy undertaking for scholarship, provided that it does not degenerate into pedantry; but the real end of the student must be to use Egyptian thought to illumine Greek thought, and vice versa, in order that we may understand more clearly what we owe to both.

In this article, an attempt has been made to outline certain directions of research which suggest that the study of Greek philosophy may be enriched by interpreting its major conceptions in the light of the more ancient metaphysics of Egypt. The opposite course might be pursued with equal profit. For example, both Pythagoras and Plato taught Reincarnation in terms which recall the systems of ancient India. Egyptologists as a class pretend that the Egyptians had no notion of Reincarnation, at least until after the Persian Conquest (525 B.C.) when Indian influences seem to have affected Egypt in various definite ways. But, perhaps, if they actually tried to find more evidence of an early Egyptian belief in Reincarnation, justifying their search by the hints found in Greek writers, they might be successful. It is certain that an ancient tradition affirms that the Egyptians, like other great races of antiquity, accepted the doctrine of Reincarnation as a matter of course.

One may mention a concrete instance of the assistance which Egyptologists have received from students in the Greek field. Moret, Ménard, Flinders Petrie and others have been convinced that the so-called Hermetic books transmit many genuine Egyptian traditions. It was partly, at least, as a result of this conviction, that the Logos Doctrine of ancient Egypt was reconstructed from the texts in an intelligible form. It is always helpful, when one is seeking something, to have some general notion of what it is one is seeking.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

⁶Plato's theory of the fall and travail of the human soul is somewhat reminiscent of *The Virgin of the World* (*Korē Kosmou*), an Hermetic scripture probably based upon an Egyptian original of the Sixth Century B. C. (W. H. Flinders Petrie: *Personal Religion in Egypt before Christianity*, 38 seq.).

BEAUTY IN WAR

For there is nothing better for a warrior than a righteous battle.

BHAGAVAD GĪTA.

AT many of the meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society during the past season, the topic under discussion was Codes of Honour, and it was shown that such codes have filtered down to man from the Lodge. While filtering down, it is probable that some of the original nobility of these codes has become warped. Nevertheless much of that nobility seems to have remained, fortunately for man. The legends of King Arthur, of Roland, the story of Bayard, as well as countless other stories of chivalry, of bravery, of daring, of courage, of self-sacrifice in a noble cause, indicate that such is the case.

It was made clear at these New York Branch meetings that Codes of Honour are based upon the idea of self-surrender for something that is more worthwhile than self; which means self-spending. The desire to spend himself, which in origin is divine, is inherent in man. Recognizing this inherent desire, it is probable that the Great Ones have purposely provided man with Codes of Honour so as to furnish him with that which is noble on which to spend himself. It has been said that the child, before the taint of the world's materialism has had a chance to gain its hold on him, is often closer to the real than is the mature man, and we know how the young like to hear tales of brave deeds and noble acts, and the genuineness of their love and admiration for the heroes of such tales. Youth invariably sides with the one who "grows stronger as the odds grow heavier."

At one of the meetings referred to above it was said that the warrior is the saviour of the world, and that the pacifist has not a chance. Codes of Honour appeal to the soul of man, to the warrior within man. Though much of the time unconscious of it, man welcomes that which gives him the opportunity to express the warrior through the spending of self; as, for example, in war.

In the February, 1930, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was an article entitled "Beauty In War," which is significant as having been written by a pacifist and because of its direct bearing on the inherent desire in man to spend himself. It is from that article that the title of the present one is borrowed. It is in no spirit of criticism of the author, Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts, that her article is now used as a means to make clearer the need of man to express the warrior. On the contrary, there is much in the article to commend it and its author to all who believe that the purpose of life is the development of the soul. Mrs. Roberts has discovered for herself much that is fundamentally sound and true, even though, being a pacifist, she has had to look over the fence from the wrong side in order to do so. Therefore her main conclusions

are based on misconception; but having discovered for herself, without the aid of Theosophy, so much that is true, one is inclined to believe that her conclusions would be quite different, perhaps entirely reversed, were she fortunate enough to be brought into touch with theosophical philosophy. "Beauty In War," though written for the benefit of those who work for peace—for peace at any price, it seems—has nothing maudlin in it, nothing to appeal to the sentimental mother who "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier."

Through her experience in working for peace, in "trying to secure new members for the League of Nations Union," the author evidently has written the article to point the way to her fellow-workers toward a better method of presenting their cause. This she attempts to do by showing the appeal of war, and thus, presumably, to put into their hands what would seem to be a valuable weapon. But it is doubtful if she really puts any such weapon into their hands, for her presentation of the appeal of war is so real, that it strikes too deep to be effective when used against war. Her appeal is to the souls of men.

"Beauty In War" begins by quoting from Mr. Ernest Raymond, the author of *Tell England*, a war-book which has been widely read and praised. "War has no validity in reason, in selfishness, or in religion; it has a strange and awful validity of beauty." Students of Theosophy will not agree with all of Mr. Raymond's statements, for example that "war has no validity in religion." Moreover one does not have to be a student of Theosophy to disagree with such a statement, for anyone calling himself a Christian can hardly give it his approval if he but stop to realize that his religion was founded on the teachings of a Warrior of Warriors, whose life stands as an epitome of righteous warfare. Among other things is not the Christian Bible, Old Testament and New, a treatise on war? If all reference to war, and to man's spending himself in conflict, were eliminated from its text, how much of it that is worth-while would remain, if anything?

The quotation from Mr. Raymond continues, "As men of reason we scoff at it [war]; as men of business we fear it; as men of religion and good will we loathe it; and as artists we love it." Here again I would interrupt the quotation, for if our religion and our good will mean anything, we cannot loathe war. We can and should loathe with our whole being, war that has as its motive selfishness and aggression and oppression. But there is war and war, just as there are books and books, or dogs and dogs, and part of the trouble lies in the fact that mankind does not differentiate. That a neighbour has a dog that is constantly poaching, is no reason for condemning dogs wholesale. The selfish motive of the Germans in starting the World War and the atrocities committed by them during it, are no reason for condemning all war or wars. Mr. Raymond speaks truly when he states "as artists we love it." As artists we should and do love the cause for which the Allies fought, and the kind of war the Allied armies waged, for that is righteous warfare, against the selfish aggressor and oppressor.

But to continue the quotation: "Our response to the sudden fact of war is a response of thrilled emotion, an æsthetic delight, a self-yielding to some dark

allurement more powerful than all reason, and contemptuous of all expediency. . . . At last, at last we are living *deep*. . . . It is not the ape or the tiger in us that leaps to the call of war, but the poet."

It is these last two sentences and what is expressed by them that Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts takes as the theme of her article "Beauty in War," particularly the words "living *deep*." She points out that the same note was sounded early in the World War in Rupert Brooke's sonnets, "though in them there was as much joy at escape from the old life of peace as of joy in the new life of war." What different life of peace do the pacifists offer now? Small wonder that many welcome escape from it, for they live it as a dull and drab proposition or else over-hectically and lacking in purpose. Even the lower nature of man may at times become surfeited with such existence and welcome escape from it, welcome identification with the higher nature and the opportunity of co-operating with it in an emergency, such as war.

It seems that Mr. Galsworthy replied to Mr. Raymond, taking exception on the grounds that Mr. Raymond was describing a love of thrill, a "sensation-craving," and insisting that the average man "had not this temperament of the gambler and hero." Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts considers that Mr. Raymond comes nearer to expressing the hearts of men than does Mr. Galsworthy in his reply. She writes, "to deny that thousands and thousands of ordinary men who enlisted, at any rate in the early days of the war, 'to save Belgium,' . . . felt what Mr. Raymond describes is to miss the true inner meaning. . . . It seems to me of immense importance that we should realize what are the strongest weapons of the forces that fight against peace; and that they are forged by man's higher, not by his lower, nature."

Then follows the strongest part of what Mrs. Roberts has to say. It will be seen that she forges a weapon which is definitely for use against the shallowness of peace, at least against the advocacy of peace at any price. If the purpose of her article were not the attempt to turn such a weapon to the account of the pacifists, one might well believe her to be a staunch supporter of war as necessary to the development of the soul.

"Man is himself a contradiction, a balance of opposites. He is an animal with the self-preserving, self-seeking instincts of an animal who is fitted to live on this earth and in time; but he has also a soul,—which we may call his higher nature, if we choose,—which has other needs than those that can be gratified by self-seeking, which compels him to desire to live by other standards than those of the natural man, and which is always, unless suppressed by custom, fear, or selfishness, aspiring toward the life outside time, the life of eternity. When a man cares so much for something outside himself and his own interests, something which he believes to be good and true, that he is willing to give up everything that the natural man longs for and knows to be necessary, even the life of the body itself, he finds suddenly that he knows what was meant by the mysterious dominical saying, 'He that loseth his life . . . shall find it.' When he has, by his own will, chosen, if need be, to sacrifice his natural life, he realizes that he has found his supernatural life; and, perhaps again, perhaps for the

first time, he knows that this is his *real* life, that only now is he truly and absolutely happy, only now, as Mr. Raymond says, is he 'living *deep*.'

"The soldier, as Ruskin insisted, is not a man who goes out to war to kill, but a man who goes out to war prepared to die, and it is this truth that gives to war its most lasting authority. . . . We can but acknowledge that this strange losing of the natural life and finding of the supernatural *can* be found in war. . . . For the great majority of men, who must spend their lives working for their livelihood and that of their families, who have not a great or trained religious sense, it is not easy to take that perilous passage from the natural life to the life above nature. Nothing forces them to see its truth and its validity so effectively as the sudden terrible necessity of war. Then they *must* choose, and they find that they care for justice, for mercy, for their country, their fellow men, their homes, enough to be willing to die for them. . . . We who long for peace and work for peace must not forget that if we deny that man's higher nature can be expressed in war, we may make the ordinary man feel that pacifists are an ignoble and blinded lot."

Though readers of the *QUARTERLY* may not agree with all that Mrs. Roberts says in the foregoing, there is, nevertheless, so much of the real and true in it and in other parts of her article, that one cannot but wish she had carried the theme higher and deeper. Perhaps that is wishing too much, for after all she is concerned primarily with forging a weapon for use by those who work for peace. A large part of the remainder of her article is given over to this, and it is here that the directness and the strength of her appeal ceases. One has the feeling that Mrs. Roberts has uncovered for herself that which applies to the soul, but that, dominated by the cause for which she works, she has tried to turn to the account of peace the "truth that gives to war its most lasting authority." It is where this endeavour is made that her argument becomes weak. For example, in speaking of the "losing of the natural life and the finding of the supernatural" in war, Mrs. Roberts tries to use this for the pacifists as follows: ". . . but we can also point out that it is found far better in peace, that it is found less frequently in war, for there men are being constantly pulled back to their lowest natures by the terrible need of killing, or the horror and ugliness, the monotony, suffering, and exhaustion of war."

What Mrs. Roberts has here said of war applies equally to peace, because it applies to corporeal life. Millions upon millions of men and women have known exhaustion, suffering, monotony, in their daily lives, and ugliness and horror too. It is only necessary to read the daily newspapers to know that life to many must be a thing of horror and ugliness. Except for the very young, who has not known exhaustion, felt the pangs of suffering, participated in the monotony of the daily grind? Life is a training school, and the purpose of the training is for the development of soul, and the training goes on whether or not one's native country happens to be at war or at peace, so called. Mrs. Roberts speaks of "men being constantly pulled back to their lowest natures" in war. This statement, too, is true of peace, for it is true of life. It seems to be a part of the process of the training school, for men rarely make the transfer of con-

sciousness from the lower to the higher nature in one step and so that it remains fixed and permanent. Now and then there may be a Saul of Tarsus, but only now and then. For man in general that transfer is a gradual and sometimes a tedious stepping-up, and is subject to constant 'pull-backs' and must be accomplished despite them. All 'pull-backs' must be surmounted if the soul is to come into its own, those of war and those of peace, which is only another way of saying, those of life.

Man cannot know peace while the lower nature dominates, for, as Mrs. Roberts points out, his nature is dual; and the lower is the usurper. Until the warrior, the soul, has regained the sovereignty, man must remain at constant warfare with himself. It is really within man that the battle-field of the world lies, and until the individual man, the god, gains the ascendancy and conquers man the brute, war must remain concurrent with life. Herein is contained the answer to the concluding sentence of "Beauty In War": "We must desire peace as a positive thing, not as a mere negative absence of war, but rather as a glorious war, the only war possible for civilized people, a war against slums, poverty, ignorance, cruelty, and injustice, a war in which man may, without any shame or hesitation, sacrifice his natural, selfish, greedy, ease-loving life and find the beauty, the power, and the truth of that supernatural life of love." But even here, where the endeavour is to make a real plea for peace, the author finds it necessary to have recourse to the word *war* no less than five times. Small wonder it is, for life is war; an ugly war to some, but a glorious war to those who are consciously fighting the battle of the eventual supremacy of the soul.

Though much that Mrs. Roberts has to say is not new to students of Theosophy, it has significance as coming from one who has discovered for herself the "lasting authority of war" through her work for peace. Her article shows that she must have done much serious thinking on the subject, but at the same time seems to indicate that she finds herself perplexed, which, in the circumstances, is to be expected.

Where to look for the answer to the quandary with which a pacifist finds herself confronted in the "lasting authority of war"? It is to be sought and found in the inherent desire in man to spend himself, which desire, as has been said, in origin is divine. Spending is the natural law of life. The Supreme, the One, spends somewhat of itself that itself may become manifest. The whole outward and downward progression into manifestation may be termed a logical and a coherent series of self-spending, for each plane is a projection of the plane next above. The same is true of the inward and upward progression back to the One, for each plane is nourished by the plane next below; itself spending itself that itself may meet itself coming down from above on a higher plane and thus have life more abundant. So the Supreme, the One, spends itself in order to become manifest, and through spending, in various manifested forms, to become enriched by the experience gained. There is no real experience without the spending of something. In another set of terms it might be said that God created the universe through the utter need to spend himself. So

the pacifists are out of step with universal law which is based upon spending, either because they do not know of it, or because it is not understood. One cannot understand any deep human instinct, such as man's desire to spend himself in war, in conflict, and therefore his innate love of the same, unless and until one traces it back to its divine origin, and then up from infancy through all the stages of man's growth.

Though not at all times conscious of it in these terms, it is natural and necessary for man to spend himself all the way from the cradle to the grave. The infant yells till it is exhausted. In this way the infant expands its lungs and, some say, is thus helped to grow. Considering the natural law of life it would seem that this is so. Youth spends itself on games. Here the spirit of competition may enter, but does youth derive real satisfaction till he has spent every ounce of himself in an endeavour to win? A well-known long distance runner once said that he would rather lose in a close finish than win in a walk. Naturally, because the latter does not give him enough opportunity to spend himself. The true artist spends, the true scientist, orator, poet, author, musician. Many of man's masterpieces have come from garret-rooms and bread-and-water diet; and so on up the scale of every human desire until there is reached what may be a necessary preliminary to chêlaship:—that a man, driven by this inherent and divine desire to spend himself, spends all, empties himself of life itself on the field of battle, and derives supreme satisfaction in doing so. It is possible for man to do this short of physical death. Here would be an explanation of the unrest which usually follows a period of war; for even though he has not completely emptied himself of physical life on the field of battle, man finds ordinary life flat and drab in comparison, unless he has discerned the higher form of spending, for he instinctively looks around for new worlds to conquer, instinctively searches for a way to spend himself which will be more complete than the way of physical death. His experience on the field of battle has enabled the warrior within to regain enough of a hold so that, although unaware of it in these terms, the man is restless because he cannot find a way to lose his life that he may find it, which can only be accomplished by spending self until he empties himself of self in chêlaship.

It is only through spending that man can empty himself of self, and only as he empties himself of self is there room for something else. But he must spend himself unstintingly and unselfishly for that which is noble, such as a Code of Honour, otherwise he will be like the man into whom entered seven devils worse than the first. This explains the crime waves so often following in the wake of a war, for there are those who do not spend themselves enough, or in the right way, in war, to enable the warrior to regain sufficient hold; so their post-war state is worse than was their pre-war state. For such the best medicine is more war or wars until they can learn more about spending; and learning more, spend more, so that the warrior may have the opportunity to take hold.

The lives of most men are without any real purpose or cause. War supplies them with such. Hence a reason for its "lasting authority". The sudden fact of war brings man face to face with the smallness of self, and the pettiness

and the selfishness of existence lived for self. War gives him the feel of the soul, of the warrior within: he welcomes it as something worth living for and dying for; as something in which he can satisfy the inherent desire to spend himself, to empty himself, if possible, and thus to become aware of the warrior coming into his own.

As we look back, over the ages, we find centuries in which science predominated, some in which philosophy predominated, some in which art predominated, and so on; but throughout them all we find war. It will continue to be so until the soul, the warrior, regains the proper and lasting sovereignty. Till then it is foolish, in a deeper sense perhaps even blasphemous, to talk and to work for peace at any price. Life is for the purpose of the soul, of the divine warrior, and such a peace is against the interest of life, is against the warrior, is against God. Till the warrior comes into his own there must be war in the inner world, and as long as there is war in the inner world, there can be only an ephemeral peace on earth; for there is nothing better for a warrior than a righteous battle.

So "the warrior is the saviour of the world, the pacifist has not a chance."

G. M. W. K.

*We hoard our youth, we hoard our youth, and fear it,
But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded—
The Road to travel and the Traveller's spirit.—*

UNKNOWN.

*Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.—*

"1914"; RUPERT BROOKE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Life's a voyage that's homeward bound.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

*Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme celui-là¹ qui conquit la toison.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

*Non è pilleggio da picciola barca
quel che fendendo va l'ardita prora,
nè da nocchier ch'a sè medesmo parca.²*

DANTE, Par., XXIII, 67.

COLERIDGE'S "Rime of the Ancient Mariner", published in 1798, in company with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey", was composed during the golden sojourn which the two young men made in the southwest of England. Each had passed his twenty-fifth year. Through the generosity of his friend, Poole, Coleridge had found a refuge for his wife and infant in Poole's village, Nether Stowey, and then discovered, some fifteen miles distant, the companionable brother and sister. Their magnetism made fifteen miles seem but a stroll, and before long Coleridge began to appear daily at the Wordsworth cottage, arriving for breakfast and leaving in starlight. When it seemed likely that this "continuous performance" might last for an indefinite period, common sense suggested that the more movable of the two families concerned, should abridge the distance between domiciles; accordingly, through Poole's interposition, Wordsworth and Dorothy obtained, not far from the village, the comfortable home of some gentlefolk.

Their respective mansions were but sleeping posts whence the three, "three people, but only one soul" (Coleridge's words), issued for the serious business of their life, rambles over hill and stream. The sister noted with quivering sensitiveness the faint and fleeting impressions of colour and sound, as well as the permanent aspects of the country-side, and the two men put her vivid sensations, each with his own, into a secret alembic, thence to be distilled as poetry. While thus they roved, and pondered old philosophies, the men spun, from the distaff of their brains, their paltry theory of verse composition, divid-

¹ Jason.

² "It is no coasting voyage for a little barque, this which the intrepid prow goes cleaving, nor for a pilot who would spare himself."

ing between them, with youthful self-confidence, Apollo's broad domain, Wordsworth taking for his patrimony the realm of actual incident, and Coleridge claiming the region of the supernatural. Thus, at twenty-five, they portioned the estate of gods and men. All the time, at their side, unnoticed, moved the humourful Muses and Fates, spinning, from their distaff, subtle and potent threads of incantation. From this interplay of human and divine action, there was made a texture that is indeed a living vesture of Truth.

Two bits of narrative supplied Coleridge with his germinal notion: Wordsworth told him a story of sailors who killed an albatross at Cape Horn, and another friend related a dream of a phantom ship. Through and across these two threads the Nine and the Three Weird Sisters have woven the whole story of human fate.

As "Tintern Abbey" is a pæan sung upon the return to harbour of a certain goodly brig, by name, the "William Wordsworth," so Coleridge's poem is the log of *brigs in general*, of all craft that survive the welter of the sea. While the poem is thus a history of man universal, the mariner who makes the voyage is no abstraction, but a concrete and substantial human being, who, when water fails, moistens his lips with blood sucked from a bite into his own arm. His very name and local habitation are known to us. His is a most ancient family, their name—Prodigal; their blood, of richest and deepest blue, won their crest and title, "Pilgrim of Eternity", manvantaras ago. Many are his given names, since, at the christening of a new-born patrician babe, no uncle or aunt of that deep-rooted and many-branched family may, without grave risk, be unrepresented. From those rich and resonant, as well as mellifluous and multitudinous names, it suffices to mention a few only, which tell at once their own story and the mariner's, giving, as they do, succinctly, all details of ancestry, environment, and up-bringing, which, in customary biography or fiction, require chapters to unfold. The mariner's name is (the periods standing for less renowned forebears): Lucifer . . . Adam . . . Ulysses . . . Augustine . . . Francis of Assisi . . . Dante . . . John Bunyan . . . Francis Thompson; and he is the *n*th (as would be said, mathematically) "Pilgrim of Eternity". Seeing that he is cousin to us all, we can afford to abbreviate ceremonial forms and call him simply and kindly, Adam Ulysses Francis John.

The "Rime", like every other piece of great literature, has several parallel meanings, dependent upon the plane of interpretation. On the Cosmological plane, the mariner represents the Monad leaving the realm of the undifferentiated in order to acquire self-consciousness in a journey through Maya, which, for that very purpose, is projected within the Absolute. This journey is the "Fall into Matter". The Monad has no choice as to its "Fall" since it is Divine Law that drives it to this "adventure". On a lower, and, for us, more practical plane, the mariner represents the prodigal who, bored by the monotony of his ancestral abode, seeks to enliven existence by running off as seaman to foreign ports, where he will see the world, "enjoy life", and gain understanding of human nature. The mariner-prodigal accordingly sets sail:

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.³

In the words, "kirk", "hill", and "lighthouse", the symbolism is sufficiently obvious; they stand for the higher levels from which the prodigal is descending to the sea-level of psychic life. On that sea of glamour, he makes several discoveries.

He finds, first, that its prevailing wind is Changefulness, blowing from extreme to extreme, from black horse-hair sofas to raspberry bath-tubs, from the tyranny of a single ruler to the tyranny of a mob ruler.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand.

.

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

From *constant change*, there are two consequences, of which the first is a *loss of the sense of true value*. So far as any domain of earth conforms itself to the divine order, the prevailing wind of that region is the *test of experience*. Has some course of action proved beneficial in the past? If so, in the future, likewise, a continuance of benefit is to be expected. Experience discerns the existence of laws, and order and law become deeply revered as paramount obligations from fulfilling which one dares not swerve in disobedience, save at the behest of some higher sanction which as yet may not have revealed itself. "At sea", experience is rejected as a thing of no value, and change is prized *for its own sake*, and not because it effects any amelioration. If the question: "has a thing proved good?" be answered affirmatively, those at sea draw a conclusion exactly the opposite of that established ashore. "Discard it", they argue, "in order to acquire something better". "Has the nation stabilized itself under a monarchy? Away, then, with the monarchy, and, under republican forms, look for ten-fold improvement." Where the wind of *Changefulness* blows, *novelty* takes the place elsewhere occupied by *true value*; of some untested thing, the worshippers of change deem it sufficient to say: "It is different"; their *ergo* is: "it must be better than what it sets aside". The three Platonic epithets, True, Beautiful, Good, are all replaced by the detestable word, "interesting". Desire for what is novel goes so far, that, in all of the arts, what is false, hideous and vile, can, for a time, show its face, because of those who, having lost the sense of values, find "interest" in new forms of ugliness.

³ Coleridge's *Works* (ed. Harper), Vol. VII, p. 230.

The casual killing of the albatross illustrates the worship of novelty.⁴ In a realm of law and experience, the sportive bird that

every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo,

would have its ordered and respected niche, respected, though its function were of no more importance than sportiveness. But seamen desire to "improve" upon that older order. An albatross playing on the deck! Why? It may hold some secret. Who can vouch for that antique tradition that ambergris comes only from whales? Why may not an albatross be ambergris from beak to claw? Kill it and find out. You never can tell till you try. The discovery may be worth a thousand pounds to you, and prove of incalculable benefit to humanity. So there's an end to the bird.

The bird's dead body. Who has not known a struggling artist with whom it was a lively pleasure to compare observations, discussing likes and dislikes? By and by he attains success, according to the world's judgment, and becomes important enough to manage some large exhibit. Try then to discuss likes and dislikes with him. It is much more than that he *dares not*. In becoming *professional*, in shifting from foot to foot, in trimming off here and trimming off there from his standards, to satisfy (by compromise) those of the market, whose rating of him he craves, the would-be artist actually loses the feeling of what he likes. He has to wait to be told by his infallible gods—the experts of the newspapers (see records of Duveen vs. Hahn). He carries from his neck the dead body of art—its slave; all that was alive and pleasure-giving in it, is dead. What hundreds of people carry from their necks the dead body of music, of literature, of travel! The true artist, on the other hand,—a Rembrandt, a Lorrain, or a Turner, a Homer, a Dante,—constitutes himself a minority of one against the world, his vitalizing spirit taking possession of later generations that make contact with his works.

The loss of the *sense of value* is followed by the loss of the *sense of right and wrong*. Mere opinions dominate at sea, which is not the realm of Truth, and those opinions fluctuate with the shifting wind. Floaters and drifters have no *standards*, but in one corner of their mouth, say "Yes", and, in the other corner, "No".

All averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

⁴ For further comment upon the albatross and what it symbolizes, consult *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 388 (3rd ed. or p. 362, 1st ed.). "This simply means that the *ibis religiosa* had, and has, 'magical' properties in common with many other birds, the albatross preëminently, and the mythical white swan, the Swan of Eternity or Time, the Kālahansa.

"In Egypt, he who killed an Ibis, or the Golden Hawk, the symbol of the Sun and Osiris, risked death, and could hardly escape it. The veneration of some nations for birds was such that Zoroaster, in his precepts, forbids their slaughter as a heinous crime. In our age, we laugh at every kind of divination."

Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist,
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

Changefulness, with its consequences, giving him a false sense of active and vital existence, is the mariner's first discovery. In going to sea, he was seeking *life*—something to enliven the dullness of home, the stupid society of the amiable but boresome old man. Well, here comes *life*! See that friendly sail gracefully approaching—a sail, a sail, with its freight of genial humanity. As it skims on, enveloped in a mist of illusions, it does indeed appear to be a sail—until the light of the Eternal (the sun path) falling upon it, discloses it for what it is—a mere wraith of a ship. Phantoms, phantoms all, those others, and our own brig upon that psychic sea!

Where is the genial crew? Who is that gaunt woman upon the deck, shrieking, "I've won, I've won"? She is both crew and captain of the friendly craft—she is the boon companion who is to enliven the tedious days of the voyage:

The Night-mare, Life-in-Death,

Coleridge names her—the Night-mare that is not at all exclusive in regard to her pastures, grazing, with equal relish, in the Bowery as well as in Park Avenue, in Carnegie Hall as in the vilest jazz hall of Greenwich Village, in the universities as also in the churches, in the garnished gallery of a National Academy as well as in a sordid, modernistic studio, so-called.

Our poor cousin, Adam Ulysses Francis John! Instead of the gay companions he sought, he has found a night-mare hag. With her, as guide, he soon faces the Skeleton himself.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on.

The spectre of the sea has taken ghastly station at his ear, for ever iterating its husky whisper: If a man die, shall he live again? the question to which the sea-plains return no answer, though one cry and cry for satisfaction.

The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The dead, the dead! *Life* is what the prodigal sought, but he appears to be the only speck of life in a universe of death that is now closing upon him to crush him into union with itself.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

Suddenly, around that desperate and lonely man, as suddenly as to the shepherds watching by night in the fields of Bethlehem, there shone a great multitude of the heavenly host,

A seraph-band, each waved his hand,
Each one a lovely light.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice: but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

What was it that so suddenly brought these servants of the Lodge to the rescue? Once more he had started upon his weary treadmill, questioning the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky, when, for a moment, his eye was arrested by some fish, leaping from the waves to flash their fins in the sunlight. For the briefest fraction of a moment, he forgot himself and his woes, forgot himself in admiring the gracefulness of their play; and that fraction of self-forgetfulness seemed all that was required to draw from invisibility into open manifestation, the servants of the Lodge, voracious and insatiable hounds—of heaven—starving and athirst for men.

It has sometimes been said that the Lodge asks no more than that we raise ourselves from earthy things so much as a millionth part of a hair's breadth. But did the mariner lift himself that infinitesimal degree? The only effort of which we are aware is that of the leaping fishes. We are accustomed, however, in matters of the inner life, to pride and commiserate ourselves with frequent mention of "our superhuman struggles toward the goal"; whereas, every inch of our spiritual growth is doubtless due to effort made by someone else who, to rescue us in extremity, has left his own sphere—an Avatar, or a fish.

Would it not be interesting to know where, at that moment, crucial for the mariner—the "psychological moment"—were St. Anthony's fish? Those fish that with wide open mouth at Padua, caught his gentle words, refusing to depart until he had made upon them the sign of the Cross, bidding them in farewell, swim through all the world to share their benediction with others. Fish! as Franciscan missionaries, leaping above the waves to hold the Cross before the hopeless eyes of a man in his agony!

When his momentary self-forgetfulness untied the hands of the Lodge *chêlas*, permitting them to participate actively in the adventure (actively, for can we believe that the mariner was, for a moment, out of their sight after he left home?), there is an immediate change of atmosphere. The *mise-en-scène* is lifted above the slimy things of the sea into the air:

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"All little birds that are"; do not those words awaken suspicion? Who were the ringleaders in that sweet jargoning—who? Who, if not the birds of Assisi, those whose portrait Giotto has painted as they sat on the ground listening to "the little brother"? Can you not hear the wren of Assisi as she darted here and there marshalling her contingent for that melody? Who does not know the replies made to her summons? "We're building houses", or "We're minding our babies", or "We've got new-laid eggs". Then her retorts, quick as the lightning: "What's 'building houses', or 'minding babies', or 'new-laid eggs', when there's a chance to win a new brother for the little brother?"

As all life is one, unity, so all literature, the alphabet of life made beautiful (beautiful letters, *belles lettres*), is one, is a majestic organ of countless pipes. The pipes do indeed *colour* the music, but they do not produce it; the music is the breath of the Spirit, a portion of the "Voice of the Silence", broken off from the Silence (just as any colour is a fraction of colourless light), drawn into the pipes, there contracted, and given resonance and timbre according to the size, shape, and metallic content of the pipe's substance. Because that organ of literature is alive, it is never "complete"; it is always growing, always ready to receive new pipes into its elastic and expansible frame, which is so constructed as to hold together, within itself, great units that are in themselves subsidiary and completed organs [Homer, Dante, for example], as well as the faintest piping of "the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed". Because literature is the breath of the Spirit, and the Spirit in no wise curtails its activity as Time fleets away, though men may choke their pipes with irresponsive sand and slime, it follows that a greater than Homer may any morning sing forth like the Memnon of Egypt, provided only that he offer his nature as a passage-way to that musical breath which blows everywhere throughout space. Emerson's well known lines are not a sentimental or "transcendental" fancy but literal fact:

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that knoweth all:
And where it cometh, all things are:
And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

In the organ of literature, as there are certain natural groupings of pipes, it is not difficult to perceive the combination that is to be effected with the mariner's "Rime". Coleridge's jewel—to change the trope—is a pendant to the old pearl circlet stranded by St. Francis, the "Canticle of the Sun and all Creatures". The mariner's closing words are so familiar that it is difficult for memory to dissociate them from Coleridge, but were we to come upon

them unexpectedly, for a "first time", we should assign them to the naïve, mediæval poet of Italy rather than to the renowned English metaphysician, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

With servants of the Lodge in control of the ship, our mariner-cousin, Adam Ulysses Francis John, is not long delayed in returning to his own "countree", there to become an evangelist—like so many others of his name, John Baptist and John Divine, John Bunyan and John Donne. Not an evangelist of the market place, for who would unveil Truth to the market ("Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it", said Walt Whitman), but the more patient and more deeply-rooted type of evangelist who can stand in his corner, or pass from land to land, his lips tightly closed, until the awaited *one* approach:

That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

This evangelist does not endeavour to persuade *three* companions. He stoppeth only *one* of three, because restriction as to numbers seems to be of the divine law: "there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left" (St. Luke xvii, 34, 35). He stoppeth *one* of three, one who, confused in his sense of direction, is following the bray of a loud bassoon, and hastening to a feast of this world, a feast where

the bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she.

The mariner-evangelist does that confused man the service of lifting aside for a moment the disguising roses to show the skull which they conceal. He then sends the man in the true direction, toward a festival of the *other* world, a festival that comes down *from on high*, "as a bride adorned for her husband"—the union of the servant with his Lord, of a son with his Father, of a chêla with his Master, of the atom with the Universe.

The "Ancient Mariner" knew that his hearer had received an invitation to the wedding festival "from on high". Knowing that invitation to be a high honour, he was eager that the man should begin the preparation of his

wedding garment, and thus avoid the penalty of being turned out for lack of a suitable garment, when the hour of the festival should strike.

This is the invitation (not engraved and issued by a "committee", but given in person, by word of mouth, face to face) which the Mariner knew that the confused Wedding Guest had received:

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,⁵

He going with me must go well arm'd,

He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.

Allons! the road is before us!

It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not detain'd!

Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!

Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!

Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!

Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!⁶

I give you my love more precious than money,

I give you myself before preaching or law;

Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?

Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?⁷

C. C. CLARK.

⁵ "active rebellion", i. e., against the long tyranny of the lower nature.

⁶ With what graciousness and intimacy, they speak to us, the servants of the Lodge; even more so, the members of the Lodge themselves: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends." And is our reply, when so graciously addressed, ever much different from the reply made by the man to the Mariner? "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"

⁷ "Song of the Open Road", Walt Whitman.

WAR MEMORIES

IX

"ON NE DORT PLUS À PARIS"

I REACHED Paris long after dark—at least it would have been dark, save that a brilliant moon was shining.

"We'll certainly have a visit from the Gothas to-night," I heard someone say as I passed with my porter and my bags down the long platform of the Gare St. Lazare, to the dreary *Salle des Bagages* for the inspection of luggage. I was tired, and I rather dreaded these formalities which can be so very irritating in any country. All the customs officials appeared to be absorbingly busy, and even by cajolery I could not manage to secure the attention of any one of them. The mad gesticulations, and the strident protests of my porter were equally unavailing, so I amused myself by looking about.

"Dear Paris!" I thought, "the old Gare St. Lazare, with its manners and customs, has not changed a scrap. It is exactly as it used to be before the War, and as it probably will be long after the War is over."

Just then my eye caught sight of a large placard, posted conspicuously on a wall; then another, not far off, and then still another; all in bold, clear type which anyone could read who was not stone blind: "*Taisez-vous, méfiez-vous, des oreilles ennemies vous écoutent.*"

"*Tiens!*" I said to myself, "so the Gare St. Lazare is *not* the same as it was. What a pity we could not have had those signs all over Brussels!"

This short legend was my first greeting on arrival in Paris, and later I found that it was everywhere—in hotels, shops, trams, taxis. It seemed almost as prevalent as the French flag itself.

Presently I noticed that the crowd of travellers which had, at first, filled to overflowing the great, dingy customs-hall, was rapidly thinning, and I saw my porter coming toward me with an official in tow. I soon found that by waiting I had gained a point—or for the moment I thought I had—for the examination was perfunctory to an extent which surprised me, and I was so hurried through it, that I had barely time to close and lock my bags again, before I heard a loud voice cry:

"*Lumière!*" and as if timed automatically, all the lights went out, and we were in almost complete darkness.

A dim gas jet in a distant corner still flickered, however; just enough to show me the outline of my porter who had seized my bags, saying:

"*Vite, vite, madame!*"

I felt a bit annoyed. After having been kept waiting all that time, why should I suddenly be hustled like this? For everyone who was left in that hall,

travellers, officials, loiterers, began elbowing and pushing his or her way out, regardless of neighbouring ribs or toes.

"What is the matter?" I demanded of my porter, rather indignantly.

"*Mais madame, les Gothas,—mon Dieu!*" he threw back at me, over the peak of my suit case which he balanced on his shoulder, as he scuffled along.

So that was it! We were in for an air-raid, "*au clair de la lune*", and I had been too much absorbed in the customs proceedings to notice the sirens which had been screaming. I had told my porter, during an interval of waiting, the name of the hotel to which I was going, not far off, in the Rue de St. Pétersbourg, up toward the Place de Clichy, and that I expected to walk there, while he carried my bags. I wondered now, a little anxiously, what he would say, with an air-raid threatening, for I knew that on moonlight nights like this one, the raids were sometimes so continuous that, to reach my hotel between them, might be almost impossible. The alternative, however, would mean stopping in the Gare St. Lazare all night, and it was not more than about ten o'clock now. Thus weighing my chances, while following the rapid steps of my porter as well as I could, I heard another aerial signal which, being a new arrival, I could not interpret.

"We are in luck," said my porter in explanation, "our guns have turned them back. We are safe for the moment, but they will return—madame must hurry."

We were at one of the exits of the station now, and we passed quickly out into the darkness of the streets, turning sharply to the left, and so up that gentle ascent. Anyone who has groped his way at night along the Rue d'Amsterdam, under the lee of the gloomy Gare St. Lazare in wartime, will remember how black and unfriendly it was, and how you ran into other night-faring pedestrians before you saw them, or against lamp posts which were almost indistinguishable. Even the clear moonlight did not seem to penetrate that dismal thoroughfare, and I was glad when at last we swung round into the open Place de l'Europe, and so up the hill to my hotel. Just as I reached the door, the *alerte* again broke the stillness; my porter put down my bags in a hurry, gave the entrance bell a furious ring to announce my arrival, seized the tip which fortunately I had ready for him, and thinking that he was now leaving me in perfect safety, pattered away down the street, as hard as he could scurry. I listened to those retreating steps with a sudden feeling of loneliness, for, though I rang again, there I continued to stand, facing fast-closed, inexorable-looking doors which *would* not open. I rang and rang, but no one answered—and meanwhile the sirens wailed, the anti-aircraft guns began to bark, the noise of wide-spread battle came nearer and nearer.

"It looks as if I were 'in for it' ", I thought; "a nice welcome Paris is giving me! Why didn't I stay in the Gare St. Lazare?"

Just then, however, the heavy street door swung open, and the outline of an antiquated concierge appeared, faintly silhouetted against an almost imperceptible light in the court behind him; a long, thin arm was stretched out to grasp my bags, and:

"*Entrez, entrez, madame,*" said a hurried voice, and I lost no time in taking cover.

Again that aerial signal! It told us that the enemy planes were once more turned back, and, with that welcome sound, from somewhere out of the gloomy darkness of that small, interior court came panting the stout form of "Madame", the *Patronne* of the hotel, expressing her relief that I had not been caught in the street, and so quite possibly killed.

"What luck!" she puffed wheezily. "Madame must thank the Good God for his mercy."

I did. In fact I already had—several times.

This hotel to which I had come (now filled chiefly with foreigners, I was told) had once been a convent, and we passed from the entrance court into the cloisters, across a little square inner enclosure, and so to the living quarters beyond. It was a delightfully remote spot, in a part of town almost unknown to me, and I congratulated myself on having found such a quiet retreat for the two or three days I expected to be in Paris. It was quite late by now, and being somewhat tired, I asked to be shown to my room at once. So, following the old concierge who had admitted me, I trudged up long flights of stairs (there was no lift) to the top floor, just under the roof, where my "cell" was, and a nice, white, spotlessly clean little cell I found. No one had said a word to me about further air-raids, or what I was to do in case the enemy attacked again, but I had already settled wearily for the night, with tightly drawn curtains to obscure even the microscopic light needed in order to read a few lines before going to sleep, when pandemonium seemed suddenly let loose all about me. First it was the wailing of the sirens all over Paris—a concentrated, nerve-racking howl, and what light I had went suddenly out, as though extinguished by an unseen hand, while on every floor of the hotel, which on my arrival I had thought so restful, deafening gongs sounded. Then down the long corridor into which my bedroom door opened, came running steps, and a loud voice crying:

"*Les avions! Les avions! Descendez—mesdames, messieurs,—descendez s'il vous plaît! Les avions!*"—as though we were not already well aware that the Goths were once more upon us.

There began a most curious scene—at least it was curious to me, for I had never before taken part in just that kind of performance. On hearing the ear-splitting gongs, and the commanding voice in the corridor, I had jumped up and gone to my door, not knowing just what else to do. As I opened it and looked out, I saw all the other doors in that long hallway fly open at the same moment—all together, like a clockwork safe. There was, of course, only the dimmest of lights, as though a match or two had been struck somewhere, but I distinguished people who had begun to stream out of their rooms in most remarkable states of dress and undress—mackintoshes, too short to cover bare feet thrust hastily into bedroom slippers; a flimsy *matinée* here; a woollen wrap there—everything imaginable (this variegated attire had already come to be known as "*costumes de cave*"); and down the stairs this assorted pageant

began to pass in a kind of matter of fact way, as though going through a fire drill for the thousandth time. I took my cue, and throwing my travelling cape around me, I joined the nocturnal procession, down the long flights which, not an hour before, I had climbed up—down to the second floor, down to the first floor, down to the *rez-de-chaussée*. I supposed, of course, that we would halt here, but, to my surprise, we passed through a narrow opening at one end of the cloisters, and descended still farther,—down little winding stone steps, the scraping of those countless bedroom slippers, “mules” and other foot-gear, making a strangely furtive yet combative sound, like an indignant protest; down we still gravitated, gathering momentum as we went, until at last, like a mountain torrent which has reached the wide lake toward which it has been leaping, we burst into the vaulted crypt where it was damp and cold and dismal enough to weaken the fortitude of the best of us, and there we all gathered, singly or in groups, while outside the raid was already well under way. I had imagined myself more or less immune to air-raids, after six months of them in London, but the fury of the Paris raids has almost obliterated the memory of those on the other side of the Channel. These Paris raids were often really terrific, though they never appeared to be terrifying to the Parisians themselves, and that night I felt that I had my baptism of air-raids, for, as luck would have it, this (to me) remote corner of Paris, was one of the centres of attack—perhaps it was my poor Gare St. Lazare at which the enemy was aiming—the stupefying detonations of bursting shells all around us, shock rapidly following shock; the sound of falling walls and splintering glass which we heard even in our crypt, made me, at least, feel that in a moment more we might well be buried alive down there, underground. That sound of walls crashing down is not pleasant at any time, for one knows but too well what it means; it is particularly unpleasant when you are shut up with many others, in a subterranean vault—for few of us would *choose* to die like rats in a hole. I never went down into that crypt again, although there were more raids that very night, and every night following, so long as the moon lasted. “Light and air are good enough for me!” I thought, and later I found I was by no means alone in this feeling. I believe that “fire drill” had become a kind of habit to many people, a disciplinary act, perhaps, or something of that sort, for if ever the people of any city set the example of an almost classic *sang-froid* in the face of the gravest dangers, it was the Parisians—every one knows *that!* Incidentally, too, that nightly descent into the crypt, at the first sound of the *alerte*, explained why I had had to wait so long at the street doors on my earlier arrival; no one had heard me—all were in the crypt at that moment! The next day I heard that there had been a pitiful toll of life in a little street just back of the hotel, and when I went out and saw the wrecked houses, with their roofs blown off, and their fronts gone; the piles of fallen stone, so high that the traffic was blocked for some time; a bed balanced crazily on the edge of a smashed-in upper story, the bedding still hanging from it as though the occupant had tried hastily to escape; chairs and tables now little better than matchwood, scattered about, or blown by the sheer force of the explosion

out into the street—when I saw all this, I realized just a little what the people of Paris were enduring. And when, night after night, the raids continued, so that at last rest appeared to be the one and only desirable thing in life, I one day said to my old concierge (he had, by the way, five sons fighting at the front):

"But you work all day, and you spend your nights piloting people down into the crypt—when do you sleep?"

"*Ah madame*," he answered, smiling, as though referring to an unimportant fact which did not interest him, "*on ne dort plus à Paris!*", and he turned cheerfully back to his dull, routine work, as though he would say: "Sleep, *hein?* What's that—bah!"

As appears to have been the experience of many others who had known Paris only in pre-War days, I found the great city changed, yet curiously much as it had always been,—in fact just what I ought to have expected. Outwardly it was gay, but what a *proud* gaiety, what a *defiant* gaiety! The real Paris has never yet worn her heart upon her sleeve. None the less, though few were permitted to see them, the wounds were there, just under the surface—could even Paris hide them? Yet, with the same indomitable courage—that courage which turned the tide of the German invasion from her very gates in 1914—she now smiled on, superbly confident, the old, radiant Paris, despite her losses, her ravages, her tears. There were unmistakable new notes though, and they forced themselves upon me as I went along the boulevards, for now I saw only old, old men and women—no, there were the young men too, but they were "*les mutilés*", mere remnants of the youth of France, and in what ancient, shabby uniforms! I asked myself where those strange outfits came from; had they been borrowed from all the museums, all over France? Were they the prized relics of 1870? Then I learned that the supply of "horizon blue" cloth was still in arrears; that the "horizon blue" uniforms were kept only for those who could still fight, the *mutilés* took what could be spared them. And cheerfully they went about the streets—the youth of France—tattered and worn, yet with that superbly confident, defiant air; whistling as they limped, blind, yet singing lustily; and as they passed, children would stop their play to watch this pageant of wounded, crippled youth. All the youth of France—holding the line in the trenches, or sent to the rear, maimed and broken (yet how unbroken!); all the youth of France—dying in hospitals, or out there alone on the wind-swept battlefields, or already dead on the Field of Honour; all the youth of France—from the age of nineteen up—and only old, old men and women left! And those women? What thousands of black-swathed widows I saw! Yet they too carried their heads high; they too were proudly confident—the old notes and the new notes, and everywhere the immortal spirit of France.

Though Paris was still radiant by day, however, after the sun had gone down there were shadows, nothing but shadows, and far blacker than London had ever seen, for even though in the interval between air-raids some of the street lamps were still burning, the glass protecting them had been heavily painted

blue, the result being eerie and depressing. Everything looked strange in this unnatural light, and it was with difficulty that you recognized your surroundings, familiar though they were. As you came upon the Place de la Concorde it seemed like a bottomless, round pit, and if you ventured to cross it, it was more than likely that you lost your way. The splendid Pont de la Concorde and Pont Alexandre III, where in the old days, the brilliant lighting had made them look as though perpetually celebrating some national festival, were now like dark bands of *crêpe* stretched sorrowfully over the river. The Champs-Élysées appeared uninviting, impenetrable,—wherever you went you felt that you had almost to grope your way.

Going out at night was often little less than pure adventure, yet no one seemed to hesitate if he had anything to take him abroad. One evening I had to go on business in the direction of the Châtelet, and wishing to revisit some of my old haunts, I started early to wander along the *quais*, on the left bank of the river—they at least would not be changed, I hoped. To my joy, there were the same ramshackle book stalls, as always miraculously tidy, despite their wild assortment of old prints and books; there were the same old women guarding them; there were the same incorrigible book-lovers, poring over worm-eaten volumes, their shiny, threadbare coats hanging on thin, bent shoulders, old men who could not fight, old books which perhaps only they were wise enough to love. Yet there were others looking at them too, handling them with understanding and affection—the ever-present *mutilés*; groups of youngsters in those shabby, antique uniforms, who, I found on speaking to them, had been students at the Sorbonne. They, too, were revisiting old haunts. And close by, the green Seine flowed smoothly and silently on—I always feel that perhaps no other river in the world carries with it so many long-forgotten secrets. Looking over the embankment wall, I saw the same assiduous fishermen, with their long rods held patiently during hours of waiting (have they ever, through the years, caught so much as a minnow, I wonder?); their meditative backs, broad and immovable as they always have been—certainly this Quarter was not much changed. Following along the river's edge, looking always for the old notes blended with the new, I crossed to the other side, over the Pont Neuf—there, where Henri IV rides gallantly toward Notre-Dame—and once I had reached that enchanted region, how could I make a choice from among the old, dear places? Time favoured me, perhaps, for it was short; darkness was closing in, and I had to keep the tryst which had brought me to this neighbourhood. My business appointment lasted for some time, and returning again into the streets, I found that night had come. I had intended to get home by the "*Métro*", but as I was approaching the Louvre station, hoping on the way to glimpse some of the familiar landmarks, the *alerte* broke short my meditations. No use aiming for the *Métro* now, since it always closed its doors during a raid; all buses and trams were also stopped, and the only taxis or broken-down *fiacres* which came in sight, hurried past, full of home-faring occupants. Nothing to do but to walk—several miles! I hastened along the Rue de Rivoli, therefore, thinking that if the

worst came to the worst, I could at least have the protection of its generous arcades, but as I went I began to notice that there were still many people who, like myself, had been caught in the streets; I noticed too, that many of them seemed to be in no particular hurry to go home—no doubt they disliked crypts as much as I did. So, while the sirens continued to wail (the enemy was still some distance off) I slackened my pace, and strolled on in a more leisurely fashion. The dismal blue street lamps had, of course, been extinguished at the first sound of the *alerte*, and as I passed out of the gloomy shadow of the Louvre, turning in toward the Tuileries Gardens, I saw them stretching pale and lovely in the light of a great, round moon; the pebble-covered paths, and wide, clear spaces gleaming like liquid crystal—a strange, almost diaphanous effect. The Arc du Carrousel loomed phantom-like behind me, and a feeling of intense expectancy was in the air. Then I saw that many people had begun to gather there in little groups, and approaching them, I saw that they were gazing skyward, in the direction from which the sound of the guns was coming; but the sudden glow of a cigarette, a jest and a low laugh, made me realize that this was the way the Parisians were being “intimidated” by the Germans. As the enemy crept stealthily toward us, out of the black distance into which we could not see, it was really a marvellous sight, for the brilliant, upward-trailing flashes from the anti-aircraft guns, the great sweep of the searchlights, cut sharply across the night sky, and then, far, far up among the stars we began to see tiny, moving, gleaming things, like swiftly-moving stars, as the searchlights “picked them up”. The French planes were among them, for the heavy “*ron-ron*” of the Gothas, and the quicker pulsing of our aircraft, were easily distinguishable, though the illusive, shifting lights themselves gave us no clue to their own special identity. We watched them all sweeping onwards; we saw them seemingly drawing to a common centre, and we knew that attackers and defenders were locking for a fearful struggle at that stupendous height. Again they separated as though, antagonists being chosen, the challenge to mortal combat had been given. They could be seen making wild flights, gigantic curves, then swooping, soaring, two or three together, in a desperate entanglement; courage pitted against courage, almost certain death as a reward. We saw the quick, sharp blaze of the aerial guns; we began to hear the long-familiar sound of falling bombs; then a distant speck of light came threading its lonely way aloft among the stars, more bombs were dropped, but suddenly, turning in a wide, reckless sweep, it fled hurriedly back in the direction from which it had come, followed by a plane in hot pursuit—perhaps the anti-aircraft guns had reached it. The battle raged on; no slackening of it yet. Then, from opposite sides of the heavens, two flaming sparks hurled themselves at each other with fearful velocity, till they crashed together in a death-grip, and even from that immeasurable distance, I almost thought I heard the echo of a terrific shock. The horror followed, for out of the wide serenity of the star-strewn heavens, almost across the face of the white moon, one tiny star came falling, falling—one tiny, helpless star, separating itself from the million millions all about it. Down, down and ever down it fell, in a frightful, silent,

agonizing descent; whirling, turning, plunging to its destruction. We could not tell whether it was French or German, but while that titanic fall took place, few had time to guess. I heard a low murmur of voices all about me, and then a tense, most painful silence followed, while somewhere, way beyond our reach, we knew that at least two brave men had met an awful death. Slowly, slowly the enemy was pushed back; one by one those swift-moving lights scattered again and disappeared—that night attack was ended; but as we who had been watching it, dispersed, I heard a woman's voice exclaiming: "Oh, pray God they were Germans!"—but no one answered, because no one knew.

My last day had come, and I determined to spend the latter half of it in a place well known to me. There are certain sequestered spots in France to which I have always been peculiarly attracted. One of these is a nameless, crooked little street which winds dreamily past a grey, almost shadow-hidden church, in a forgotten corner of old Paris—forgotten, at least, by those with modern preferences. It is an unpretentious street which, at certain hours of the day, and always at night, seems to be dozing peacefully, dreaming of the past. Many a time, in the tranquil days before the War, I have wandered there—always that particular corner of old Paris has drawn me, though I have never quite known why. But my quiet street was not always sleeping, for I have seen it when it has been very gay indeed; very busy with its humble occupations; very wide awake with its simple human interests, and often I have lingered to chat with those who lived there. At certain hours it has been thronged with busy housewives, their "fish net" bags on their arms, wrangling over high prices at awning-covered stalls, piled high with fruit and vegetables; children just home from school, their pinafores awry, would race happily over the rough and broken pavement, little sabots clip-clopping, school bags aswing; or an aged crone, sitting in the sunshine outside her modest shop, her crisp, white *coiffe* above a tanned and wrinkled face, her deft fingers busy with her needles, knitting, would be ready enough for a gossip with a passing stranger; while a savoury smell from a *marmite* would suggest a happy family life—father and mother and children gathered around a table. No one in this humble street was rich; no one was really poor; all were content. But as I passed sadly along it now, what changes I saw! Many of the little shops were closed; one on a corner, where often I had made purchases, had been demolished by a bomb, and when I asked what had become of the man who owned it, I was told that he had been killed at the front during the first weeks of the War, and that when, later, the fatal bomb had fallen, most of his family had been buried in the ruins. There was no blackbird in a wicker cage outside a well known door, near which I used to loiter—I missed the low, sweet note that always made me think of summer woods and flowers; my aged crone, with her wrinkled, kind old face, and her busy, busy fingers, was long since dead—who was there left to give the simple news of this most simple neighbourhood?

I knew, however, that not far off something beautiful was waiting (unless the War had already ruined it), and I recalled the time that I had first dis-

covered it, drowsing in the happy sunshine of an early spring—so many years ago! As I had sauntered one day, along my tiny, crooked street, suddenly I came upon a high, rude wall, in which there was a scarcely-to-be-noticed little door. I pushed it gently open, creaking on its time-worn, rusty hinges, and there before me stretched a small garden, hushed and cool; a mystery-garden—no doubt the joy, in former days, of some ancient family with a long, long past. From the hot, outer pavement I had stepped across the narrow threshold, and without a moment's preparation, had entered another world. In this wide, sunlit enclosure, with the deep blue of the sky above me, and the crocus-covered grass under my feet, how easy it was to forget that another world was just outside! For many years I came here, and always I found that same hush, that stillness. Nothing ever appeared to be tended in this little garden, yet year by year, as I returned, the rainbow-tinted crocuses had sprung again to life in misty clouds; over there, where the sunlight was not quite so warm, dusky violets dyed the edges of the little lawn; later would come the gold and purple iris—lilies of France! Tall, ancient poplar trees, straight and soldierly, and shimmering in the slanting light, never failed to whisper a welcome as I entered, while from the thick ivy, covering the walls of the old, enclosing houses, birds twittered busily—they only had no time for strangers—and a sudden rush of little wings was almost the only sound to break across the deep, cool silences. Beyond a stone fountain, in the centre of the little lawn, and just under the crumbling figure of a standing saint, secure in a faded, blue shrine, high arched and faintly starred, an antiquated stone seat, green with moss, invited all wanderers to come and rest. Years ago I had found this secluded garden—but what changes had passed over it! Much that had been lovely and sequestered was now gone; and instead of the happy twitter of the birds, I heard the busy whir of machinery pouring from half-open windows, and people coming and going noisily, intent only upon their work; loud voices echoed across the garden spaces, which once had been so still. The past was quite forgotten (or so for the time it seemed), and only an intense and throbbing present was now felt. The ancient saint still smiled benignly from his blue, starred niche; the shimmering poplars seemed to whisper consolation—but had anyone the eyes and ears for these things now? It was Wartime, and all France was eagerly forging her defences. The drowsy past would no doubt one day return, but *now* there was grim work to do. I knew that I would not have had it otherwise, yet with a saddened heart I turned away.

It was toward evening, and as I left my little garden (where, for all the noise and bustle, a shadowy memory of its peace seemed still to linger, like a perfume); as I passed out through the little, creaking doorway, into the narrow street, I heard the low and mellow sound of bells, and I saw some women hurrying toward the neighbouring church. I followed them, and in the twilight of its old interior—a twilight broken by the soft gleam of candles—I saw that many people, mostly women, had already gathered, and that they were kneeling and at prayer. I took my place among them, though well toward the rear, strangely moved by the rapt attention of that little company. There

was no sound to break the reverent stillness, and though time passed, there seemed to be no thinning of the ranks, for I noticed that as some went noiselessly out, others slipped as quietly in to replace them. Several hours went by; evening had long deepened into night, but that silent vigil seemed to have no end. The tall, waxen tapers, lighted by loving hands for the recovery of the severely wounded, for the souls of the departed, burned steadily, the warm glow penetrating to the farthest corner, into the dimmest spaces, touching bowed heads or up-turned, tear-stained faces. I could not tear myself away; those women, praying so desperately for the men they loved, were of the very heart of Wartime Paris; those mute but resolute appeals were what they had to offer. Then, suddenly, into the silence the *alerte* came sharply sounding, but no one moved. The thunder of the barrage commenced, the crashing of many guns shaking the stone floor under our very feet, but that true-hearted little band prayed on, unflinchingly. Were they not sharing with their men a small part of the danger? Once in a while, above the tumult, a single voice would rise as though someone in an agony of intercession were praying with deeper fervour—otherwise, only the sound of guns, and the shock of fallirg bombs. That air raid swept over us like a mighty tempest, and when at last it ended, midnight had come and gone. Reluctantly I rose; I had a long way to go before I could reach home, but it seemed faithless indeed, to leave those faithful souls. As quietly as I could, I went toward the door, and passing through it, I met some other women who were about to enter. Stopping, I spoke to one of them.

"Tell me," I said, "do you always keep vigil here? If you women are at work from morning until evening; and if again you pray from evening until morning—when do you sleep?"

"*Ah madame,*" she answered wistfully, "with our husbands in the trenches, would you then have us sleep, while they are fighting? *Mais non, madame,*" she added simply, "*à Paris on ne dort plus.*"

Then quietly she passed into the little church, to take her place among the other women; and turning homeward, I left them there.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTION 5—PART V, SECTION 12

YAJNAVALKYA AND MAITREYI

THE story of Yajnavalkya and Maitreyi has already been told, earlier in this book of wisdom, but the present version is fuller and there is some variation in details, though not in the general significance of the episode. Here, as so often, the story is told in order to introduce the dialogue concerning divine things; when the dialogue has been completed, the story is forgotten or left unfinished. One is even inclined to think that Katyayani, the younger and less philosophical of the two wives—who were probably two pupils—of Yajnavalkya, was invented in order to give a motive to the dialogue. Once she has led to the introduction of the motive, the division of Yajnavalkya's wealth, Katyayani is dropped and forgotten; she does not reappear elsewhere. It is quite possible that the setting of the story—Yajnavalkya's coming departure and the proposed division of wealth—is designed only to introduce Maitreyi's question, "If all this earth full of riches were mine, should I thereby become immortal?" Detachment from the desire of possessions is a condition of the first steps in wisdom; and indeed the resolution of Yajnavalkya to go forth into "the homeless life" has precisely this significance, as it had in the Buddha's Order. Exactly the same principle is illustrated by the words of the Western Master: "How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" which is the consciousness of the divine Self.

The underlying principle is that we should behold the divine Self in all beings, and all beings in the divine Self, for, since the divine Self is the Real, the one reality, to that divine Self all beings owe whatever they possess of reality and of worth. Therefore, "not for love of the husband is the husband dear, but for love of the divine Self is the husband dear." In terms of Western spiritual thinking, one might say that the disciple loves those who are dear to him because he loves his Master, and loves them in the Master.

Yajnavalkya, seeking to awaken in Maitreyi the intuition of the divine Consciousness, comes back again and again to the thought that this inner, divine Self is the one reality, to be seen inwardly, to be heard inwardly, to be thought on inwardly, to be meditated inwardly. But Maitreyi declares that she does not understand; that her teacher has caused her to fall into confusion. The reason of her confusion would seem to be, that she has tried to understand with the mind, rather than realize with the heart. The cure for her will be fuller meditation, the brooding of the mind, which leads to wisdom.

At the close of the dialogue Yajnavalkya departs. We hear no more of

Katyayani or of the division of his possessions. They have played their part in setting the story going.

Regarding the remainder of what is translated here, two things should be borne in mind: that the sentences which follow are fragments of instructions for disciples; and that we must meditate on them, if we would discover their meaning. That meaning is intentionally hidden beneath the surface, though not very deeply hidden. Just as, in the first fragment, the threefold children of the Lord of beings solve their problems by intuitional meditation, so we may find the deeper meaning hidden in these sentences. To begin with, the threefold command, self-conquest, generous giving, compassion, is equally binding upon us.

In this story, we are in presence of three degrees of spiritual life. The Powers of darkness are not necessarily "evil", or they could not comprehend compassion. Evil arises only when the perverse will of man is combined with natural powers. The forces of dissolution are used when we dissolve wrong thoughts. Through the dissolution of egotism a place is made for compassion.

The syllables of the Sanskrit words *Hridayam*, "Heart", and *Satyam*, "Real", are used as mnemonics for the use of disciples. Here, as elsewhere in these teachings, the Heart is the inner, spiritual nature, the spiritual man, whose consciousness is expanding toward complete identification with the divine Self. The special lesson is the threefold nature of the spiritual man.

The fragment beginning, "That, verily, is That", may be thus elucidated: The Eternal, verily, is and remains the Eternal; this world, verily, is in essence the Eternal, the Real, since it is an emanation, a manifestation, of the Real, and, apart from the Real, has no existence. In practical terms, spiritual law enters into, and governs, every least detail of our lives. This manifested world came into being, not directly, from the Eternal, but through the intermediate stage of the Logos, who is here called the First-born of the Eternal.

Again, the Waters of Space, which were in the beginning, are the symbol of the universe as at once Space and eternal Motion, the everlasting waves of motion moving through infinite space. The modern view, which holds that every form of "matter" is really the manifestation of wave-motion, closely approaches this ancient thought.

The saying that the first and last syllables of Being are the Real, and that in the midst is falsehood, is a graphic way of describing the psychical world between the spiritual reality of the divine world and the natural reality of the physical world: the psychic mirror reflects both what is above and what is below; it is a world of reflection.

When we are told that the Spirit in the Sun and the Spirit in the right eye are correlated, we are again in presence of a luminous symbol: the Sun is the Logos, "the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings", the Solar Disc of Egypt; the right eye is the symbol of spiritual consciousness and perception, which is a ray of the Logos. Later, we have the symbol "Day", the "Day-spring from on high", once again the Logos.

The likening of the Spirit in the inner Heart to a grain of rice, a grain of

barley, has its parallel in the likening of the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard seed; the dim star of spiritual consciousness expands and grows till it becomes the infinite Light.

In the simile of the cow as the Logos we have a symbol which is still living in India; the bull, as the positive side of the Logos, takes us to Egypt once more; for the symbols are universal, and they constitute the "mystery language".

The "fire common to all men" is every activity of the natural man, from the vital heat of the body to the emotional life which is the motive of his experience. Food in its wider meaning is experience; and in its cosmic sense, it is what we call "matter", the basis of all outer experience.

Then follows a symbolic representation of the experience of the soul after death, passing through what has been called *Kamaloka* and entering into *Devachan*, the paradise of rest before rebirth. In the view of these teachings, sickness and death are not calamities but "supreme austerities", that is, spiritual experiences, for the purification of the soul.

The same lesson is taught in the story of Pratridda and his father. The Eternal is not abstract Spirit alone, as it is not concrete Matter alone; it is manifested as Spirit and Matter interacting. The son suggests that a knowledge of this truth is enough for salvation, but his father tells him that something more is needed, namely, Renunciation, *Virama*, which is once more taught by a Sanskrit mnemonic.

THE DIVINE SELF AS THE SUPREME TREASURE

It happened that Yajnavalkya had two wives, Maitreyi and Katyayani. Of these two, Maitreyi was possessed of the word of the Eternal, while Katyayani had such wisdom therein as is natural to women. Now the time had come for Yajnavalkya to pass onward into the next period of life. So Yajnavalkya spoke thus:

Maitreyi, I am about to go forth as a religious wanderer from this station of life. Therefore let me make a final disposition of my wealth with thee and with Katyayani here!

Maitreyi said: If, my lord, all this earth full of riches were mine, should I thereby become immortal?

Yajnavalkya said: Not so! not so! As is the life of those who have great possessions, so would thy life be. But there is no hope of immortality through riches!

Maitreyi said: What should I do with that whereby I may not become immortal? But what my master knows, that declare thou to me!

Yajnavalkya said: Dear, indeed, hast thou been to us, lady, but now thou hast increased thy dearness! I shall set forth the teaching to thee, and do thou meditate well on what I declare!

He said: Not, verily, for love of the husband is the husband dear, but for love of the divine Self is the husband dear.

Not, verily, for love of the wife is the wife dear, but for love of the divine Self is the wife dear.

Not, verily, for love of sons are sons dear, but for love of the divine Self are sons dear.

Not, verily, for love of riches are riches dear, but for love of the divine Self are riches dear.

Not, verily, for love of herds of cattle are herds of cattle dear, but for love of the divine Self are herds of cattle dear.

Not, verily, for love of the priest's prayer is the priest's prayer dear, but for love of the divine Self is the priest's prayer dear.

Not, verily, for love of the warrior's weapon is the warrior's weapon dear, but for love of the divine Self is the warrior's weapon dear.

Not, verily, for love of the worlds are the worlds dear, but for love of the divine Self are the worlds dear.

Not, verily, for love of the Bright Powers are the Bright Powers dear, but for love of the divine Self are the Bright Powers dear.

Not, verily, for love of the books of wisdom are the books of wisdom dear, but for love of the divine Self are the books of wisdom dear.

Not, verily, for love of beings are beings dear, but for love of the divine Self are beings dear.

Not, verily, for love of the all is the all dear, but for love of the divine Self is the all dear.

The divine Self is to be seen, to be heard, to be thought on, to be meditated on, Maitreyi! For, verily, when the divine Self is seen, is heard, is thought on, is understood, all this is understood.

The essence of prayer forsakes him who sees the essence of prayer elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The essence of power forsakes him who sees the essence of power elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The worlds forsake him who sees the worlds elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The Bright Powers forsake him who sees the Bright Powers elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The books of wisdom forsake him who sees the books of wisdom elsewhere than in the divine Self.

Beings forsake him who sees beings elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The all deserts him who sees the all elsewhere than in the divine Self.

This essence of prayer, this essence of power, these worlds, these Bright Powers, these books of wisdom, these beings, this all is the divine Self.

It is as when a drum is being beaten, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the drum, or on the drummer, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a conch shell is being blown, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the conch shell, or on him who is blowing the conch shell, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a lute is being played, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the lute, or on him who is playing the lute, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a fire is laid with damp kindling wood, smoke-clouds spread in different directions; thus, verily, from this Great Being has been breathed forth that which is the Rig Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Veda of Atharva and Angirasa, the Histories, the Ancient Books, Wisdom, Upanishads, Poems, Memorial Verses, Expositions, Commentaries, sacrifice, oblation, food, drink, this world and the world beyond, and all beings. From That, verily, all these have been breathed forth.

So, as of all waters the ocean is the place of union, so of all contacts the sense of touch in the skin is the place of union, of all odours the two nostrils are the place of union, of all tastes the tongue is the place of union, of all forms sight is the place of union, of all sounds hearing is the place of union, of all impulses of will the mind is the place of union, of all wisdoms the heart is the place of union, of all works the two hands are the place of union, of all formative powers the creative power is the place of union, of all putting forth the power which puts forth is the place of union, of all journeyings the two feet are the place of union, of all the Vedic hymns voice is the place of union.

So, as a quantity of salt has neither outside nor inside, but is altogether a mass of taste, so, verily, this divine Self has neither outside nor inside, but is altogether a sum of perceiving consciousness. From these beings having taken its rise, into them, verily, it returns. After it has departed, no perception remains behind. Thus I declare it.

Thus spoke Yajnavalkya. Then spoke Maitreyi:

My master, verily, has caused me to enter into confusion; for I, verily, do not understand this divine Self!

He replied:

Of a truth I speak not confusion. This divine Self, verily, is imperishable; it is in nature invulnerable, indivisible.

For where there is, as it were, a second, the one sees the other, the one smells the other, the one tastes the other, the one addresses the other, the one hears the other, the one thinks of the other, the one touches the other, the one understands the other. But where for him all has become the divine Self, then by what and whom should one behold? by what and whom should one smell? by what and whom should one taste? by what and whom should one address? by what and whom should one hear? by what and whom should one think of? by what and whom should one touch? by what and whom should one understand? For by what could one understand the divine Self by whom one understands all?

For the divine Self is not this, not this! it is incomprehensible, for it is not comprehended; it is indestructible, for it cannot be destroyed; it is free from attachment, for it cannot be attached; it is not bound, it trembles not, it cannot be wounded.

Whereby, verily, could one know the Knower? Thus art thou instructed in wisdom, Maitreyi. This, of a truth, is immortality!

When he had thus spoken, Yajnavalkya set forth.

Om! Complete is that world. Complete is this world. From that, this is emanated. After taking this complete from that complete, that remains complete.

Om! Radiant ether is the Eternal, the ancient ether, the ether stirred by the Great Breath! Thus of old said the son of Kauravyayani. This is the wisdom of those who know the Eternal. Through this I know what should be known.

The threefold children of the Lord of beings dwelt with their Father, the Lord of beings, in service of the Eternal: namely, the Bright Powers, the sons of men, the Powers of darkness.

After they had dwelt with Him in service of the Eternal, the Bright Powers said: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Damyata*! Conquer yourselves!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

And so the sons of men said to Him: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Datta*! Give!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

And so the Powers of darkness said to Him: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Dayadhvam*! Be compassionate!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

Therefore this divine Voice repeats as Thunder: *Da! Da! Da!* Conquer yourselves! Give! Be compassionate! Therefore this threefold command should be carried out: Self-conquest, generous giving, compassion.

This, which is the Heart, is the Lord of beings, this is the Eternal, this is the All.

The Heart, *Hri-da-yam*, has three syllables.

Hri is one syllable. His own and others also bring (*hri*) gifts to him who thus knows.

Da is one syllable. His own and others also give (*da*) to him who thus knows.

Yam is a syllable. He goes (*ya*) to the heaven-world who thus knows.

That, verily, is That. This, verily, was That, namely, the Real. He who knows that Great Spirit as the first-born, namely, that the Real is the Eternal, wins these worlds. Could he be overcome, who thus knows that this Great Spirit is the first-born, that the Real is the Eternal? For, verily, the Real is the Eternal.

The Waters (of Space) were here in the beginning. The Waters manifested the Real—the Real, which is the Eternal;—the Eternal manifested the Lord

of Beings; the Lord of Beings manifested the Bright Powers. They, the Bright Powers, make obeisance to the Real. Thus there is the trisyllable *Sa-ti-yam* (*Satyam*, Real), *sa* is one syllable, *ti* is one syllable, *yam* is one syllable. The first and last syllables are the Real; in the midst is falsehood. And this falsehood is comprehended on both sides by the Real and shares the being of the Real. Falsehood injures not him who thus knows.

What the Real is, that sun also is. The Spirit within the circle (of the sun) and the Spirit who is in the right eye, these two are correlated to each other. Through his rays that (Spirit in the sun) is correlated with this (Spirit in the right eye); through the life-breaths this is correlated with that. When he is about to ascend (at death), he beholds that circle pure; these rays no more come to meet him.

The Spirit who is in this circle (of the sun)—his head is *Bhur* (Earth); there is one head, this is one syllable. *Bhuvar* (Midworld) is his two arms; there are two arms, these are two syllables. *Svar* (Heaven) is his standing; there are two feet, this is two syllables (*su-ar*). His spiritual significance is "Day". He slays evil and leaves it behind him, who thus knows.

The Spirit who is in the right eye—his head is *Bhur*; there is one head, this is one syllable. *Bhuvar* is his two arms; there are two arms, these are two syllables. *Svar* is his standing; there are two feet, this is two syllables. His spiritual significance is "I". He slays evil and leaves it behind him, who thus knows.

Formed of Mind, of the substance of Light, is this Spirit in the inner Heart; it is as a grain of rice or barley. This is the ruler of all, the overlord of all, who governs this whole world, whatever there is.

The Eternal is as lightning, because of radiating and dividing. Lightning divides him from evil, who thus knows that the Eternal is as lightning, for the Eternal is as lightning.

Let him make obeisance to Voice as a milch cow. She has four teats: The Invocation, the Presentation, the Salutation, the Benediction. The Bright-Powers are nourished by two teats: the Invocation and the Presentation. The sons of men are nourished by the Salutation. The Fathers are nourished by the Benediction. The Life is as the bull; Mind is as the calf.

This fire common to all men is within the man, whereby is cooked the food which is eaten. The sound of the fire is heard when the fingers are pressed against the two ears. When the man is about to go forth at death, he no longer hears this sound.

When, verily, a man goes forth from this world at death, he comes to the Great Breath. This makes a place for him like the central space in a chariot wheel. Through this he ascends.

He comes to the sun. This makes a place for him like the hollow of a drum. Through this he ascends.

He comes to the moon. This makes a place for him like the hollow of a kettle-drum. Through this he ascends.

He comes to a world where he is afflicted neither by heat nor cold. In this world he dwells for immeasurable years.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when one afflicted by sickness suffers. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when they carry the body of him who has gone forth to the forest. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when they lay the body of him who has gone forth upon the funeral pyre. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

There are some who say that the Eternal is Food. But this is not so, for without life, food is subject to decay.

There are some who say that the Eternal is Life. But this is not so, for without food, life withers and dries up.

These two Powers reach their highest state when they have entered into union.

Therefore Pratrída said to his father: What good could I do to one who thus knows, or what evil could I do him?

But his father answered, making a sign with his hand: No, Pratrída, for who has gained the highest attainment merely by identifying himself with these two?

Then his father said to him: *Vi!*—for *vi* signifies food, for all these beings have entered into food; *Ram!*—for *ram* is life, for all these beings rejoice in life.

All beings, verily, enter into him, all beings rejoice in him, who thus knows.

C. J.

Holiness is an unselfing of ourselves.—FABER.

We must condemn ourselves to death once for all, and then execute ourselves every day.—GINIAC.

HEART DOCTRINE

The "Doctrine of the Eye" is for the crowd, the "Doctrine of the Heart" for the elect.

VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

SOMEWHERE, I think it was in Amiel's *Journal*, I read: "The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect;"—and at first it seemed true, because decisions are formulated in the intellect, and the centre of consciousness of most people is kama-manasic; but reflecting further, I found myself disagreeing more than agreeing. The writer saw behind externals, truly, but he did not see far enough. His comprehensive phrase might apply, perhaps, to the outer world, the lower world,—the world of ordinary undeveloped men, who, *en masse*, are incapable of independent thought, who are not "self-moving," and who are therefore necessarily led by those powerful thinkers who impress ideas upon generations of their fellows. But for men of stature, men who have evolved above the animal stage, men who are consciously on the way to claim their heritage as Sons of God, is *intellect* the ground of their inspiration, the force that dips the balance?

Did the saints reach sainthood through their intellects? Because of their intellects? No.

Is it new ideas, striking thoughts, long-drawn debates ending in some kind of a decision, that have changed the course of my life and action? Was it, as a child, the intellectual theory of Christianity, or the appeal of Christ, that led me to turn in some measure towards religion? The answer in each instance is obvious. It was not the philosophy of Theosophy (though that is fascinating enough from the start), it was not Reincarnation and Karma, or Manvantaras or Races, nor brooches and teacups, that impelled me to join the Theosophical Movement. It was the appeal of Masters; the "Guardian Wall"; the superhuman labours of H. P. B. that cried out for successors somehow to carry on; the sacrificial death of Mr. Judge and the "vow" he "registered ages ago" to help the "Blessed Masters and Their friends hold back the awful cloud" of our Karma; and the visible and inspiring witness of those who lived consciously the Theosophic life—these were the things that *worked*, these were a succession of "decisive events" for me. And they took place in my heart. In one sense my mind hardly knew what was happening, and in these instances was no more responsible for the outcome than my eyeballs and retina through which I saw the printed words on the pages read. My intellect was a willing and reasonably ready instrument for my heart; it did not raise up its own independent head and argue, or minimize, or dissect; it was, what the intellect should be when the heart is active, a valiant coadjutor, and *negative* to the dictates of the heart.

The intellect is a reflector. To function largely in the reflector is to miss the reality reflected. Intellect, midway between higher and lower nature—between *Buddhi* and *its* reflection *Kama*—may reflect either. Most people, though they might just as well reflect *Buddhi*, train their intellect to reflect that which lies below, because that is what they are interested in, what concerns them, what they desire. By long habit they build up a congeries, or body, of thought forms, which in quality are largely, if not wholly, animal, personal, selfish, and worldly. This reflection, seeing itself as itself because it is a reflection,—because it has a vantage point from which to see what it reflects, and also can shift its ground, or turn on itself, and see itself,—rears up and says, “I am the real thing; I shall be the boss.” And looking around at other reflections like itself, it may say, “I should like to be different, but this is the way I am made, this is my God-given temperament.” When it gets extremely sophisticated, it talks about “Pure logic,” and “Scientific detachment,” and “Legal impartiality.”

But what made the intellect? What gives it the power of choice, the ability to decide? *Buddhi* and *Kama* fashioned the intellect. *Buddhi*, or its reflection *Kama*, gives it the power to choose and to make decisions;—that is, either will, or emotional desire impels the intellect to choice and to decision. *Purely* intellectual decisions are sheer compromise, and usually stultifying compromise. Weak-willed or unemotional people either ruminate or become scrupulous, enigmatic, pedantic, and the like.

To get anywhere, to achieve anything, even in a worldly sense, the intellect must be put in its place. It must be kept an instrument; and where decisive action occurs, it always does become an instrument. It may become the instrument of the emotions and the lower nature; or it may become the instrument of the will, and of the higher nature. A saint, or *chêla*, breaking through, has changed the centre of gravity from which he acts and thinks, from the emotional lower to the volitional higher part of his nature. In the midway, or transition stages, a man is (within himself) propelled by three types of forces, therefore, which he finds are already active when he wakes up to what is going on. First, and probably most prominent, the forces of his lower personal nature, with its animal wants and desires, its “natural” cravings, and its personal likes and dislikes. Second, the highest ideals which in any way appeal to him,—such as honour, patriotism, self-sacrifice, love, and so forth. These usually run counter to the lower, and need not necessarily be abstract at all;—they may appeal just because they are embodied in his Master, in his friends, or in his country. Third, the force of his intellect itself, which has been distilled throughout life, and many previous lives, from the other two, and has attained a certain measure of independent life by its self-assertion, cleverly drawing (often unobserved) new life and force from *Kama* to sustain its own position. Any good novelist, Trollope for instance, makes the rationale of this process abundantly clear.

The inmost heart is the spiritual centre of life. Its direct reflection lies in the emotional nature. The emotional nature is essentially *unrational*. Hence

the need of the intellect. The intellect is the *discriminating* instrument, but it is only the *instrument*. The principles which underlie the use of its faculties lie outside itself. It can only reflect them. And this is what often confuses people. It gives the appearance of being the real thing, without being it. Can the intellect determine the ideal?—even *an* ideal? In its last analysis, people do not *judge* with the intellect, nor even by means of the intellect. Courage is the only authority on courage. Loyalty is the only arbiter of uprightness. Goodness is the only judge of goodness. Love alone knows love.

The intellect may be a necessary medium through which a still dormant consciousness may first awake to an apprehension of courage, of loyalty, of goodness; but once that consciousness is awake, I believe that the decisive events of the world take place in the heart.

“The Mind is the great Slayer of the Real.
Let the Disciple slay the Slayer.”

Perhaps when a saint broke through, and found his Master, some would not call it, and its consequences, a “decisive event” of the world’s history,—but do we not know better? It certainly would be for most of us,—no matter how grandly we may have figured on the Screen of Time in past incarnations, or “made history.” When the Master can reach us directly, and consciously to ourselves, does that not open illimitable possibilities, including the complete reparation of past catastrophes?

Once there was a man who had an intellect, a mind, much like that of the modern Smiths and Joneses. He wanted to believe in the spiritual world, and in himself, and in his friends, and in his Teacher; but he dreaded an undefined weakness, and he was afraid, consequently, of the possibility of delusion, of being wrong. His best friend, his Teacher, on whom he chiefly relied, had, amid tumult, been killed; he had seen him die. Then, in a day or two, as he grieved, half stunned, a dozen of his group, men and women, came and told him that the Teacher was alive, that they had seen him, that he had spoken with them. *Could* they be right? Common-sense, universal experience, the best scientific knowledge and evidence, everything he had ever read, all told heavily against them. They might have been quite honestly deceiving themselves; the wish would naturally be father to the thought; the possibilities of error were innumerable; the delusions of the best of men about what they see and hear are incredible. What they told was infinitely precious to him, *if true*; and he could not risk a second disillusionment, another heart-breaking mockery of hope. He may have been obstinate, but what *proof* was there? Someone might have impersonated his Master. There were those cruel nails through hands and feet—there was the thrust of the spear. He had seen those with his own eyes, nor could he ever forget them. *They* were eternally inescapable. Then they could be his sureties! Ah,—once, once, it already seemed so miserably long ago, he had said: “Let us also go that we may die with him.” And now,—his *own* hands? his *own* feet?

That is intellect,—that is the mind slaying the real. The man was shut up in his mind, unmercifully cramped by his mind. All along, because of his very intensity in the face of what must have been great pressure from those loving women and those re-inspired ten, one feels that the man's heart was tugging at his brain; one feels a rare integrity and an heroic conscientiousness. It was not his intellect that made the decisive event of his life possible, that enabled his Master to say: "Reach hither thy finger . . ." Nor was it an intellectual formulary, but rather a burthened and overflowing heart, that prompted "My Lord and my God."

I believe that the decisive events of the world take place in the heart,—that they have taken place, and will again take place, in each man's heart, according to the measure of his true desire.

"Silence thy thoughts and fix thy *whole attention* on thy Master whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest."

SIMPLICITAS.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.

NEWMAN.

Promises cost us nothing, above all when sensible grace illumines and warms our hearts; but when, the exaltation having passed, we must put into practice our protestations of love, in the humble realities of daily life, how far we are from our ideal!

F. RENAUD.

BRUNO AND HIS FORERUNNERS

THOSE who look for the influence of Theosophy, and the evidence of Lodge activity in all the developments of human history (and to do so adds a new value to existence), naturally find a special significance in such peaks and crises in thought and life as are evidenced by the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Counter Reformation. The era of blind faith had passed; that of inquiry was in its infancy. One effort after another was evidently made by the Great Ones behind the scenes to break the grip of dogmatism and sacerdotalism and their attendant evils, and to vitalize and direct the spirituality which was present—though present rather like a chemical element in suspension. The major current of events is more or less familiar to everyone. A less known minor current is found in what might be regarded as a group of philosophers and physicists, beginning with Nicholas of Cusa, and extending down through Copernicus and Galileo to the late Renaissance school in Italy, of whom Telesio, Campanella and Giordano Bruno are the outstanding figures. As is obvious, they were not a group in the usual sense of the word—Cusa being born in 1401, Telesio just about a hundred years later, and Campanella living well into the second quarter of the seventeenth century—and no two of them had the advantage of working together; but there is a sequential relationship in their thought, and they carried on a rather definite line of attack, a campaign which accomplished far-reaching results in the breaking of old moulds and the directing of new trends of thought.

Nicholas of Cusa is a subject in himself—and a deeply worth-while subject he would doubtless be, if all material were available. H. P. B. tells of a Kabalistic account according to which he took Orders and finally became a Cardinal, in a vain effort to avoid the continual persecution resulting from his devotion to esoteric and kabalistic studies,—then finally “sought intellectual recuperation and rest from ecclesiastical tyranny in the body of Copernicus.” Each word might be underscored, suggestive as the statement is of his degree of development in occultism. Furthermore, to strike an original keynote which shall resound in exoteric work through centuries to follow, means, of necessity, no small stature; and Cusa was apparently the first in his epoch to enunciate—secretly perforce—the theories which Copernicus developed and put forward somewhat more boldly in the next century. In philosophy as well, he was the initiator of a long line of activity.

Concerning Copernicus and Galileo, little need be said, since their epoch-making work is familiar to everyone. Bernadino Telesio and Giovanni Domenico Campanella devoted themselves to the formation of an experimental science, rejecting the principle of authority which had held the intellectual world in shackles for centuries, and taking the experience of the senses as final proof. Campanella went so far as to wish to break with all previous teaching.

These two and Giordano Bruno—to some extent contemporary, and also aware of each other's work—waged an active fight against the complete subservience to Aristotelian teachings which had stifled Mediæval thought.

Except to a student of philosophy, their voluminous speculations seem dry and involved, and alike without interest or objective, unless we picture the age in which they lived. Our own generation has come to regard change, innovation, not only as a matter of course but almost as an economic necessity; and equally so, the right to think and believe as each may choose. It is difficult to place ourselves back in an age when philosophical theories and, even more, religious beliefs were prescribed in a form as definite as homeopathic pills, and where a disinclination to swallow and a desire to experiment and concoct a new diet was rewarded with imprisonment, torture, and death at the stake to the glory of God. Opposition always has a vivifying effect, of course, and in the face of such circumstances, there could but have been the glow of genuine adventure in speculations on the nature of God and his relation to his creatures, or like subjects promising wholly new and refreshing depths. Who among our own ranks, having once experienced a sudden awakening to the doctrine of the Oversoul, can lack an understanding response to the absorption of these men in the possibility of a World Soul, with all that that implied to them? What voyage of discovery, though it be to the ends of the earth, could equal the voyaging of Galileo, with his faulty telescope, and the unexplored reaches of the universe unfolding before him? What ships of Phœnicia ever brought treasures the equal of those to be mined from the teachings of ancient and long-buried philosophers—heat, or cold, or the sun, or the stars as the source of all life—especially if the possibility of occult interpretation were added?

And the speculation did not lack objective. The objective was the establishing of the dignity, the worth of the individual. If God were wholly transcendent, as many had long believed, could man be more than a puppet? If, on the other hand, God were immanent, living in and through every object that had being, what limit could there be to man's possible development, short of the Infinite? Endless were the hypotheses and many the suggestions of esoteric truths underlying them. Complex and confused as in many cases they were, there is to be seen running through them the effort to give expression to the teaching of a possible and potential Divine humanity—a clue, then, to the greatest of all adventures.

Telesio, the chief of the South Italian group, was a member of a noble family; was mainly active in Naples and Cosenza, where he founded an Academy; was engaged for thirty years in the study of Aristotle before beginning his attack on the latter's teachings, and finally published his major philosophical work at the age of eighty. (This was placed on the Index soon after his death.) Throughout his long and scholarly life, he knew how to maintain a balance between a sincere outer conformity to Church teachings, and, in private, the development of a philosophical system which was original, constructive and far reaching in its effects. His influence on Campanella was a posthumous one. The latter, learning of the similarity of their views, hastened to Cosenza in

eager anticipation, but arrived just in time to attend the funeral of the older man, whose philosophy he immediately espoused.

Campanella was one of the most spectacular figures of his time,—philosopher, poet, astrologer, voluminous writer, he had apparently real genius of a sort. In physics, psychology, religion, morals, his writings influenced and enriched the thought of his century. His extraordinary ability to win the friendship and enthusiastic support of influential men all over Europe was significant of his powerful personality—the more so, as many of them never saw him, while his position *vis-à-vis* to the Inquisition made any connection with him dangerous. Unfortunately, his defects of character are as marked as his gifts. As a rule, the lives of great men impress us not only by what they themselves do, but even more by what *we* may do with the deductions drawn from them. Campanella, on the contrary, was in large measure an unmitigatedly bad example, woefully suggestive of the Irish politician referred to in an earlier issue of the *QUARTERLY* who, when questioned as to his political leanings, engagingly replied that he *had* principles, but that he could change them. Campanella enjoyed an unwavering conviction of his own powers and of his lofty mission in life, but aside from that, his views and his doctrines were chameleon-like, putting on a new colour or a new vesture as each political star waxed and waned.

Born in Calabria (the toe of Italy), in surroundings of poverty, ignorance and superstition, he became a Dominican monk when only fourteen, and showed at a very early age remarkable intellectual capacity and prodigious learning. The date of his birth was 1568, and the last quarter of the century—always a significant period—the time of much of his activity. Somewhere about his twentieth year, he became strongly influenced by a Hebrew, Abraham by name, an astrologer, necromancer, soothsayer, spiritualist, and what-not beside. It is worthy of note that western occultists have frequently received their initial impulse toward occultism, and perhaps much of their first instruction, from chance contact with a Jew. H. P. B. states that the secret doctrine as given in the Kabala is attributable to various sources—to Abraham and Seth, or to Egypt, or to Chaldea, but that in any event, it is derived directly from the primeval Secret Doctrine of the East, through the Vedas, the Upanishads, Orpheus and Thales, Pythagoras and the Egyptians. Custodians of the highest truths, then, the Hebrews were for some centuries. It is a matter of conjecture whether they might have become the conveyors of the teaching to all mankind, had it not been for the recognized tendency of the Hebrew mind to materialize all things. Christianity—true Christianity—with its keynote of sacrifice, had a new and needed leaven to add.

Needless to say, the unorthodoxy of Campanella's interests and associates brought him early in life into conflict with the Inquisition. He possessed remarkable facility, however, in convincing his judges that the particular doctrine in question meant something other than it seemed, and was not the heresy with which he was charged. For *QUARTERLY* readers, perhaps his chief interest lies in his mishandling and perversion of certain tenets unmistakably

theosophical in origin—particularly the ideal of universal brotherhood, and the doctrine known to us as the fundamental unity of all things—and with these, the development and use of his own psychic powers. Someone has said, "This little soul of man . . . instinctively aspires, yearns to know the greater harmony, if only to render it a more perfect obedience: and it aspires, yearns, through a sense of likeness, of oneness, of sonship." Campanella was tormented by ceaseless yearning—"Combien j'ai mangé!" he wrote, "et pourtant je meurs d'inanition!" But the ideal of obedience, of likeness, of sonship was no part of his creed. He was fired with zeal to rationalize magic, rationalize astrology. He ignored, or perhaps never knew that which present-day theosophists know, that which the alchemists knew when they claimed that Christ founded a "College of Magic" among his disciples: namely, that real magic is the process of at-onement with the Divine Self. Devotion, humility, spiritual perception (the power of apprehension as opposed to comprehension) were apparently unknown to Campanella—unknown, the spirit that had led an earlier compatriot to paint while kneeling in reverence before the divine inspiration unfolding on his canvas; unknown, the spirit that led an Englishman, only a few years later, to write,

"Love is that liquor sweet and most divine
Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine."

The Gate that is in the heart, Campanella never found. Rationalizing astrology and the development of magical powers, worked out actually as the debasement and materialization of any spiritual force he may have possessed, with the inevitable consequent strengthening of ambition, vanity, self-assertion and related psychic qualities. The Movement in our own day had its self-proclaimed leader whose development was a counterpart of his, and whose career has discredited the name of Theosophy over half the civilized earth. Not without reason does *Light on the Path* place study of the laws of the supernatural *after* the laws of being and the laws of nature have been learned—after long discipline has brought the personal self under control.

In 1598, at the age of thirty, after some years in Naples, Padua and other cities of Italy, he withdrew to Calabria, ostensibly for his health. Here he decided to work out a plan for establishing a universal natural religion,—a hope which some of the most brilliant thinkers of the Renaissance had entertained. He suddenly declared himself to be a new messiah, a world legislator, the chosen of God, divinely appointed to release mankind from the yoke of tyranny, his mission greater than that of Christ himself ("to move reverently among holy things" was obviously not his wont). He began to prophesy, seeing in the stars vindication of all his claims; the end of a great cycle was approaching, kingdoms would be overturned, and, under his leadership, a new and golden age would ensue. His study of astrology supplied him with abundant and picturesque stage trappings, and after first winning a small group of followers, he wandered about preaching and prophesying among the ignorant

and superstitious peasantry, who were captivated by his prophetic mien and fiery eloquence, and flocked in his train, bringing their ailing relatives and even their animals for him to cure. The new order of things was to be a "true City of God" (!), a communistic republic, with property held in common, and other features lamentably like those in Russia to-day. Beside the peasant folk, bandits, outlaws, and apostate monks numbered themselves among his followers—not a robust band in themselves, but, as a part of his programme was the overthrow of the Spanish domination which at the moment chafed all Italy, he won the support of an Italian nobleman of considerable fortune and sincere patriotic zeal, who furnished a number of men-at-arms and a certain amount of the needed military element. Italy seemed ripe for a change, with political dissension everywhere, interminable struggles of Papacy and Bishops, and irritation of all classes against the intolerable Spanish yoke. What more fitting then, than for Campanella to stage a revolt. The Turks who preyed on the Sicilian coasts were to come (agreeing, with what alacrity is easily imagined) and aid with troops and a fleet, at the critical moment. All was finally in readiness. A banquet was spread. Campanella pledged victory. At the given hour, the Turks arrived—but, alack, Campanella and his two chief accomplices lay in a Neapolitan prison awaiting trial. The Papacy, with all its vices and its abuse of power, has more than once in its long history proved its value as an equilibrator.

This was in 1599. For twenty-seven years, until 1626, Campanella was to remain in the prisons of the Inquisition. The trial was a double one—partly on political charges, before a tribunal half lay and half ecclesiastical; and partly on a charge of heresy before an exclusively religious body. Conviction on this second charge would have meant certain death, for his early difficulties with the Holy Office left him now no margin. Torture was the final proof in all such cases, and in one of his three ghastly experiences of it, Campanella lost two pounds of flesh and twenty pounds of blood. He is said to have feigned (were dissimulation necessary!) a temporary madness, making incoherent replies to all questions, and as a result was condemned not to the stake, but to perpetual imprisonment.

As the years passed, the rigour of his confinement varied with changing rulers. During much of the time, he was in subterranean dungeons, and yet during all of the time, he wrote indefatigably. Much of his poetry, which is said to hold a high place among that of his century, was written then. His energies were chiefly devoted, however, to the furtherance of his Calabrian schemes—changed not a whit, except that the universal religion and the ideal state (no longer a republic), were henceforth to be established by the Spanish monarchy, aided by Campanella's counsels, instructions and miracles. The Calabrian fiasco he explained as the result of a momentary pride which had led him to use for his own glory the great gifts which the Holy Spirit had conferred upon him. He wrote innumerable letters to the Pope, to Cardinals, to the principal rulers and men of influence, his tone being, not that of a prisoner, not one of appeal, but of an inspired counsellor, unwaveringly and superbly

confident of himself. Where he saw a possible gain, whole books would be rewritten. Thus from the Spanish monarchy he transferred to the Hapsburgs the honour of carrying out with and for him, his divine mission. As the Hapsburg power grew less, the Papacy itself, and, still later, the King of France became the chosen instrument.

At a distance of several centuries, the story takes on the aspect of a tragedy, yet one can scarcely treat cavalierly a man, however misguided, whom his own generation rated so highly. Early in his imprisonment, two Saxon gentlemen, visitors in Naples, were thrown into the same prison for a time, on an ill-founded suspicion. Campanella converted one of them to Catholicism, won their lasting friendship, and through them the interest, intervention and attempted protection of a whole chain or network of highly influential men, including Georges Fugger, the wealthy banker of Augsburg, Gaspard Schopp, the Emperor Rudolphe, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria, later Emperor of Germany. There is apparently no indication in the pages of history, of an organization which he led or through which he worked, yet the amazing ability of this man of lowly birth, to enlist the sympathies and the active partisanship of men of highest rank and influence, far and near, is certainly suggestive of some sort of "underground" organization, theosophical or otherwise—though that is wholly in the realm of surmise. Bruno, imprisoned at the same time, possibly in a nearby cell, showed no such facility. The mystery is inexplicable. Campanella's fame spread throughout Europe. His books were taken by certain of his sympathizers and published in countries where heresy was less unpopular than in Italy. On the advice of friends, he changed once more the tenor of his writings—a new Pope at the moment, was interested in missions; Campanella became a humble penitent, anxious to atone for his sins by converting souls to Christendom. Whatever he wrote, and however often he "changed his principles", the Papal authorities maintained their attitude of suspicion. At length, the long-continued efforts resulted in his release with certain restrictions. Immediately, he entertained high hope of obtaining some consultative position connected with the Holy Office, giving him power to control religious thought and dogma. But in Rome, steadily lessening favour was his lot, and new complications finally pointed to possible re-imprisonment. It was not unnatural, now, for him to turn to France, its king having been his latest choice as head of his ideal monarchy. He left Italy secretly, in 1634; was welcomed in France by many learned men of whose sympathy he had long been assured, and spent the last years of his life quietly there, devoting his energies to the conversion of Huguenots. He died in 1639, at the age of seventy-one.

Though in the same line of succession, philosophically, and holding many views in common, no two men could have been more unlike than Campanella and Bruno. Where Campanella sought favour, Bruno offended by his independence (how rare is the strong man who can live "so that out of the strong shall come forth sweetness"). Where Campanella was actuated by expediency, Bruno gave unswerving adherence to principle. Where Campanella was weak and vacillating, a psychic counterfeit, Bruno was steel in process of tempering.

Both men possessed the gift of eloquence, and both were noted for vast learning in an age of vastly learned men.

Born in 1548, at Nola, a little village near Naples, Giordano Bruno's active work began with the last quarter of the century, and he met his tragic death at the close of the cycle, in 1600. He was the son of a soldier and in modest circumstances, and there was almost no way, at that period, to satisfy the craving for learning which he early developed, except by entering a nearby Dominican monastery—which he did when only fifteen years of age. The time which he spent in the various monasteries of the Order doubtless afforded him an opportunity to familiarize himself with many a treasure in their libraries, but it did not prove the open gateway to learning which he had anticipated. He passed his novitiate and, in due course, became a priest, but he was endowed with rare gifts, and even at this early age he saw meanings within meanings, depths which the Roman Church and the Dominican Order did not care to have plumbed. "The authority of directors," he writes, "barring worthier and higher matters, whereto he was naturally impelled, putteth his mind into fetters, so that from being free in manhood, he becometh a slave under a most vile and subtle hypocrisy." Nothing was more foreign to his nature than hypocrisy in any form. He was frank and outspoken to the point of rashness, where truth was concerned, if for no other reason than that he always assumed on the part of his hearers the same intensity of desire for Truth by which he himself was actuated. It was at a somewhat later date that he wrote, "I deem every kind of renown and conquest God's foe, vile and without a particle of honour in it, if it be not the truth; but for love of true wisdom and in the effort to reflect aright, I weary, I rack, I torment myself."

Even during his novitiate, serious trouble threatened, partly because he ventured an explanation as to what Arius had really meant in the teaching which led to the Arian controversy. This laid Bruno open to the charge of having upheld heretical doctrine; a process was drawn up, with the prospect of trial before the Inquisition and subsequent imprisonment or worse. For this reason, Bruno left his monastery, about 1576, and in a short time discarded his habit as well. Then began sixteen years of homeless wandering,—years of splendid fighting against dogmatism, narrow-minded prejudice and fierce intolerance.

Quite aside from the matter of orthodoxy, it is a question how long his soaring spirit and powerful intellect could have remained cramped within the limits set by mediæval monastic authority. His was not the monastic temperament—the simple and devout monk, rapt in the love of a personal God. Instead, he was a metaphysician of a high order, distinctly God-inspired. Two passages from his own writings are pertinent in this connection, the second indicating also what intellectual activity means to such a nature as his. "There are two kinds of ecstasy which may be reached by the divinely transported: there is the abstraction of passive mystics, who, usually, are ignorant folk, 'into whom the divine sense enters as it were into an empty

room'; and there are those who are filled with intellectual ardour, which spurs them to constructive activity, 'so that, by rational process, the spirit becomes godlike in contact with its divine object.' 'The first kind *possess* more dignity, power and efficacy in themselves; the second kind *are* worthier, more powerful and efficacious, and are divine. The first are worthy as is the ass who bears the sacraments; the second are as a sacred thing.' " "The intellectually disposed will discover no abiding home in the transitory world of sense or in ordinary piety; only by the exercise of intellect, which is a divine passion, shall these find anchorage for the soul. Such as would purify the will, sprout 'wings to the soul',—they already possess the divine spirit they seek after, and so are at once the lover and the loved; and their love shall enable these undaunted heroes to pass through suffering (which is no other than a golden spur), become spectators of Infinite Power and Act, and be at one, not indeed with the innermost being of God, but with God in the highest manifestations of his mind. The innermost being of God is not reached, even by the mystic."

Inspired by that intellectual ardour spurring to constructive activity, Bruno certainly was. A man of torrential force, volcanic fire, and splendid fighting qualities, fearless to the point of recklessness, thirsting for truth and headlong in his pursuit of it, he suggests in many ways the characteristics of Madame Blavatsky. Like her too, he did the work of shock troops, or of a battering ram—the unenviable task of the breaking of moulds.

The account of Bruno's wanderings is of considerable interest as a cross-section of the life of the time—first in Italy, the centre of culture and refinement; next over the Alps, into districts where even the use of a fork was almost unknown; to Lyons, then to Geneva, Toulouse, Paris and London; a second visit to Paris, and from there to Germany, where he passed from one German State to another, one university town to another, and finally, on to Venice and his betrayal to the Inquisition. Colourful, however, as were his experiences in their reflection of the variegated life of the day, his story is of far more compelling interest as a revelation of the intensity and the multiplicity of forms which intolerance and dogmatism may take,—an aspect which, in view of the fundamental theosophical principle of tolerance, must appeal particularly to members of The Theosophical Society. In Italy at this period, correspondence with heretics was an offence which could throw the culprit into the hands of the Inquisition. Books favourably mentioning a heretic (and this Bruno did more than once, in return for royal patronage), were placed on the Index. Residence in heretical countries was forbidden except by special permission.

Bruno had been forced to leave Italy as a result of seeing inner meanings in the teachings of the Roman Church. In Geneva, he found a hotbed of Calvinism, but here, as in Catholic countries, no least departure from the judgments of Aristotle was tolerated. Bruno, whose masterly knowledge of Aristotelian philosophy made that his special province, printed in Geneva a pamphlet accusing one of the Pastors of the Church of twenty distinct blunders.

Bruno and his printer were seized and brought before the governing Board. Bruno "paid the penalty on his knees"; was threatened with the equivalent of excommunication, which—though he had not adopted the Calvinist faith—carried with it great inconvenience in a small and bigoted community, and finally was given the choice of leaving the city or of adopting its religion. His sojourn here had lasted about two months.

In many localities during that period, the bare necessities of life could be obtained on almost no other terms than by adopting the dominant religion, whether Catholic or Protestant. Bruno turned his hand to whatever he could find; he read proof, taught grammar to children, taught astronomy, then called the "Sphere"—a popular study among adults; taught a memory system which he evolved, and which appealed strongly to certain types of mind (the effect being heightened, no doubt, by his own phenomenal memory). His profession, however, was that of lecturer on philosophy, and many universities permitted no one to lecture unless he attended Mass, while for Bruno, now an apostate, Mass was forbidden. Years later, in his trial before the Inquisition, he declared that he had always abstained from the sacrament, knowing that he was excommunicated as a result of abandoning his Order and his habit.

In general, his method seems to have been to announce his arrival by posters or other means, declaring his name and his profession. In many cases he then gave public lectures, independently—in Paris a course on St. Thomas Aquinas brought him into prominence; at Oxford he lectured on the immortality of the soul and on the "Quintuple Sphere" (both of which were suppressed). His lectures were crowded; evidently his fire and ardour were contagious, though they often aroused strife. In some cases he was elected to a professorship by the students; in others, depending on the custom of the university, it was offered by the faculty, but all too often the question of attendance at Mass stood in his way. In Paris, he was offered a Chair, probably in the Cambrai, now the Collège de France. Prevented from accepting, for the same reason, he had the odd fortune to interest the King, Henry III, in his memory system. He dedicated to the monarch a book on the subject, and was rewarded with an "Extraordinary Lectureship", with a salary.

Such favourable circumstances could not last long. He was ever incautious and untactful; his attacks on the Aristotelian system were regarded as attacks on orthodox religion. He soon moved to England. Here again one finds a vivid picture of the life of the time: Oxford, its dignitaries, and a public disputation on Aristotle, followed by scathing denunciation of manners and customs and lack of learning, Bruno calling it the "widow of true knowledge so far as philosophy and mathematics are concerned." (He looked down on many of the so-called learned men of his day as soulless pedants, and often with reason.) Or again, London, the London of Elizabeth, where Bruno was jeered at and even threatened by tradesmen and street loungers because of his foreign appearance, yet where breadth of thought in certain

directions was such that he could, with impunity, openly attack Protestantism, by which he was always repelled. Here he spent two unusually quiet and happy years in the household of the French Ambassador to England, Michel de Castelnau, going with him to Court, possessing some degree of friendship with men like Sir Philip Sydney and Fulke Greville, and publishing a number of books. Elizabeth's patronage of all things Italian enabled him to employ that language in his published works, and he was one of the first to write in a modern tongue on such subjects as philosophy and science. This period was terminated by Castelnau's return to France.

An incident which followed is perhaps worth relating as a contrast in customs between that day and this. Bruno invited "the Royal Lecturers and everyone" to a dispute or debate at Cambrai, in which he attacked seven errors of Aristotle. In closing, he hurled a challenge at his audience, which was met at first with silence. One wonders what that silence held: was it cold disapproval; were his hearers startled, awed into momentary speechlessness; were some, perchance, hesitant, "almost persuaded"? Then the cudgels were taken up, but by a youth, one of the students, who in turn challenged Bruno. One can imagine the lecturer, his impetuous manner, his tumultuous ideas, the crowding audience, the tense atmosphere—our modern age views great issues with such calm complaisance, such easy indifference! But it was beneath the dignity of a former professor to take up the challenge of a student. Bruno attempted to withdraw from the room. Instantly there was turmoil; rough hands were laid on the offender, angry students asserting that the aspersions on Aristotle were an insult to them as Christians. Shortly afterward, Bruno left Paris. Before going, he took steps with a view to re-entering the Church, without re-entering the Dominican Order. Several Church dignitaries were consulted, but with no better reply than that they could not absolve him from apostasy. It is significant of the trend of events that a contemporary diary, commenting on the books which Bruno was publishing, referred to him as "a philosopher who is more subtle than is good for his safety." From Paris, he went to Germany, for the most part with the same ill fortune, though one or two German towns proved a notable exception to the general intolerance. Marburg, the first University to which he now turned, forbade him to teach philosophy publicly—Marburg was Protestant and Bruno had announced himself as a "doctor in Roman theology": that was enough. Throughout his wanderings, Protestant centres rejected him because of his catholicism, Catholic centres because of his unorthodoxy, and everyone because of his attitude toward Aristotle,—and this in spite of the fact that he fully recognized Aristotle's greatness, though regarding subservience to the philosophy as a bar to human progress.

Gradually, Bruno had been evolving and perfecting his own philosophical system. While he ceaselessly attacked existing moulds, he had no desire, so far as the established Church was concerned, to be an innovator and to establish a new belief. Like many another son of the Church, he hoped to transform the Catholic faith, purging it of superstitions and of rigid dogmas, many

of which, he claimed, the ecclesiastical authorities themselves either misunderstood or misinterpreted. But the main body of teachings, the religion of the mass of the people, he believed must be maintained, as he recognized its dogmas as adumbrations of truth. His own interpretations he aimed to withhold from the masses, and disclose only to those who possessed understanding. "Men not less learned than religious have never obstructed philosophic freedom, and true, politic and experienced thinkers have supported religions; for both the one and the other know that faith is necessary for the organization of rude folk, who require government, and that ratiocination is for the thoughtful who can govern themselves." Accordingly, he was always convinced of the true catholicity of his own beliefs, and that, had he but access to the learned heads of the Faith, he could convince them of the soundness of his position and be restored to the Church. Frequently he makes the distinction between philosophy and faith, "speaking like a Christian and according to theology", and "speaking after the manner of philosophy"—maintaining that, on this basis, widely divergent views could be advocated simultaneously and compatibly, a point which met with little sympathy from his judges later on.

To attempt to give even a résumé of his philosophy in the short scope of an article, would be rather like trying to pour the ocean into a cup. The two aspects of it that are most pertinent are the theosophical elements which relate him to the Movement, and his speculations in the field of natural science. In his early work he adopted much from Neo-Platonic sources, particularly the doctrine of emanations, and showed their influence to some extent throughout his life. In addition to a masterly knowledge of Aristotle, and familiarity with the works of the Church Fathers, which doubtless were a part of his monastic training, he read the Arabian thinkers, Avicenna, Averrhoes, Algazel. These he turned to primarily, no doubt, for their commentaries on Aristotle; but the numerous avenues of thought which their works would open up, at once become apparent, as is also the case with Avempace and the Spanish Jew, Avicbron. He knew Hebrew, and it is natural to wonder whether the vast lore of the Kabala may not have come to him in this way. From Pico della Mirandola and similar writers, he gathered what they could give of the Chaldean, Assyrian, Persian, Indian and Egyptian teachings. Paracelsus was another whom Bruno studied and admired, and also Ramon Lull and Albertus Magnus, with particular reference to the latter's book on alchemy. Throughout his life, he seems to have been interested in alchemy and in occult phenomena, and at his trial he stated frankly that, while he had never studied the subject, he was about to make a study of judicial astrology. However, for conjuration, incantation and the like, he had the utmost contempt. Phenomena, magic, miracles, meant to him natural results, due to natural causes which we do not as yet recognize or comprehend, but which may be discovered eventually.

The Absolute—that is, God transcendent—he regarded as the special province of theology or revelation. It was the immanence of God, and the

contemplation of God-immanent-in-Nature, which became the central idea in Bruno's thought, and the main impetus of his life. "Once intellectual love is aroused, nothing else will really satisfy. We are indeed bound to the body, and restricted by our vegetative life; but our proper activity is, in ceaseless strife, to contemplate the divine object, whereby we shall bear even the most terrible of life's evils with unshaken mind. . . . Man 'becomes a god through intellectual contact with that transcendent object, and has no thought but of divine things, and shows himself insensible and unmoved by that which ordinary men feel most of all; but, through love of the divine, he disdains all other enjoyments and takes no thought of life.' "

In the study of nature and of natural science, he found not only an approach to God, but actual first-hand experience. "The flaming bodies of space are the messengers of God, declaring his excellent glory and majesty. Thus our vision is enlarged to behold the infinite effect of the infinite Cause, and we are taught to seek the divinity not far off but closer to us than we are to ourselves." To his investigations in natural science, which were of course made immeasurably difficult because of the attitude of the period toward such matters, he brought the valiant spirit of the pioneer. "The task is not impossible though hard. The craven must stand aside. Ordinary, easy tasks are for the commonplace and the herd. Rare, heroic and divine men overcome the difficulties of the way and force an immortal palm from necessity. You may fail to reach your goal. Run the race nevertheless. Put forth your strength in so high a business. Strive on with your last breath."

It was the theory of Copernicus (who died five years before Bruno was born) which first led Bruno to turn from Aristotelian teaching. In a measure, it was Copernicus, too, who led to his investigations of nature, for, once having accepted the heliocentric theory, Bruno was quick to go far beyond it. Aristotle had taught that nature is bounded by the outer sphere of the fixed stars, and that this is moved by God as prime mover, in a uniform circle round the earth. After all one's forebears for centuries past had walked on an earth which was the centre of the universe, and had had Biblical assurance of various cosmological facts such as Joshua's manipulation of the sun, it must have been distinctly dislocating to learn that the sun never had done other than stand still, but that all else was gyrating through space, and through a space which, in its turn, grew from a comfortable size to infinite proportions.

The method used by the Lodge at this period is notable. To some extent the work of Copernicus had been anticipated by Cusa in the preceding century, but at that time, to have promulgated such doctrine openly would have been suicidal. Unsafe it was still, in Copernicus' day. It was not until his life was ending that he published his conclusions, and there is the well-known story of the volume being given to the dying man too late for him to learn that his printer—fearing the consequences of publication—had altered the preface and stated that the contents were mere hypothesis and should be regarded as such. The work of both Copernicus and Bruno was of a nature

to reach the learned, and as the so-called learned of that day rejected and suppressed it, it might well have been lost, and that century's effort toward the liberation of mankind have been made in vain. Then, by a skilful counterplay, so to speak, came the work of Galileo (born 1564). Somewhere off in space—Holland, to be exact—there had been invented a little pocket telescope which was within the reach of the masses and had aroused popular interest. Galileo adopted this instrument, improved upon it, enlarged its range, and with his own hands manufactured hundreds of them, which were in demand all over Europe. Incidentally, he examined with its aid a new star which appeared at this time, and also studied the moon, with startling results. His *acceptance* of the Copernican theory belonged to an earlier date, but open championship now followed, in the face of inevitable opposition and persecution. Galileo possessed the qualities of a good fighter, and life gave him abundant opportunity to employ them. He took the stand that "Holy Writ is intended to teach men to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go." He himself, as is well known, was tried by the Inquisition and bound to silence; but he and his adherents, both by the nature and methods of his investigations and by writing in the vernacular, had given the teaching to the masses, disclosing to them the fact that such knowledge does exist, that the foundations of centuries of dogmatism were insecure, perhaps already passing, and that a wider, deeper and freer outlook was possible: the heaven had been disseminated where it could least be counteracted, and where it must, in time, work effectually, from the bottom up.

Bruno's soaring imagination and penetrating insight, accepting the theory of the seven planets circling round our sun, passed on to the possibility of countless suns and an infinity of planets circling round them,—not only the universe visible or imaginable to us ordinarily, but an infinite universe, occupying infinite space, "From which contemplation, if we apply the mind, we shall neither be dismayed by incidence of pain and dread, nor exult in pleasure and hope; we shall pursue the path of right conduct, shall be large-minded observers of puerile thoughts, and shall behold greater matters than gods whom the vulgar adore; we shall secure clear-sighted contemplation of the course of nature, which is written in ourselves, and observe, with even tenor, those divine laws which are graven in our hearts." These other worlds are souls and contain souls, some of which are higher than we are, some lower. He postulates, also, plants and minerals of some sort in these worlds of space.

In one direction after another, he foreshadowed the accepted thought of subsequent centuries, even to the present day. Traces of his philosophy are found in the theories of a number of the later philosophers, and his marked influence on Spinoza is widely recognized. He was interested in gravitation and, in a way, anticipated Newton. His statement that everywhere there is incessant relative change in position throughout the universe, and that the observer is always at the centre of things, is a suggestion, at least, of the modern relativity theory. "It seems to me more than likely," he writes, "since everything shares in like, that a countless multitude of creatures live

not only in us but in all composite things"—a statement which of course finds its counterpart in *The Secret Doctrine*, and in much of twentieth century science, as does his astronomical theory that "particles are incessantly shot out through space from each of these worlds to other worlds and from one body to another, bodies being a composition of these." He recognized geological and other natural changes, with their far-reaching consequences. The sun, its light and heat, and the properties of the atmosphere surrounding it, were further subjects for his keen speculation.

It was at Frankfort, famous for its printing and bookselling, and for its fairs, where congregated men from all over Europe, that Bruno, interested in publishing certain of his books, made the connection which proved his undoing. Here a Venetian, Giovanni Mocenigo, wrote asking him to come to Venice, and promising hospitality and protection in return for instruction in the memory system. Bruno was eager to go to Italy, ever hoping to return to the Roman Church, with permission to live in his own province, though not in his monastery. With the charges brought against him in his youth still pending, his fate at the hands of the Inquisition would have been a foregone conclusion almost anywhere else in Italy. Venice, however, had long maintained and jealously guarded her independence of Papal encroachments; within her jurisdiction, heretics were reasonably safe; also, there were many learned and scholarly men in Venice at the time, and printers and printers' wares were allowed a degree of latitude which meant some semblance of freedom of thought. In addition, there was his long-standing conviction that men of real learning, such as he persistently deemed the heads of the Church to be, could be made to see his position in a satisfactory light. Whatever his reasoning, he accepted the invitation, and joined Mocenigo in Venice, in 1592. In a short time, whether from disagreement, dissatisfaction and pique, or whether by a pre-arranged plan and deliberate malice, his host made him prisoner and turned him over to the Inquisition. Mocenigo claimed that he did not receive the teaching agreed upon, and misrepresented and travestied what had been given him, practically assuring the condemnation of his victim. How much of this misrepresentation may have been with evil intent, and how much of it ignorant and stupid misunderstanding, it is impossible to judge. Either motive might prompt, for instance, the statement that Bruno said human beings were made from refuse (possibly a distortion of our teaching of the skandhas). Bruno, for his part, declared that Mocenigo threatened his life and honour, unless he would teach *what he could teach no one*. This phrase assumes a special significance when coupled with the mention in the inquisitorial records of his possible intention of forming a new sect.

Bruno was tried by the Venetian Inquisition; then, after lengthy negotiations with the authorities in Rome, was sent for retrial there. While the record of the trial in Venice is available, much of what happened during the years that followed is practically a blank. He disappeared into the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition in 1593. In the majority of such cases, sentence was passed quickly. Imprisonment was short—a year, or a year and a half,

was a long delay. Why Bruno was an exception to this rule is a mystery; where he was incarcerated from 1593 to 1598, equally so. There could be nothing gained by dwelling here on the details of either the Venetian or the Roman trial. No advocate was allowed the prisoner; he pleaded his own cause. Anyone could bring accusations against him; the accuser and all witnesses were heard by themselves, and not even their names were disclosed to him. Distortions and perversions of his doctrines formed a considerable part of the charges; one accusation after another with which he was confronted, he disposed of to the seeming satisfaction of the court, only to have the same point brought up again later, with baffling persistence, as though it had not been previously touched upon. His life, his trial, his death, can, if we allow them, fan the flames of partisan feeling—fanaticism added to fanaticism, like producing like. But they can equally, if we will it, turn us with all the force there is in us, from the bigotry and intolerance which are the heritage of the human race, and will be so, unendingly, until it learns to recognize the qualities of the lower nature and ally itself with the higher.

There is one aspect of the situation, viewed *in toto*, which is particularly worth noting. The new life and quickening power apparent throughout the Renaissance, could only have meant, on the inner plane, a tremendous outpouring of spiritual force,—an impetus which presumably should have carried all Christendom vast distances toward the goal. In one sense, the Italian people were an admirable medium, plastic, artistically sensitive, keenly responsive, possessed of rare qualities and gifts; they caught the inspiration and gave it objective form, working miracles of beauty and loveliness which, as long as they endure, will hold for mankind a breath of the same inspiration that gave them birth. Yet must there not have been hope of even greater—loftier—results from such an outgiving? Here was a race of geniuses, superbly attuned to higher things, yet engrossed in play; fashioning objects of divine loveliness, yet unaware of the call to rise and live lives of beauty yet more divine. Is it too much, then, to say that the Renaissance—with all its magnificent achievement and its immeasurable beneficence to the race—fell short of its purpose; and that, not finding expression on its rightful plane, the divine afflatus, still in the hands of men, was debased and given expression on a lower level? The men of the next century, who felt and expressed this force, were men of a different mould; their interest, activity and life were primarily intellectual—not intellectual in the lofty sense that Bruno made the term convey, but, rather, mental. And as *demon est deus inversus*, it is easy to understand the diabolical craft and cruelty, the ambition and greed, the rigid sectarianism and fierce intolerance which characterized the period. Spanish despotism in Italy, the immense and jealously-guarded power of the Papacy (that “panic-stricken hierarchy in terror for its life”), the Inquisition, the machinations of certain of the religious Orders, the virtual putrefaction of the social state, all made a rich field for the Black Lodge—many able instruments at hand, and force of the loftiest origin and most dynamic type dragged down for the basest ends. On a vast scale, it is an illustration of the mind slaying the real.

Bruno was burned at the stake in February, 1600. Some years earlier, he had written, "I have fought: it is much Victory lies in the hands of Fate. Be that with me as it may, whoever shall prove conqueror, future ages will not deny that I did not fear to die, was second to none in constancy, and preferred a spirited death to a craven life." He might almost have been writing with prescience of the tragic horror of this last chapter of his life. Following a long-drawn trial, eight years' imprisonment, presumably in a Roman dungeon, the gradual wearing away of every vestige of hope, his last words show again the unfaltering courage of the man, the splendid vision, the profound understanding of the meaning and purpose of his life. No cry or groan escaped his lips in the midst of the flames, and his last words were those of Plotinus: "Vast power was needed to reunite that which is divine in me with that which is divine in the universe."

J. C.

*Sweetness of days and rest and dallying
Have never lifted any fallen thing,
City nor house.*

EURIPIDES.

The really devout man has a horror of evil but he has a still greater love of that which is good; he is more set on doing what is right, than avoiding what is wrong. Generous, large-hearted, he is not afraid of danger in serving God, and would rather run the risk of doing his will imperfectly than not strive to serve him lest he fail in the attempt.

GROU.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student announced that he had brought with him some Jottings,—notes he had made during recent weeks of things he had heard said by others, as well as of thoughts which had occurred to him as a result of his own reading and meditation. He asked if they would be of any use in the "Screen", handing them to the Recorder, who at once began to read them aloud:

"In *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, by Shankara Acharya, translated by Charles Johnston, one of the Four Qualifications for discipleship is said to be right discrimination between the Real and the Unreal: 'The Divine Eternal is real, the world is illusion: a complete certainty of this is declared to be Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal.'

"The world is illusion': but we shall never find the Real world *there*, except as we find it *here*, that is to say, we must seek for, and hold fast to, the real values, the spiritual significances, of this world. Thus, we must learn to see in a beautiful sunset, not merely its radiance of colour, not merely its tenderness or its majesty, but its intimations, and the pathway it directly invites us to follow. We must learn to see in it an outer and visible sign of an inward and spiritual condition, or state of being, the glory and marvel of which infinitely transcend that at which we gaze,—more so than the rays of Dante's Rose in the *Paradiso* transcend any mortal beauty. We must recognize clearly the evil of the world and its innumerable illusions, but we must at the same time learn to see in it a perpetual revelation of divine purpose, of divine compassion, and of the heights to which man can and should rise when freed from the worldly spirit. And whatever we see truly, both of good and evil, will necessarily translate itself into terms of will, which means right action."

"Any comment?" the Recorder asked.

Said the Philosopher: "One of the Christian saints is quoted to the effect that not only the sky and the stars, but the sight of a blade of grass, is enough to inflame with the love of God a heart which knows him. By 'God', he meant Christ (it was St. Ignatius), and in terms of chéliship it would mean a disciple's own Master, whether Christ, Buddha or any other."

"I hope", the Ancient commented, "that what has been said will have made it clear that 'the Real' is a relative term; that we cannot jump from where we now are to some mentally inconceivable Absolute, but should move a step at a time, from the unreal to the less unreal, and from that to the world of comparatively changeless values and changeless form,—I mean to the world of perfect manifestation, to the world of Masters. Mysticism may easily become misty and vague: it is then false, not true mysticism; but in Kali Yuga, the Black or Iron Age, it is difficult to escape the perversion of any truth. One of the purposes of a Divine incarnation—the life on earth of an Avatar—is to give mankind a concrete image of the Eternal, which the mind, to some extent, can grasp, which the human heart can love and strive to imitate and serve.

Some people object that this means the worship of a person; I have known Christians who feel that the worship of Christ is 'idolatrous', and 'High', and that their worship should be bestowed exclusively on 'God the Father'. Heaven help them! If they can find him, they are welcome to worship him; but so long as they themselves are creatures of limitation like the rest of us, it is useless and worse than useless, to try to rise to the plane of the Unmanifest, of the Boundless All. We cannot sufficiently idolize the heart, mind, soul, the nature and spirit of a Master. There is no true happiness on earth or in heaven, except in so far as we learn to forget ourselves, to lose ourselves, in that consuming love."

"The next of the Student's Jottings", the Recorder now said, "reads as follows:

"To surrender the allurements of the senses, does not mean that you attempt to deny or to belittle their (relative) reality. On the contrary, you should surrender them with full recognition of the dreadful fascination they can exercise, of the immense power they have acquired over the personal nature. You have to reverse the habit of ages when you begin to tear yourself away from their grasp. . . .

"Love of beauty for its own sake is a great danger. It leads directly to the morass of sensuality. It is different from the pure love of art, for art is creative, while love of beauty may be entirely negative. To *stop at* the worship of that which is beautiful, without carrying the worship further, to that which is good and true (God, in some form or other), is to use a spiritual faculty to defeat spiritual ends."

"Any comment?" the Recorder again asked.

"Rather misleading as it stands, I fear", the Philosopher objected. "Many people would infer that it justifies 'art for art's sake', in the sense that art knows neither good nor evil, and may be regarded as distinct from, if not above, the sphere of morals,—a detestable doctrine, which I well know the Student would not endorse."

"Few things I hate more than that doctrine", the Student answered. "Art, if it be true art, is creative as the Logos is creative; art is either a revelation, a divine function, or it is a perversion: at best, a mere cleverness, a 'stunt.' The supreme examples of art, in my opinion, are the parables of the Master Christ; they are pictures of ordinary things, painted so as to reveal eternal beauties, eternal truths, eternal goodness. The Venus of Milo is a revelation, not only of beauty, but of dignity, purity, poise, and of the simplicity which is the very soul of truth. There are innumerable works of art, in painting, sculpture, poetry, prose, music, architecture, as well as in the minor branches, which reveal, through the material and by means of it, the artist's vision of the spiritual and real world. The test of art is its power of evocation. The light of dawn on a great mountain, evokes the Spirit in man. In that case, the Spirit of nature is the artist, and Spirit speaks to Spirit. The same must be true before a work of human art can be worthy of the name. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' To paint mere ugliness—that is to say, something which does not arouse a sense of the beautiful or of the good—and to call it a work

of art merely because it is well painted, is a misuse of terms as inexcusable as the confusion of an animal instinct, or its perversion, with real love. True, many people do not know the difference, but those who do, should protest as vehemently in the one case as in the other. We must uphold our standards and our ideals, and cannot do so unless we insist that words be used in their legitimate and true sense. To use black and white as synonymous terms is grossly misleading and, to my mind, intolerable. Any man can call himself or another an artist, just as any man can call himself or another a great lover: the question is whether he has any right to use such words to describe the facts."

"I sympathize", the Philosopher replied, "but it seems to me that your definition limits art to what might be called Buddhic or spiritual art, and that, recognizing art as one of man's creative functions or capacities, we can understand it only as we understand him. There is no general answer to the question, 'What is man?' If you say,—body, soul and spirit, you omit the fact that multitudes of men are soulless,—are elementals in human form. You are on safe ground only if you say what he ought to be, or ought to become, and you can point to certain great examples of manhood to illustrate your thesis. Even so, you would have to allow for the different planes on which a man can normally and properly function, as, let us say, on the Buddhic sub-plane of each of the planes of action; you would have to allow also for the way in which a man, until he has attained a very high degree of stability, and is unusually far advanced in terms of evolution, is likely to drop from his high-water mark to some lower level of consciousness, and therefore of 'creation'. I was talking about this with a friend not long ago, who cited Rubens as an example: his marvellous picture of the Virgin and Saint Ildefonso in Vienna, inspired, inspiring, and beautiful, in every sense of the words; his portraits in the Musée Plantin in Antwerp, full of interest, full of intellectual perception, not beautiful but far from 'merely ugly',—revelations of the people of his period, priceless historical documents; and then the Rubens gallery in the Louvre, 'the butcher's shop', as General Ludlow called it—miles, as it seems, of coarse female flesh, ugly, revolting, utterly inartistic in any true sense of the word (no matter how well painted technically). A woman's form can be, and in exceptional cases is, the most beautiful thing in nature,—supremely lovely; but nudity for the sake of nudity, or flesh for the sake of flesh, or ugliness for the sake of ugliness,—these are abominations. I agree absolutely with the Student that nothing 'merely ugly' can be artistic, or can be worthy the name of art, no matter by whom 'created'. Nor can exact reproduction be art, though a photograph can be artistic. The great artist sees as God sees, so to speak, and then conveys his vision to others, in paint or stone, in poetry or in music,—through any medium he has mastered."

"Do you mean," asked our Visitor, "that a painter should not attempt to portray an ugly face?"

"Before I answer your question, let us revert to principles and see if we are in accord there. My thesis is that all real works of art must express or evoke

something of each aspect of the Platonic trinity,—something of the Beautiful, the True, the Good. I have spoken of the Parables of Christ as perfect works of art, because I think they manifest all three aspects of that trinity, equally. Works of art may be astonishingly great though they reveal one aspect—perhaps that of Beauty—more vividly than the other two. I deny, however, that they can be devoid of the other two. Take, for instance, a painting of the Crucifixion which includes the face and figure of the impenitent thief: a face hardened in sin, rebellious and brutal. No beauty in that face, some would say. But what does it evoke? What is revealed, by use of contrast, is the beauty of the other figures. The evil and ugliness are portrayed truly because the good and the beautiful are truly portrayed, the result being that love and admiration for these are evoked in the beholder. The artist may or may not have perceived this himself, for artists in most cases are mediums, and only the very greatest among them are creators in the true sense; but if he be a true and honest medium—using that word in the sense of transmitter—something more than a clever technician—then the portrayal and the effect produced will be as I have indicated.

“All true art ‘comes down from above’, out of the real world: from where else can it come? Reflected here, on the clouds of this world of unreality, it cannot fail to express the values and meaning of the place of its origin. In the real world, ugliness and evil are non-existent of themselves; they are but perversions of beauty and of goodness: so an artist worthy of the name, can only use them to throw beauty and goodness into higher relief. Those who cannot see this, cannot see art, however much they clamour; they are like children, scrawling on their slates, who insist that their scrawlings must have this or that interpretation. We say they are children, and we exercise indulgence: the error comes in, on our part, if we take them seriously. Those who are unreal themselves, can only exist—they and their art—in terms of unreality: illusion chasing illusion. We must see things for what they are; must be indulgent, and must work for the real.

“Now consider the problem of portraiture; take, for example, Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II: is it not a revelation of character which evokes a more intelligent understanding both of good and evil, with an increased desire for what is good? Clearly, it is a great work of art; because so true, it serves to reveal, by contrast, the vision of beauty and goodness which overhangs and enwraps the world, and without which no one could ever paint at all. We see a man, supposed to be the ‘Vicar of Christ’, dressed in the regalia and surrounded by emblems of his Papal position; to put it mildly, he does not show a trace of holiness: his face is as worldly as it can possibly be. In art, as in all else, ‘we find what we bring’. Gazing at that portrait, a visitor whose main preoccupation is the technique of painting, will be lost in admiration of the technique it displays; another, in whom contempt for religion predominates, will have all his prejudices confirmed; but a third may say to himself: ‘The Good Shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep,—and that man his representative on earth! Oh, pity, pity, so great a sorrow and disgrace!’ The principle

of contrast will have done its work; Truth will have established some clearer vision of eternal Beauty and of the eternal Good.

"There are portraits in the Musée Plantin which seem to reveal nothing but avarice or gluttony; but Rubens must have seen those vices most clearly for what they were, whether conscious of it or not (many poets having given us visions of spiritual truth which their whole life and conversation prove they could not have understood), and painted them so truly, with such depth of recognition, that the result cannot fail to arouse heart-searching, which, after all, is often the beginning of wisdom.

"Therefore, in answer to your question—whether a painter should attempt to portray an ugly face—I should say that if he is able to see beauty behind the plain features (and surely all of us have seen that in many plain faces: beauty of character, beauty of soul), and believes he can paint that while truly portraying the features,—he has a splendid opportunity to create a work of art. He may, however, see no beauty in it anywhere, and may still find it possible, without betrayal of his art, to paint it with intense and creative interest,—just as I, if I were an artist and had extraordinary faith in my ability, should be thankful for the opportunity to paint a man like Lloyd George, hoping to be able to put into my portrayal the entire history of the Peace Conference and Versailles Treaty and of much that has happened since, as a record of the truth, as an everlasting explanation, as a revelation of the unseen, as a warning to future generations, as a prayer, an evocation, an appeal. It would have to be true to life to the last detail, and it would have to be true to all the past of that life, as embodied in the flesh before me. What a chance! Absolutely fair, absolutely the truth,—seeing as a Master might see, with complete detachment, from a great height. To paint that kind of a portrait that way (if it could be done!), would mean that it would bring men to their knees before God, dumb with terror of themselves, desperately longing for something better, nobler than themselves, with gaze turned, no matter how blindly, to the eternal Beauty which is Wisdom and Love in one: truly 'a flight of the alone to the Alone'."

"A subject to fill volumes", the Historian remarked; "you are bold to have said as much—or so little, seeing that life itself is the greatest of the fine arts, and that he who lives truly, virtuously, and beautifully, is the greatest artist of them all, and the best able to appreciate artistic values of every kind, even without possessing the technique."

"It seems to me, however," our Visitor now objected, "that there is a flat contradiction between two of the statements upon which the Philosopher based his argument. He said: 'By their fruits ye shall know them', and also, 'We find what we bring'. If we find what we bring, it must follow that one and the same work of art may arouse evil in one person and good in another."

"I accept your inference, but fail to see the contradiction", the Philosopher replied. "Granting that both statements are true—and very clearly they are—I should venture to claim that two truths can never be contradictory: that is fundamental. The Master Christ (and a Master is in himself the greatest

of all 'works of art', with the Logos as 'creator')—Christ evoked the best in some people and the worst in others. It is always so and always must be so. You seem to forget a third and very important principle, namely, that it takes two to tell the truth, one to speak it and another to hear it. Free Will is not merely a theory; it is a fact."

Our Visitor made no reply. He was obviously trying to work it out for himself, and perhaps to reconcile what had been said with some of his preconceptions.

"The next Jotting", the Recorder now said, "is perhaps by a different hand. In any case, it is a violent change of subject:

"It would be a strange mistake to suppose that the Masters work on one plane only, or that the Theosophical Movement is the only expression of their activity among men. Of necessity they strive to reach all classes and types and conditions; strive to meet all spiritual needs of every degree. H.P.B. began her work, as *Lodge Messenger*, in 1875. It was in June, 1875, while Moody, the Evangelist, was engaged in the London mission, that a movement was set on foot to bring him to New York. It was on February 7th, 1876, that his work in New York began. He died on December 22nd, 1899. H.P.B. died on May 8th, 1891. Superficially their work was almost opposite in character. In fundamental purpose, although on a very different plane, it was similar. Moody was unsectarian. The *New York Times*, commenting editorially on his work, and that of Sankey, while their mission was in progress (that of 1876), said that 'the drift and purpose of their teaching is for men to come out of themselves, to forget themselves, and to be filled with a belief and ideal which is far beyond and above feeble humanity. . . . The drunken have become sober, the vicious virtuous, the worldly and self-seeking unselfish . . . and a better principle has entered the sordid life of the day, through the labours of these plain men.'

"Judging by another editorial in the same newspaper (quoted in *D. L. Moody*, by William R. Moody, published by Macmillan, 1930), there were signs of grace in those days, seeing that in any case New York did not think itself perfect: 'The great difficulty of the day in the way of religion is indifferentism, and whatever breaks that up is useful. . . . Perhaps a new barrier will be raised to the increasing tide of greed and dishonesty. Possibly a generation will arrive with higher aims than the one whose views and corruptions have become rank before Heaven. For, after all, public morality is only private honour, and the best "defence of honour" is the fear of God.'

"Moody would not tolerate emotionalism at his meetings. Everything exciting or sensational was avoided. There were none of the 'outbreaks' common in revivals. Contemporary newspaper reports speak of his audiences as 'singularly calm and still.'

"In the nature of things, it would be as absurd to compare Moody's work with that of H.P.B., as to compare a stonemason with a Leonardo; there is simply no point of comparison. None the less, looking back over the centuries, I believe it will prove helpful and instructive to keep the principle in mind which the juxtaposition of their names suggests."

There was general agreement but no comment. The Student had not claimed that Moody was "used" or "helped"; he had merely suggested it as a

possibility in order to illustrate a principle. On that basis, it would have been difficult to disagree. There are times when he is not deliberately provocative.

The Philosopher now announced that he wanted to talk about a book. "It is not often", he said, "that one is able to recommend a book without reserve. In this case, I can. It is called *An Introduction to the History of Mysticism*; it is by Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D., author of *Rābi'a the Mystic*, and is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London (The Macmillan Co., New York), for the sum of one dollar and sixty cents in America; four shillings in England. It is exactly what it purports to be: an introduction. The range of quotation is not wide, but is admirably selected. It is simply and clearly written. The writer is in complete sympathy with her subject. She makes no effort to display 'learning', but knows all that it is necessary to know for her immediate purpose. Her approach is entirely theosophical: 'Mysticism', she says, 'denotes something which is to be found, in a highly developed state, in the early religious doctrines of the East; in the Vedic literature; in Buddhism both in India and in China . . . in Sūfism . . . in Judaism . . . in Greece and in the West.' Yet her book is published by the S. P. C. K., which, not so many years ago, was as narrow and sectarian an organization as could be found anywhere outside the Vatican and Brahminical India. It is a book that can be given to the most orthodox of the Protestant clergy, with the equivalent of *Nihil obstat*; *Imprimatur* etc., on the fly-leaf. I should like every student of Theosophy to read it—yes, to read it, by which I do not mean to skim through it, in order to collect 'quotations', and to add one more scalp to his collection of 'books read', but to read it meditatively, asking himself at the end of each sentence or so, if he has learned to act instinctively on the truth set forth; if he has made it a part of his innermost nature, or if, instead, that particular 'truth' is merely one of ten thousand things which he believes with his head, but which have made no closer contact with his will, than my belief, for instance, that the earth revolves around the sun. In different chapters the book deals with the Nature and Meaning of Mysticism, Hebrew and Jewish Mysticism, Mysticism in the New Testament, in Classical Times, in the Early Christian Church, in the Orient, of the Early Middle Ages, English, German, Flemish, Italian and Spanish Mysticism, and concludes with Modern Mysticism, an Epilogue, a Bibliography and Index.

"The substance of mysticism, as understood by the author, may be given, partly in her words and partly in the words of Tauler: 'The hindrance to true union is sin, and the essence of sin is self-assertion and self-will; therefore the soul must die to self, and to such death "eternal life answers." . . . When "the outward man has been converted into the inward, reasonable man, and the powers of the senses and the powers of the reason are gathered up into the very centre of the man's being—the unseen depths of his spirit, wherein lies the image of God—and thus he flings himself into the Divine abyss, in which he dwelt eternally before he was created; then the Godhead bends down and descends into the depths of the pure, waiting soul, and transforms the

created soul, drawing it up into the uncreated essence, so that the spirit becomes one with Him.”

“Incidentally, the last part of what I have quoted is from one of Tauler's sermons, ‘for the 15th Sunday after Trinity.’ Tauler, an Alsatian, preached to overflowing congregations, in vast Cathedrals,—which suggests that the people of the fourteenth century were considerably more alive spiritually than those of to-day. The author again shows good understanding when saying that the religious movement of that period ‘arose mainly as the result of the troublous times through which Europe was passing, when wars and famine and pestilence turned men's minds to inner things’ [Prosperity-worshippers, Pacifists, Socialists, Bolsheviks and others, please draw your different conclusions].

“Whole-hearted appreciation of the book, does not mean that I agree with the author at all points. For one thing, she uses the term ‘pantheistic’ too readily in my opinion. Krishna, speaking as the Logos in the *Bhagavad Gita*, is represented as saying: ‘Whosoever knoweth me to be the mighty Ruler of the universe and without birth or beginning, he among men, undeluded, shall be liberated from all his sins I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate.’ (Another translation, instead of ‘I established’, gives, ‘I stand establishing’,—suggesting continuity of action). This means that the Logos is both immanent and transcendent. Practically every true mystic has adopted that view, or, rather, has seen that as the truth. Some have emphasized the aspect of immanence, others that of transcendence; but all would agree fundamentally. ‘Where’er thou seest a veil, beneath that veil He hides’, is not Pantheism; Jami recognized the transcendence of Deity as clearly as any Vedantin.

“In the second place, the author misunderstands Buddhism. She writes sympathetically, and clearly tries to be just and even generous, but adds: ‘Yet Buddhism has no God; the knowledge that leads to enlightenment and so to Nirvana is not the direct intuition of the Absolute’ She has acquired her information at second-hand from those who confuse the Buddhism of Ceylon, Siam and Burma, with the Buddhism of Buddha, ignoring the interpreters of Tibet, China, and Japan. She forgets that there are Buddhist theologians (atheologians, some of them should perhaps be called), and that almost any theologian, or his opposite, can make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. The facts are beyond dispute. Omitting entirely the Buddhist scriptures specially favoured by the Northern Buddhists, and relying solely upon the Pali Suttas and Vinaya Texts, we find in the *Mahavâgga* that after Gautama had attained Nirvana (and there are many exponents of Buddhism who assert that Nirvana means annihilation of consciousness!), he doubted the utility of revealing his Doctrine to the world,—thinking that men were too wrapped up in their own desires to be willing and able to understand it. In this crisis the supreme Brahmâ (the Logos, the Word) appealed to him, and only then did ‘the Blessed One, when he had heard Brahmâ's solicitation’, turn with renewed compassion to the needs of men, after which ‘he addressed Brahmâ

Sahampati in the following stanza: "Wide opened is the door of the Immortal to all who have ears to hear; let them send forth faith to meet it" (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. XIII, pp. 84-88).

"I cannot multiply quotations. Here is one more. It is from the Teviggā Sutta (*S.B.E.*, vol. XI, p. 186). 'To the Tathāgata, when asked touching the path which leads to the world of Brahmā, there can be neither doubt nor difficulty. For Brahmā, I know, Vāsettha, and the world of Brahmā, and the path which leadeth unto it. Yea, I know it even as one who has entered the Brahmā world, and has been born within it!' Then, in Chapter III, the Buddha explains to Vāsettha at length, 'the way to a state of union with Brahmā.'

"How do the priests of Southern Buddhism explain such statements away? I do not know, never having been interested in mental gymnastics. Why have so many Europeans who have written about Buddhism, accepted blindly the dogmas of the Southern Churches, instead of interpreting the original records for themselves, in the obvious sense? My answer is, first, that some exponents of Buddhism have not been honest: either they condemned it gladly as an atheistic system, or they praised it as an endorsement of their own prejudices. Second, many honest investigators have attempted to explain Buddhism as if it had no ancestry, no past, no background; it is as if someone tried to explain the life and labours of Christ without any reference to Judaism. No one can understand Buddhism unless he sees in it an effort to reform Brahminism. Buddha did not come to destroy the law or the prophets; he came to fulfil. The interpretation of the Vedas, and even of the Upanishads, had become the prerogative of a narrow caste, with fierce rivalry between different schools and colleges, their only point of agreement being that between them they held the keys of heaven and hell, to the exclusion of the rest of humanity. The Brahmins, like many people of the modern world (there have been some within the ranks of the Theosophical movement), mistook ability to discuss religion, for religion.

"In brief, religion, in the true sense, had become hopelessly sectarian and dead. Buddha refused to discuss the nature of God, or of the soul, simply because this would have meant entering into controversy with a hundred different sects, all of them splitting hairs over definitions. Such discussions had become a national vice, time-wasting, futile, pernicious. Hence he is called an Atheist, though no more an Atheist, in fact, than Christ.

"Remember, please, that before attaining the illumination of Nirvana, Gautama had lived among these 'superior', quarrelling sectaries; that he must have hated, not only their quarrels, but the egotism, the self-centredness, the everlasting spinning around 'I', from which these quarrels arose; and then try to imagine, as I read, the weariness, as well as the humour, with which he must have uttered the following admonition ('All the Āsavās'), and the emphasis which I am sure he must have laid upon the many personal pronouns:

"Have *I* existed during the ages that are past, or have *I* not? What was *I* during the ages that are past? How was *I* during the ages that are past? *Having been what*, what did *I* become in the ages that are past?

Shall *I* exist during the ages of the future, or shall *I* not? What shall *I* be during the ages of the future? *How* shall *I* be during the ages of the future? *Having been what*, what shall *I* become during the ages of the future?"

"Or he debates within himself as to the present: 'Do *I* after all exist, or am *I* not? How am *I*? This is a being; whence now did it come, and whither will it go?"

"In him, thus unwisely considering, there springs up one or other of the six notions:

"As something true and real he gets the notion, 'I have a self!'"

"As something true and real he gets the notion, 'I have not a self!'"

"As something true and real, he gets the notion, 'By my self, I am conscious of myself!'"

"As something true and real, he gets the notion, 'By my self, I am conscious of my non-self!'"

"... This, brethren, is called the walking in delusion, the jungle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion.

"He spared them nothing. If ridicule could have killed, their sense of identity with the personality would have been destroyed for ever. Then, as now, some listened, understood, acted, while some did not. In some, the 'I' remained the centre of the universe, and Buddha's charm, his magic, his humour, his wisdom, his realization, his tremendous power, were as nothing against the ferocious love of man for his miserable little selfhood. But that is another story. My point is that no one can understand him without an understanding of the people whom he was addressing and of the different 'philosophical interpretations' with which their minds were packed. Buddha always tried to *cut under* these interpretations. He not only believed in God; he knew God and said so; but one result of this was that he acquired a distaste for arguing about the nature of God with Brahmins. Also, on general principles, he disliked futilities. In future editions of *An Introduction to the History of Mysticism*, the author will, I am confident, after further investigation, correct her misleading statement."

"As a 'filler' at the end of this 'Screen'", said the Philosopher, "let me suggest Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"'Earth's crammed with Heaven,

" And every common bush afire with God.'"

"How about Christina Rossetti?" said the Student.

"'O ye, who taste that love is sweet,

" Set way-marks for all doubtful feet

" That stumble on in search of it.

" Sing notes of love: that some who hear

" Far off, inert, may lend an ear,

" Rise up and wonder and draw near.'"

REVIEWS

The Bhagavad-Gita, translated by Arthur W. Ryder; The University of Chicago Press; price, \$2.00.

The crowning virtue of this verse translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* is the enthusiasm of the translator, who rightly calls it, in his dedication, "this most noble poem". The publishers err in calling this, on the wrapper, "the first complete, metrical translation in English", but Arthur Ryder himself pays due tribute to Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*, though he adds that it "diverges rather widely from the original, as regards both metrical form and the detail of interpretation".

Whether the Indian poem is more fitly rendered in English prose or verse, is a matter of taste, which each student must decide; but there can hardly be two views as to the excellence of Mr. Ryder's Introduction, in which he says of the *Bhagavad Gita*: "Uncounted millions have drawn from it comfort and joy. In it they have found an end to perplexity, a clear, if difficult, road to salvation. Nor is it a mere document of completed history; its influence does not wane. Even in the West, in the face of prejudice and powerful organization, the Song gains an increasing respect, admiration and devotion. It wins its way with no violence, through sheer profundity and nobility."

Mr. Ryder has selected the English ballad metre, as, perhaps, best reproducing the Sanskrit verse in which the greater part of the poem is written, just as Dean Milman many years ago chose ballad verse for his translation of *The Story of Nala*, also an episode in the *Mahabharata*; but Mr. Ryder has further laid upon himself the obligation of rhyme, as Chapman did, in his ballad metre version of the *Iliad*, in which Keats discovered the demesne of deep-brow'd Homer. But there is, of course, no rhyme in the Sanskrit, with the result that the verse falls on the ear with a certain constraint, when bound by rhyme. Sometimes Mr. Ryder shows an almost preterhuman facility in handling rhymes, as, for example:

Be slain and thus attain
The sky most high;
Or win, and revel in
Earth's show below—
Rise! Find a ready mind
For rightful fight . . .

Yet one is conscious of a certain abruptness, which is not in the original. As regards fidelity to the thought of the Sanskrit philosophical poem, one might write page after page of comment, but it may be said with confidence that Mr. Ryder has conscientiously sought a close literalness in interpretation, which he has, on the whole, succeeded in attaining, in spite of the additional handicap of rhyme which he imposes upon himself. Without question, he adheres more closely to the technical shading of the original than does Edwin Arnold, yet, as has been suggested, students of the earlier version may still hold it in their hearts. J.

Emerson and Asia, by Frederic Ives Carpenter; Harvard University Press; price \$3.00.

Several years ago, Professor C. R. Lanman of Harvard set his class an examination paper in

the Upanishads, which he called "The Theosophy of India". Harvard is faithful to the same tradition, in giving to the world this valuable volume, which is in fact a study of Emerson's relation to the Archaic Wisdom, especially as handed down in Egypt and India, with the Arabic and Persian mystics as a bridge between these two more ancient lands.

That Emerson had deeply studied the *Bhagavad Gita*, is evident from many of his essays; he quotes at length from the *Katha Upanishad*: "It is curious to find the selfsame feeling, that it is not immortality but eternity, not duration but a state of abandonment to the Highest . . . appearing in the farthest east and west . . . Yama, the lord of Death, promised Nachiketas, the son of Gautama, to grant him three boons . . ." and so in many passages.

The chief merit of Frederic Carpenter's book is, not that he once again calls attention to Emerson's Indian studies, but that he gives us several chapters in which Emerson's indebtedness to Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists is very completely stated, with equally full and valuable chapters recording Emerson's studies of Hafiz, Saadi and the Persian poets. These chapters are the best in the book, not only because this side of Emerson has never been so fully recognized before, but because Mr. Carpenter is far more familiar with the tradition of the Neo-Platonists than he is with what he calls "The Wisdom of the Brahmans", meaning thereby the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad Gita*, although these books really record the wisdom, not of the Brahmans, but of the Rajanyas or Rajputs, as the fourth book of the *Bhagavad Gita* specifically affirms. A lack of familiarity with these Sanskrit books more than once leads Mr. Carpenter into error; thus, on page 219, where he seems to confuse *L'Oupnekhat* with the *Zend-Avesta*; but *Oupnekhat* is the form which *Upanishad* took, in Anquetil-Duperron's Latin translation of the Persian version made by one of the Mogul princes. There is another slip on page 145, where Mr. Carpenter writes: "In like manner Emerson had described the 'Internal Check' in his Journals: *Vedanta. The Internal Check* . . ." and goes on to quote, as from Emerson, a passage which in reality Emerson quotes from the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* (3, 7, 3-23).

One can recommend this excellent work to everyone who is interested in the Eastern Wisdom, and in its slow renaissance in the West, of which Emerson was in a very real sense the precursor.

J.

Maximes sur la Guerre, by René Quinton; Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1930.

The late René Quinton had an established reputation as a biologist and savant; but he can have no higher fame than to be remembered as the author of these *Maxims on War*. The friends who are responsible for the publication of the work, have noted the factor which gives Quinton's reflections a unique and individual quality. His "Maxims" were *lived* before they were composed. They germinated and ripened in the author's mind, while he was in active service at the front during the Great War.

For four and a half years René Quinton was *chef d'escadron* in the artillery. He was cited many times for personal bravery as well as for his qualities of leadership. At the time of his demobilization in 1919 he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1920 he was named a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

It would be hard to imagine anything less pacifist than the "Maxims". Quinton had no qualms about the performance of his military duties. What is more, he did not even regard them as duties, since they represented for him heaven-sent opportunities for the exercise of a normal masculine faculty, the combative instinct. War, he believed, is as necessary in the human species as it is in the lower kingdoms of Nature, for without war the masculine element in human nature tends to soften and to degenerate.

Some timid creatures might accuse this savant of being bloodthirsty, but that could only be possible if they persisted in the refusal really to assimilate his thought. The ideal which he offers implies continuous warfare on some plane or other, as long as the universe lasts, for his ideal is heroism. The hero seeks every opportunity to spend himself in battle, but this is because he desires with ardour to spend himself, even to destroy himself, that others may live. The hero of Quinton is not the "blond beast" of Nietzsche.

A few quotations may serve to give the reader some idea of the contents of the book.

"Men may dream that they do not love war. Nature loves strife and death."

"The conception of a peaceful Paradise is the conception of a slave. The need of repose is an accompaniment of inertia."

"The brave man is willing to give his life. The hero offers it."

"The hero is moved, not by duty but by love. Self-love conducts the multitude of mankind, but the love of others dominates the hero."

"The hero holds his body cheap, because it is foreign to him. The soul is identified with the body by the average man; for the hero they are distinct. His body is only his *valet d'armes*."

"Like the mother, the hero is a servant of the species; he conceives the end of his existence as something outside himself."

"An indomitable soul in a dominated body makes one a saint or a hero."

"Fatigue does not exist in war. The resources of the warrior are infinite. Fatigue is feebleness of soul."

One might continue to quote indefinitely. However, these few sentences help one to understand why Quinton regarded war as both desirable and indispensable. The warrior manifests qualities which are preëminently human, but which remain latent in most men. If all men could manifest those qualities spontaneously, physical and outward war would become unnecessary and would cease to be. But man still needs the outer stimulus of war, in order that he may become aware of his own potential humanity. That is one reason why war may be regarded not as a curse but as a blessing.

One prays that France may be served by many devotees like Quinton, when she faces her next great Trial by Battle.

S. L.

Poetry of the Orient, An Anthology Of The Classic Secular Poetry Of The Major Eastern Nations, edited by Eunice Tietjens; New York, Alfred A. Knopf; \$5.00.

This is an excellent selection of the characteristic secular verse of Arabia, Persia, China, Japan, and India. Religious and mystical verse are excluded because of "the enormous volume of material"; therefore familiar favourites do not appear,—and it is a commentary on the genius of two peoples, the Egyptians and Hebrews, that their contribution is on that account entirely unrepresented. There are historical introductions—which necessarily depend on the dating of modern accepted scholarship, with all its foreshortening—and brief, readable appraisals of national characteristics. A valuable bibliography and comprehensive index give the book unusual reference value. Pleasure grows with reading; omissions are judicious, difficulties in orthography are smoothed out, and the reader is given every assistance to penetrate the genius of perhaps unfamiliar and rarely beautiful worlds of thought and expression. The volume is an unconscious tribute to the success of one phase of the Theosophical Movement.

A.

QUESTIONS ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 353.—*I am told that there are six or eight Theosophical Societies in this country, and more in Europe. Are their teachings the same, or are they all varying sects like those of Christianity?*

ANSWER.—The term "Theosophy" means "Divine Wisdom", wherever and under whatever name it may be found. The name "Theosophy" has been given to the re-incarnation in the last century of the immemorial Movement on the part of the Lodge of Masters to bring to mankind a realization of the existence of the Ancient Wisdom, of which the Lodge is the custodian. There are several societies calling themselves "Theosophical", which use much of the older Theosophical literature and employ many of the terms in use by the "T.S.", but they have departed from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom to such an extent that they have made a travesty of the name "Theosophy." The questioner will find a statement by the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, bearing upon this question, in the fly-leaf of the last and present numbers of the QUARTERLY. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—There is only one Theosophical Society, founded, as many of us believe, under the direction of Masters, by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others in 1875. Since then, a number of other societies with wholly different spirit, purposes and methods, have appropriated the name and call themselves "Theosophical."

The pamphlet "The Theosophical Society and Theosophy", by H. B. Mitchell—obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department—explains what The Theosophical Society is and what it is not. As stated therein, Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—is not a body of dogmas or a creed. It has been described as "intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life". Those who try to adopt the attitude, follow the method, act in the spirit, and live the life, are to that extent participants in the Theosophical Movement. Those who do not, are not connected with it, whatever their intellectual beliefs may be, or whatever the names by which they describe themselves. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The Theosophical Society, of which the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ, is the original society founded in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. William Q. Judge and others at the express command of the Masters. Having had continuous life since it was founded, it has stood and still stands in the world as the present outer expression of the age-old Movement of the Great Lodge of Masters.

There are a number of supposedly similar organizations some of which are called theosophical, and probably their teachings vary. But, despite the wording of the question, that is not the real point. It is whether or not the methods and purposes of these organizations differ from the method and purpose of the *original* Theosophical Society. That they do so differ is self-evident. Otherwise there would be no reason for their existence, because, if interested in theosophical philosophy and in sympathy with the method and purpose of The Theosophical Society, their leaders and members could have joined this society and have remained on its roll. G. M. W. K.

QUESTION No. 354.—*In Through the Gates of Gold we read that it is not easy to go to hell—that it is as hard as to find one's way to the Golden Gate. But a Master said: "Wide is the gate and*

broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in therewith, and, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Can these statements be reconciled?

ANSWER.—"Hell" is one of those words used with various connotations. The author of *Through the Gates of Gold* is discussing an experience, an attainment, for which few people are ready, and a line of thought which most people have never considered. Perhaps one may venture to paraphrase as follows the quotation mentioned: "It is not easy to become an initiate of the Black Lodge; it is as hard as to become an initiate of the White Lodge." Both processes involve unusual degrees of self-conquest, and the development of powers which are merely latent in most men; but the main objectives of the two are diametrically opposed. On the other hand, to go to, or to be in "hell", in the ordinary sense—the hells of fear or resentment or jealousy, for instance—is only too easy. Those are the way of "destruction". To avoid such hells, and to progress towards "life", the faithful adherence to the "narrow way" is essential.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—Further study of *Through the Gates of Gold* should show that there is nothing irreconcilable in these statements. The Master Christ speaks of the entrance of the way that leads to destruction as easy of access. *Through the Gates of Gold* tells us of the great difficulties experienced in completely surrendering to evil, as we go along this way, and tells us in detail why this is so. The fact that desire for evil should prove so difficult of attainment, that there are along the downward way constant checks brought about by the divine light still within us, that there are constant opportunities of turning about and of retracing our steps, makes it possible that we may at length reach the strait gate. Then, as we commence to walk the narrow way, the transfer of our consciousness begins.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The author of *Through the Gates of Gold* refers to the fact that it is exceedingly difficult to become a successful black magician. The words of the Master Christ suggest what most of us know only too well, that it is easier to drift in the current of life than to make definite progress towards the attainment of individual, spiritual consciousness. The way to the limbo of lost opportunities is broad indeed. *Facilis est descensus Averni*.

S. L.

ANSWER.—That the downward path is *in the beginning* broad and easy, and the upward path narrow and difficult, is within the experience of everyone. But the downward path does not remain easy to the end. Life and Karma see to that. After a time, each step brings more and more of pain and pressure until at last the man's very suffering forces him to turn. It is, for instance, easy in youth to eat too much and too rich food. It is not easy to do so when the digestion has been ruined and each further indulgence is followed inevitably by acute agony.

B.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

Since writing an article, "How Know?", which the QUARTERLY was good enough to print last April, the writer has found other references to Ramon Lull in our T.S. literature, which seemed of such interest, that he hoped it might be possible to share them with others, even though belated.

Ramon Lull appears twice in *The Theosophical Glossary*, in addition to the special paragraph about him, already quoted in full (*art. cit.*, p. 368). Under the caption "Kabalist", he is placed with Pico de la Mirandola, and many others, as typical of "an enormous number" of "Christian scholars", who were "the most learned and intellectual men". A kabalist is defined as "a student of the 'secret science', one who interprets the hidden meaning of the Scriptures with the help of the symbolical *Kabala*, and explains the real one by these means". The second reference occurs in a paragraph devoted to John "Cremer", whose *Testament* was printed some three centuries after the death of the two contemporaries,—a document which appears to be

our sole "authority" for Lull's presence in England, and the making of the famous "rose nobles". Now Cremer, styled "Abbot of Westminster", is denied existence, there never having been, according to modern scholarship, an Abbot of that name, recorded at Westminster, or anywhere else in England, while his *Testament* is dismissed, not without some appearance of justification, as a manifest forgery, by the same authorities (cf. p. 369). Yet Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, a high Mason and the most learned author of *The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*, who in the early days was a Fellow of our Society, calls Lull a Rosicrucian; while the *Glossary* quotes from Mackenzie about Cremer, which would seem to us to be first, a proof of Cremer's existence; second, a proof of Cremer's contact with Lull; and third, evidence of the best sort that Cremer had won real attainments as an Hermetic philosopher,—thus endorsing the Masonic tradition about both men. It was Cremer, according to the *Testament* and Mackenzie, who, on a voyage to Italy, met Lull, whom "he induced to return with him to England. Lully divulged to Cremer the secret of the stone, for which service the monastery offered daily prayers for him." On the implications of this symbol of the stone, compare *Isis*, II, 351 with *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 465-6, and especially *The Glossary*, s.v., "White Stone".

Another reference, in the *Path*, is of even greater interest and import. A lecture by Mr. Judge, published in Vol. IV, December, 1889, p. 278, discusses the cyclic reappearance amongst men of the "sacred tribe of heroes", a phrase made famous by the initiate Synesius in his *Wisdom of the Egyptians*. After saying that these "'heroes' are none other than Nirmanakayas",—Mr. Judge continues:

"And among this 'sacred tribe of heroes' must be classed other souls. They are those who, although now inhabiting bodies and moving among men, have passed through many occult initiations in previous lives, but are now condemned, as it were, to the penance of living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past. But their influence is always felt, even if they themselves are not aware of it. For their higher nature being in fact more developed than that of other men, it influences other natures at night or in hours of the day when all is favourable. The fact that these *obscured adepts* are not aware now of what they really are, only has to do with their memory of the past; it does not follow, because a man cannot remember his initiations, that he has had none. But there are some cases in which we can judge with a degree of certainty that such adepts were incarnated and what they were named. Take Thomas Vaughan, Raymond Lully, Sir Thomas More, Jacob Boehme, Paracelsus, and others like them, including also some of the Roman Catholic saints. These souls were as witnesses to the truth, leaving through the centuries, in their own nations, evidences for those who followed, and suggestions for keeping spirituality bright,—seed-thoughts, as it were, ready for the new mental soil. And as well as these historical characters, there are countless numbers of men and women now living who have passed through certain initiations during their past lives upon earth, and who produce effects in many directions quite unknown to themselves now. They are, in fact, old friends of 'the sacred tribe of heroes', and can therefore be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness." In her descriptive account in the *Glossary*, H.P.B. also called Lull an "adept"; and her list of Kabalists referred to above, contains with others the same five names. Mr. Judge's paragraph may explain in part why Lull still is such an enigma to-day to matter-of-fact scholarship, which, even when coloured by religious faith, has virtually no understanding of the symbolic and kabalistic allegories and language with which Lodge agents of various degrees were forced to safeguard their work, veil their message, and protect even their own lives. We recall once more the famous sentences in *The Occult World*: "How could your world collect proofs of the doings of men who have sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The precise condition of their success was that they never should be supervised or obstructed" (cf. the use of this quotation in the *Ocean*, pp. 4, 5, 6). In the light of these several statements, and especially in view of such conscientious and scholarly labours as are represented in Professor Peers' biography, one can only admire the self-mastery, tact, knowledge of human nature, resourcefulness, courage, and sheer ability of a man who could teach, write and lecture openly and incessantly to Popes, inquisitors,

and ecclesiastics, accomplish publicly a great and heterodox work within the Church, live esteemed by all, and die apparently at his own chosen time a deliberate martyr, well over eighty years old,—and yet in all essentials remain unknown and unrevealed! Well might the Preface of the *Glossary* lament H.P.B.'s untimely death, because, "as was her wont, she was adding considerably to her original copy, and would no doubt have . . . furnished us with a sketch of the lives and teachings of the most famous Adepts of the East and West." How can ordinary mortals hope to recognize the inner stature of historic characters, unless they are told, at least at the start, by those *who know*?

One final quotation, again from H.P.B., throws a most suggestive light on the allegory of Lull's youthful "escapade" with Ambrosia di Castello, so admirably dramatized by the Kabalist and Rosicrucian, Éliphas Lévi (pp. 375-6), and denominated apocryphal and worthless by "timid and ever cautious history" (*S.D.*, II, 745). In an "Editor's Note" to an article in *Lucifer* (Vol. III, Oct. 15th, 1888, pp. 131-2), entitled "A Sufi's Mystical Apologue," H.P.B. comments on a somewhat similar allegorical story told of the German mystic Gichtel, whom she calls a "Theosophist," and "an Initiate and Rosicrucian." She writes: "The 'Brides' of the Mediæval adepts are an allegory. . . . From Marcus, the Gnostic, down to the last mystic student of the Kabala and Occultism, that which they called their 'Bride' was 'Occult Truth', personified as a naked maiden, otherwise called Sophia or Wisdom. That 'spouse' revealed to Gichtel all the mysteries of the outward and inward nature, and forced him to abstain from every earthly enjoyment and desire, and made him sacrifice himself for Humanity. And as long as he remained in that body which represented him on earth, he had to work for the deliverance from ignorance of those who had not yet obtained their inheritance and inward beatitude."

The parallel is striking, and all the passages are worth studying. The very fact that such an allegory has been for centuries associated with Ramon Lull should be suggestive to students of Theosophy.

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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

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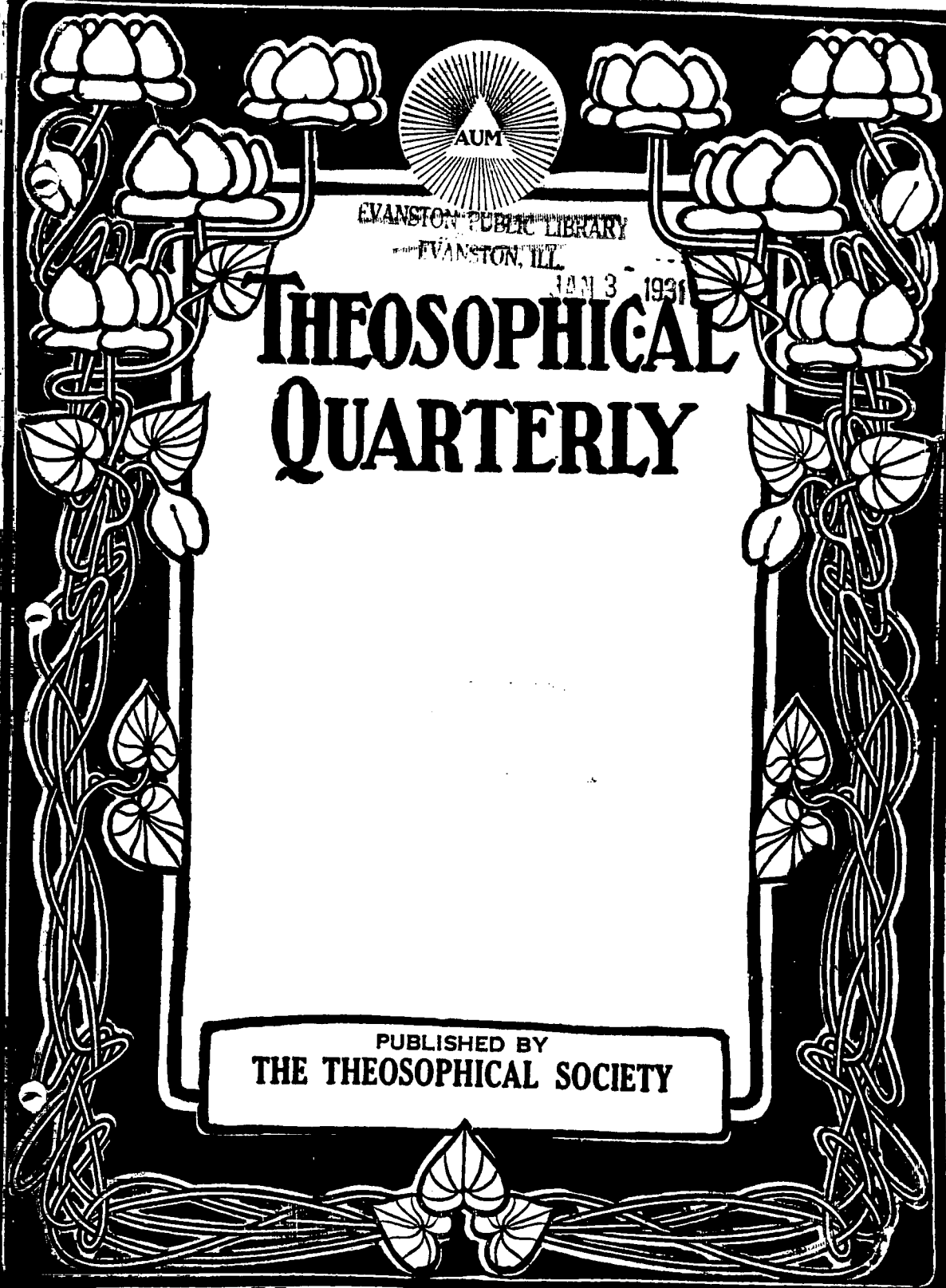
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JANUARY, 1931

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A HIGH DISCIPLE, A PROPHECY, AND A MIRACLE

THE passages of the Buddhist Suttas here translated contain many things which illumine different sides of the Buddha's character. There is, first, an often repeated formula which compresses counsels of supreme wisdom into a sentence. There is an illustration of the Buddha's fine irony, this time directed to the chief among his high disciples. There is a prophecy, a very interesting comment on which was made a good many years ago in *The Theosophist*, while it was still under the guidance of its heroic foundress. Then there is the story of what it is customary to call a miracle,—in reality an illustration of a Master's command of natural forces. First in order comes the counsel of wisdom:

And so, when the Master had remained at Rajagriha as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Ambalatthika."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Ambalatthika.

There, at Ambalatthika, the Master dwelt in the king's palace. While the Master was dwelling there at Ambalatthika in the king's palace, he addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs, the poison of unwisdom."

It has been said of Masters that they are great in wisdom, even greater in holiness, since right conduct, of which holiness is the perfect flower, is the first and indispensable step toward wisdom. It would be both interesting and profitable to consider how far the clouds of materialistic science, which are now beginning to break, owe their obscurity to the ignoring of this funda-

mental principle. The word just translated "heart" is *chittam*, which means the whole consciousness; only when developed and expanded equally can consciousness discern that reality, the perception of which is wisdom, and consciousness not responsive to the law of righteousness is not fully developed, it is lop-sided and incomplete. A good many scientists, especially those who are in the lower ranks, speak and think rather disparagingly of "mere morality"; they do not realize that they are thereby defining the limits of their perception. They may gather the fruit of knowledge, but not of wisdom. Right conduct is the first step, and is indispensable. The seeker for wisdom who is founded upon right conduct may then wisely enter into meditation, the patient brooding of the mind on a subject of thought, which leads to wisdom. A wise distinction is drawn by students of Western mysticism between meditation and contemplation: meditation is the preliminary work of the purified mind, distributing and setting in the best order the parts of a problem, and making thoughtful comparison with kindred problems; contemplation is the serene insight, kindled by the inner light, which falls upon the parts of a problem thus thoughtfully considered. But, for any true ordering of a problem, right conduct must come first. There must be white light. If the light be coloured by "lust, the desire of life, false beliefs, unwisdom", the elements of the lower self, there can be no true seeing. Scientists take infinite pains, and rightly, to exclude all foreign factors from a critical experiment; disciples must take equal pains to exclude the "poisons", if they seek right perception. They must build upon right conduct. This is fundamental, and therefore we find the Buddha repeating these sentences again and again, so that they may be engraved on the memories and hearts of his disciples.

The story brings us next to the finely ironical reproof of Sariputta. The chief of the Buddha's disciples, to whom tradition gives the title, "Leader of the Army of the Law of Righteousness", held in the inner circle about the Buddha a position like that of Peter, traditionally named "Prince of the Apostles", in the group of disciples chosen by Christ. There is a profoundly interesting contrast in tone between the reproof administered to Sariputta and the rebukes which the impulsive Peter drew down upon himself. The narrative of the incident begins:

And so, when the Master had remained at Ambalatthika as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Nalanda."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Nalanda. There, at Nalanda, the Master dwelt in the Pavarika mango grove.

Before going on with the story it is interesting to note that a famous university was later established at Nalanda by the followers of the Buddha; for a long time it was the centre of religious and philosophical culture in northern India. Pending that foundation, the Buddha and his disciples camped in the mango grove, a huge cavern of green coolness, with the dark brown stems of the mangoes growing in sandy soil and holding up the wide canopy of glossy

leaves. So deep is the shade that there is little grass, but a smooth floor fitted for the setting up of booths well protected from the blaze of the Indian sky. The Buddha, as the "Birth Stories" show, was a lover and keen observer of birds, attributing to himself such births as the "Wise Partridge"; in the green gloom of the mango grove he would have seen the gold and black orioles flitting to and fro, uttering eloquent things in their rich contralto tones,—the orioles of India are close kin to the golden orioles of France; he would have seen striped hoopoes magnificent in their war-bonnets, stepping sedately across the sandy floor; he would have seen gray squirrels darting from tree to tree, chattering at each other excitedly. And, while so resting among these lovely things, he would have seen the approach of his chief disciple:

And so the noble Sariputta, coming near to where the Master was, and drawing near to the Master, respectfully saluted him and seated himself at one side. Thus seated at one side, the noble Sariputta spoke thus to the Master:

"So full of faith am I, Sire, in the Master, that I am persuaded that never has there been, never shall there be, nor in the present is there found any other, whether ascetic or Brahman, greater and wiser than my Master, that is, respecting the supreme illumination!"

The Master answered: "Lofty and magnificent are the words that thou hast spoken, O Sariputta, uttering, as it were, the triumphant roar of a lion: 'So full of faith am I, Sire, in the Master, that I am persuaded that never has there been, never shall there be, nor in the present is there found any other, whether ascetic or Brahman, greater and wiser than my Master, that is, respecting the supreme illumination!' Without doubt, O Sariputta, whatever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, there have been in the far-reaching pathway of the past, these Masters thou hast known, encompassing them in thy consciousness, so as to perceive that such was the righteousness of these Masters, such was their knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such was their illumination, such was their conduct, so far had they attained to liberation?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"Well then, Sariputta, whatsoever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, there shall be in the far-reaching pathway of the future, all these Masters thou hast known, encompassing them in thy consciousness, so as to perceive that such shall be the righteousness of these Masters, such their knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such their illumination, such their conduct, so far shall they attain to liberation?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"Well then, Sariputta, have I, as Arhat, as perfect Buddha of the present time, been so well known by thee, encompassing me with thy consciousness, that thou hast been able to say, 'Such is the righteousness of the Master, such is his knowledge of the Law of Righteousness, such is his illumination, such is his conduct, so far has he attained to liberation'?"

"Not so, of a truth, Sire!"

"So, then, Sariputta, thou hast not a complete knowledge of the consciousness of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, of the past, the future, and of the present

time. Why, then, Sariputta, hast thou uttered these lofty and magnificent words, roaring, as it were, the roar of a lion?"

The Buddha conveyed more than one lesson in this rather crushing reproof administered to his chief apostle. He wished Sariputta to come to a realization of the real scope of his own words; it is, first of all, a lesson in meditation. At the same time, the Buddha awakens some intuition of the might, majesty, dominion and power of the Great Lodge of Masters, backward along the far-reaching pathway of the past, forward along the far-reaching pathway of the future, and in the everlasting Now; of the holiness, the wisdom, the liberation of the Masters. But there is one lesson more: their splendid humility. With fine irony the Buddha reproves the ecstatic outpouring of the over-zealous Sariputta; at the same time he rebukes the great disciple's flattery, however sincere it may be. There is an inner unity of spirit here with the reply of Christ: "Why callest thou me good?"

Sariputta accepts the reproof, and makes a rejoinder which does credit at once to his devotion and to the quickness of his mind:

"It is true, Sire, that I have not a complete knowledge of the consciousness of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, of the past, the future and of the present time. But I have a perception of the lineage of the Law of Righteousness. It is, Sire, as though a king possessed a city on the frontier, firmly founded, with firm walls and towers, and with one gate. There the king's warden kept the gate, a man learned, experienced, possessing wisdom, so that he kept out those who were unknown, and admitted those who were known. So making the complete circuit of that city's walls, the warden might not scrutinize every joint in the wall, every crevice in the wall, through which only a cat could find its way out. But he would know of a certainty that every considerable living being which entered the city or departed from it,—every one of them must enter or depart by the gate which he guarded. In just this way, Sire, is the lineage of the Law of Righteousness known to me. Whatsoever Arhats, perfect Buddhas, Sire, were on the far-reaching pathway of the past, dispelling the five obscurities (envy, passion, vacillation, sloth, and unbelief), these faults which darken the understanding, firmly established in the four degrees of recollection and meditation, thoroughly exercising themselves in the seven members of awakened spiritual intelligence (that is to say, in recollection, examination, valour, joy, serenity, contemplation, detachment), thereby enjoyed the unsurpassable supreme illumination. And I know that the same thing will be true of the Arhats, perfect Buddhas, on the far-reaching pathway of the future. I know, too, that this is true, Sire, of the Master in the present!"

No comment of the Buddha on this fine piece of special pleading has been recorded. But he must have smiled in serene enjoyment of his great disciple's intellectual resourcefulness. The narrative continues:

There, at Nalanda, the Master dwelt in the Pavarika mango grove. And there he addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom

enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs, the poison of unwisdom."

And so, when the Master had dwelt at Nalanda as long as seemed good to him, he addressed the noble Ananda, saying: "Let us go, Ananda, let us betake ourselves to Pataligama."

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda responded. And so the Master, with a great company of disciples, departed to Pataligama.

The lay-disciples who were at Pataligama heard that the Master had come to Pataligama. Therefore these lay-disciples betook themselves to the place where the Master was, and, respectfully saluting the Master, seated themselves at one side. Being thus seated at one side, the lay-disciples of Pataligama said: "Sire, let the Master take up his abode in the rest-house!" The Master by his silence gave consent.

And so the lay-disciples of Pataligama, seeing that the Master had consented to be their guest, rose from their seats, respectfully saluted the Master, keeping the right hand toward him, and betook themselves to the rest-house. Betaking themselves thither, and fully preparing the rest-house for occupation, they set seats in order, brought a jar of pure water, set up an oil lamp, and, having completed their preparations, went back to the place where the Buddha was, and, respectfully saluting him, stood at one side. Standing thus at one side, these lay-disciples of Pataligama spoke thus to the Master:

"Sire, the rest-house is fully prepared for occupation, seats have been set in order, a jar of pure water has been brought, an oil lamp has been set up. The time has come for the Master to do what he thinks fitting!"

And so the Master, donning his robe and taking his bowl, went with the company of his disciples to the rest-house, washed his feet, and entered the rest-house, taking his seat at the central pillar and sitting with his face toward the East. The disciples of the Order thereupon also washed their feet, and entered the rest-house, taking their seats against the Western wall, seating themselves with the Master in front of them. Finally, the lay-disciples of Pataligama washed their feet also, entered the rest-house and seated themselves against the Eastern wall, facing the West, and respectfully taking their places with regard to the Master.

And so the Master thus addressed the lay-disciples of Pataligama: "There are five miseries which beset the wrong-doer because he has fallen from right conduct. What are the five?"

"First, householders, because the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct is overcome by sloth, he incurs the loss of his possessions. This is the first misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct is overtaken by ill repute. This is the second misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, concerning the wrong-doer fallen from righteous conduct, whatever society he enters, whether a gathering of Kshatriyas, a

gathering of Brahmans, a gathering of householders, or a gathering of ascetics, he enters that gathering devoid of confidence, downcast. This is the third misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct, when he reaches his appointed time, is afflicted with dismay. This is the fourth misery that besets him.

"Once again, householders, the wrong-doer fallen from right conduct, when he is separated from the body after death, finds himself in an unhappy state of affliction, woe, punishment, retribution. This is the fifth misery that besets him. These, then, householders, are the five miseries that overtake the wrong-doer who has fallen from right conduct.

"And likewise there are five blessings which rest upon the man of good conduct, who follows after righteousness. What are the five?

"First, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, since he does not fall into sloth, gains much stored-up wealth. This is the first blessing that rests on him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, gains fair fame and repute. This is the second blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, concerning the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, whatever society he enters, whether a gathering of Kshatriyas, a gathering of Brahmans, a gathering of householders, or a gathering of ascetics, he is confident, not downcast. This is the third blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, when he reaches his appointed time, is serene of heart. This is the fourth blessing that rests upon him.

"Once again, householders, the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness, when he is separated from the body after death, finds himself in a happy state of blessedness. This is the fifth blessing that rests upon him. These, then, householders, are the five blessings that rest upon the man of good conduct who follows after righteousness."

And so, when the Master had instructed the lay-disciples of Pataligama far into the night, encouraging them in good works, filling them with vigour and delight, he dismissed them, saying: "The night is far gone, householders! It is time for you to do what is fitting!"

"So be it, Sire!" responded the lay-disciples of Pataligama, answering the Master, and rising from their seats they respectfully saluted the Master, keeping the right hand toward him, and took their departure. And the Master, not long after the lay-disciples of Pataligama had taken their departure, entered the chamber in which he might enjoy solitude.

So far, the journey to Pataligama, which, being interpreted, means the Village of the Sweet-scented Trumpet-vine. Two aspects of this incident are worth noting: first, the sense of courtesy and order which invariably ruled all

acts of the Buddha and the members of the Order, illustrated here by the seating of the Buddha, his full disciples, and the lay-disciples of Pataligama, whom he was visiting, as well as in the careful preparations which these lay-disciples made for his reception; second, the directly practical nature of his teaching at Pataligama, exactly suited to the problems of men who, adhering to his spiritual leadership, yet remained in their own homes, and there met the ordinary problems of daily life. The clear distinction between the members of the Order who were seeking the transmutation of full discipleship, and these excellent and devoted lay-disciples, who were not directly seeking that transmutation, is fully brought out by the scope and character of the lessons in the rest-house. And here, as always, the Buddha used iteration to make it easy for his hearers to remember,—to make it almost impossible for them to forget. The narrative resumes:

At that very time Sunidha and Vassakara, chief ministers of Ajatashatru, King of Magadha, were building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians. At that time also many thousand *devatās* (ethereal powers) had taken possession of the region of Pataligama. In whatever place *devatās* of great power take possession of the region, they turn the hearts of rulers and chief ministers of great power to build residences in that place. And so the *devatās* of middle power or of lesser power constrain the hearts of rulers and chief ministers of middle or lesser power to build dwellings.

So it befell that the Master with divine vision, pure, surpassing the vision of the sons of men, saw these thousands of *devatās* that had taken possession of the places in Pataligama. And so, as night was lightening to dawn, the Master arose and said to the noble Ananda:

"Ananda, who is building a stronghold at Pataligama?"

"Sunidha and Vassakara, Sire, the chief ministers of Magadha, are building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians!"

"They act, Ananda, as though they had taken counsel with the Thirty-three Celestials, these chief ministers of Magadha, Sunidha and Vassakara, in building a stronghold at Pataligama as a defence against the Vajjians. In this very place, Ananda, I beheld with divine vision, pure, surpassing the vision of the sons of men, thousands of *devatās* who have taken possession of the region of Pataligama. And in whatever place ethereal powers of great influence take possession of the region, they turn the hearts of great rulers and chief ministers to build residences in that place, and so with the ethereal powers of middle or lesser influence, who constrain the hearts of rulers and ministers of middle or lesser power to build dwellings. So far, Ananda, as the Aryan people have their dwellings, so far as merchants wend their way, this shall be the chief city, Pataliputra, a central city. Nevertheless, Ananda, three dangers shall threaten Pataliputra,—the dangers of fire, of water and of dissension between friends!"

Pataligama, the Village of the Sweet-scented Trumpet-vine, was on the south bank of the Ganges, just below the point where the Sôn river enters it from the south, close to longitude 85° East, not far from the modern city of Patna. As the Buddha foresaw and foretold, the village became a great and wealthy

city, under circumstances thus set forth in an authoritative historical study entitled "Shakya Muni's Place in History", which was printed in *The Theosophist* and reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*:

"Quite independently of the Buddhist version, there exists the historical fact recorded in the Brahmanical as well as in the Burmese and Tibetan versions, that in the year 63 of Buddha, Susinago of Benares was chosen king by the people of Pataliputra, who made away with Ajatashatru's dynasty. Susinago removed the capital of Magadha from Rajagriha to Vaisali, while his successor Kalashoka removed it in his turn to Pataliputra. It was during the reign of the latter that the prophecy of Buddha concerning Patalibat or Pataliputra—a small village during His time—was realized."

The prophecy has just been quoted. King Ajatashatru appears several times in these Suttas: as the king who visited and revered the Buddha, but was debarred from becoming a full disciple because he had slain his father. Perhaps it was the karmic retribution for this parricide that led the people of Pataliputra to "make away with Ajatashatru's dynasty": he appears again as fulminating against the Vajjians and as sending his Brahman minister Vasakara, the Rain-maker, to find out from the Buddha whether he could hope to overcome them. Evidently the oracle which the Rain-maker brought back dissuaded him from making his contemplated attack, but he determined to build a fortress at Pataligama to prevent the Vajjians from attacking him. Therefore he sent his two ministers to see to the building of a new stronghold near the village. The year 63 of Buddha, that is, 63 years after the Great Decease, corresponds to the year 480 before our era. The Kalashoka mentioned in the historical essay cited, who is also called Chandragupta, belonged to the Rajput family of the Moryas. At a later date Pataliputra is named in the fifth Edict inscribed on the rocks at Girnar by order of Dharmashoka, the great Buddhist convert and emperor. The excellent monograph, *Asoka: The Buddhist Emperor of India*, by Vincent A. Smith, late of the Indian Civil Service, tells us that "the ancient city of Pataliputra, like its modern successor (Patna), was a long and narrow parallelogram, about nine miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth. The wooden walls seen by Megasthenes, which were protected by a wide and deep moat, were pierced by sixty-four gates and crowned by five hundred and seventy towers. Asoka built an outer masonry wall, and beautified the city with innumerable stone buildings so richly decorated, that in after ages they were ascribed to the genii."

Thus the first part of the Buddha's prophecy was fulfilled. The small village, in whose rest-house he and his disciples were so hospitably welcomed by the lay-disciples, became the first city of the Indian world, the imperial capital of Asoka. Concerning the three dangers which threatened the great city, still unbuilt, we may quote from the monograph already cited:

"The greater part of the ancient city (Pataliputra) still lies buried in the silt of the rivers under Patna and Bankipore at a depth of from ten to twenty feet. In several places the remains of the wooden palisade mentioned by Megasthenes have been exposed by casual excavations, and numerous traces have been

found of massive brick and magnificent stone buildings. . . . The excavations, as far as they have been carried, fully confirm the accuracy of the accounts given by Megasthenes and the Chinese pilgrims of the extent and magnificence of the Maurya capital."

So far the prophecy and its fulfilment. Now concerning the miracle. Since King Ajatashatru had great reverence for the Buddha, and had expressed this reverence to his chief minister, the Rain-maker, it was wholly natural for the Rain-maker and his ministerial colleague to show the Buddha every attention, to press hospitality upon him, which he accepted, graciously returning thanks on behalf of himself and his disciples. The narrative goes on:

And so the Master, having thanked Sunidha and Vassakara, chief ministers of Magadha, arose and departed. And the two chief ministers followed after the Master, saying: "By what gate the ascetic Gotama departs, that shall be named Gotama Gate; and by what ferry the ascetic Gotama shall cross the river Ganga, that shall be called Gotama Ferry." So the gate by which the Master went out was named Gotama Gate.

And so the Master went on to the Ganga river. At that time the Ganga river was full to the brink, so that a crow standing on the bank might drink. Some of the men who were there sought a boat, some of them sought a raft, some of them sought a float of branches, desiring to cross to the other shore. But the Master, just as a mighty man might stretch forth his arm, or, having stretched it forth, draw it back again, disappeared from the hither bank of the Ganga river and immediately was standing on the farther bank, with the company of his disciples.

The Master saw the men seeking boat or raft or float, and, seeing them, sang this song:

"They who cross the watery waste, after building a causeway,

While fools seek floats of boughs,—they are indeed the wise."

The story of this crossing of the Ganges may remind us of the story of another Master, who likewise had command over the wind and the waves:

"Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

Thus that Master carried his disciples with him to the other shore. Those who are ready to accept the view that great Masters have such power over the elements, will see in both narratives a record of that power. Others may be content to see in the two events an eloquent symbol of a Master's protective power over his children, whom he takes with him to the farther shore, the shore of salvation, across the "watery waste" of psychical illusion.

FRAGMENTS

I ASKED the Master for light and he gave me darkness: and I grieved. Then he said to me: It is in my light that you should walk, not in your own. Did I give you the light, you would walk in the path that your light showed, but if you be in darkness you will take no step until I show a place where you may put your feet. So I give darkness that you may see yourself, and thereby learn the light that is of me. How else could I give you light?

He who sits in darkness need not fear, if he be still. It is not what others may do to you that constitutes your danger; it is what you may do yourself, and wring your soul's consent. There are many lights,—the flashing lights of ambition and success that end in blindness; the dazzling lights of the mind that fascinate and mislead; the treacherous lights of the heart that enchant, and disarm, and destroy. Beware of lights, as the multitude run about crying, Lo here, Lo there.

Still in the darkness, fixed, expectant, slowly the inner eyes shall open. Could they open in the flooding light of day? For to the inner eyes the light is darkness, the darkness, light. When the mind is lost in shadows, when the candles of the heart are all extinguished, when the material world is wrapped in blackness, rejoice, rejoice, for so I give the light—the light that shineth evermore unto the perfect day.

I asked the Master for peace and he gave me strife: and I grieved.

Then he said to me: O you of little faith, what peace can there be where you are, but in death? Go forth to meet the strife and battle valiantly. So shall there be the peace—my peace—which crowns the victor's toil; when, strong, serene, he, herolike, has dominated self and sin, within, without, and comes and lays his sword upon the altar of the great White Lodge from which he took it. There is peace in that day; but in this, peace only in a conflict bravely waged. I give the strife that you may have the peace. How else could I give you peace? For to the soul, that which is war on earth is peace in heaven.

CAVÉ.

IAMBlichus

I drew nigh to the confines of death, I trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was borne through all the elements and returned to earth. I saw the sun shining with splendour at midnight. I approached the Gods above and the Gods below, and worshipped them face to face.

APULEIUS.

PLATO and others have testified that during the celebration of the Mysteries, the Initiate was liberated from the bonds of the body and held converse with the Immortals. He was said to be reborn as a companion of the Gods by the efficacy of the sacred rites in which he participated.

With few exceptions, modern scholars have rejected the idea that Initiation involved a real transformation of human nature. They have supposed that the neophyte's fancy was over-stimulated by "suggestion," if not by drugs or long periods of fasting. They have imagined that the "divine apparitions" of the Mysteries were produced and controlled by stage machinery, like the spirit cabinets of the parlour magician.

However, the student of Theosophy cannot dismiss without investigation the testimony of a Plato that Initiation was a spiritual experience. The existence of bogus Mysteries, past and present, does not disprove the existence of Mysteries which are real, and which may be discovered to-day by one who is determined to find them and is willing to undergo their discipline. In any event, the study of the Mystery tradition is a most important part of the second object of the Theosophical Society.

Nevertheless, with the best will in the world, he who begins this study is often bewildered by the contradictory and fragmentary nature of the data. Modern scholarship is not wholly responsible for the misunderstandings which have arisen; for the ancients who knew, were obliged by their pledge of secrecy to speak indirectly and allegorically, and those who were ignorant could only describe exoteric reflections and counterfeits of the sacred rites.

Therefore, the student of the twentieth century can appreciate the motives which impelled a student of the third century to question whether the so-called sacred rites were not vain and spurious. This student was Porphyry, the most talented disciple of Plotinus and the head of the Neo-Platonic school after his master's death.

Porphyry did not doubt the reality of the spiritual world and of the truths revealed by mystical experience; but he could discover no connection between the ceremonies of the Mysteries—as he had heard them described—and the method of self-transformation which had been taught by Plotinus and which he had proved for himself to be effective by his own inner development. Indeed, Porphyry gave outward proof of his inner development by a notable

manifestation of intellectual humility. Suspecting that others knew what he did not know himself, he addressed an open letter to an Egyptian theurgist, the "prophet" Anebo,¹ and requested information concerning the Egyptian Mysteries in which, as he had reason to believe, Anebo had been initiated.

The purport of his letter can be given in a few words. Porphyry asked what was the objective of Initiation and, if this objective were worthy, why was it attainable only by the cultivation of magical powers which seemed to involve the enslavement of divine energies to material ends, such as the procurement of health or wealth or the foreknowledge of the future. Wherein did such practices differ from vulgar sorcery, and what relation did they bear to the true purpose of the soul, the realization of its union with the Divine Self?

Porphyry's letter was answered by Abammon, who described himself as the superior of Anebo. It is generally accepted that the actual author was a friend of Porphyry, the philosopher Iamblichus. Madame Blavatsky states that Abammon was the name of Iamblichus' Master, an Egyptian priest (*The Key to Theosophy*, 3).

Little is known of Iamblichus. He was born at Chalcis, in Coele-Syria, before the middle of the Third Century, and apparently died during the reign of Constantine the Great (306-337 A.D.). His familiarity with Egyptian modes of thought suggests that he spent much of his life in Egypt, probably in Alexandria. He was manifestly a careful student of the system of Plotinus, and an admirer of Porphyry as its most distinguished exponent. He was celebrated for his erudition, and is probably best known among modern historians as the author of the most complete extant biography of Pythagoras.

The "divine Iamblichus," as his followers named him, has nevertheless been neglected and despised by modern scholars. It is claimed with reason that as regards philosophical genius he cannot be compared with Plotinus or even with Porphyry. Moreover, he did not express himself clearly and elegantly in Greek, possibly because it was not his mother-tongue. The passages translated in the present article are based on the Greek text and Latin translation of Gustave Parthey, with the invaluable help of the English translations of Thomas Taylor and Alexander Wilder. A certain amount of paraphrasing has been necessary in order to render the thought of Iamblichus in readable English, but the translator has been as careful as possible to preserve the ideas of Iamblichus in their integrity.

The real genius of Iamblichus was revealed in the domain of applied occultism or *theurgy*, and this makes thoroughly intelligible the hostility of the moderns. Thus we find a well-known "authority" on the Hermetic literature designating Iamblichus as either a lunatic or a charlatan. He has shared the fate of Apollonius of Tyana, of Paracelsus and Saint-Germain and Cagliostro, of Madame Blavatsky herself.

¹ It has been conjectured that Anebo was the priest to whom Porphyry refers in his *Life of Plotinus*. This priest is said to have evoked the "presiding spirit" of Plotinus by a theurgic ceremony in the Temple of Isis at Rome. "At the summons a Divinity appeared. . . and the Egyptian exclaimed: 'You are singularly graced; the guiding power in you is not of the lower degrees but is a God' " (cap. 9).

In the *Theosophical Glossary*, Iamblichus is said to have been "the founder of theurgic magic among the Neo-Platonists and the reviver of the practical mysteries outside of temple or fane," theurgic magic being "principally the highest and most efficient mode of communication with one's Higher Ego, through the medium of one's astral body. Theurgy is *benevolent* magic, and it becomes goëtic, or dark and evil, only when it is used for necromancy or selfish purposes." The theurgists "could clothe their own or any other person's astral *double* with the appearance of its Higher Ego, or what Bulwer Lytton terms the 'Luminous Self,' the *Augoeides*, and confabulate with it. This it is which Iamblichus and many others, including the mediæval Rosicrucians, meant by *union with Deity*. . . . There is much of the theosophical in his (Iamblichus') teachings, and his works on the various kinds of Dæmons (Elementals) are a well of esoteric knowledge for the student".

One may surmise that Iamblichus was an associate of the Lodge Messenger of the third century, if he was not the Lodge Messenger himself. This idea is suggested by his attempt to re-establish the Egyptian and Greek Mysteries, and to isolate them from the deadening influences of priestcraft and officialdom. Incidentally, he met the determined opposition of the Christian clergy, who were appropriating the rites and symbols of the Mysteries for purposes of their own.

* * * * *

The reply of Abammon to Porphyry bears the title, *Peri Mustērion*, or in Latin, *De Mysteriis*, "Concerning the Mysteries." It is said to have satisfied Porphyry to the extent that he recognized the existence and value of a true theurgy preserved by a Mystery tradition that was sponsored by the Immortals themselves.

The *De Mysteriis* may be interpreted as an invitation to the lover of truth to enter the path leading to Initiation. The sacred rites, Iamblichus says again and again, were instituted by the Immortals as a means of awakening the souls of men, leading them to an immediate awareness of their essential divinity. Therefore, if they were designed by Gods and Heroes, it is impious to compare them to the "mummeries and labyrinths" of exoteric ceremonies, which have been devised by mortal men. Exoteric ritual too often imposes upon the disinterested spectator an impression of automatism and insincerity. The veritable sacred rites, on the contrary, are said to reveal, in ordered succession, the scenes of a divine drama displaying the primordial being of the soul, its subsequent fall into matter, its final liberation and return to the state of bliss. Moreover, there is a factor which distinguishes the divine drama from all ritual of human origin. In the course of its representation, the Initiate ceases to be merely a spectator and becomes a participant. He becomes, indeed, the soul; its trials and triumphs are no longer external to himself, for they are formed of the tissue of his personal experience.

The guide and patron of the Neophyte, his spiritual Father, the Hierophant and High Priest of the Mysteries, is an Adept who has mastered the theurgic art (from the Greek *theourgia*, divine work). "The Neo-Platonists of the

school of Iamblichus were called Theurgists, for they performed the so-called 'ceremonial magic' and evoked the *simulacra* or the images of the ancient heroes, 'gods,' and daimonia (divine spiritual entities). . . . They did it simply by the liberation of their own astral body, which, taking the form of a god or hero, served as a *medium* or vehicle through which the special current preserving the ideas and knowledge of that hero or god could be reached and manifested" (*Theosophica Glossary*, 305-306). In the same section, Madame Blavatsky comments upon "the perfect identity of rites and ceremonial between the oldest Brahmanic theurgy and that of the Alexandrian Platonists."

As Iamblichus suggests, the sacred rites have significance only in so far as the Neophyte participates actively in them, identifying the process of Initiation with the life of his own soul. When that identification is completed in a certain measure, the outer forms of the ritual are no longer necessary to his progress, though he may continue to use them for the purpose of instructing others. "Our present treatise does not ordain laws for the perfected man, for he is superior to all laws of this kind; but it promulgates a rule to those who are in want of a certain divine legislation. . . . And, indeed, the experience of liberation comes to very few, and we must be satisfied if it is known only when the sun of life is setting" (V, 22). It has been supposed that in this passage, Iamblichus specifically refers to Plotinus, who seemed to his contemporaries to possess *innately* the power of passing directly and without external aid from the common life of man to a state of union with the One Self, the Immortal,—as if his Higher Ego had undergone the preparatory ordeals of Initiation in a previous life.

The *De Mysteriis* may be roughly divided into three parts. First, Iamblichus sketches an outline of cosmogony which provides the basis for his teaching concerning the divine potentialities within human life. Secondly, he designates the true Mysteries as the agency which brings those divine potentialities to fruition. He limits himself to abstractions when he refers to them directly, having no right to publish concrete details of the sacred rites. Like Madame Blavatsky, he illustrates the potency of "ceremonial magic" by an analysis of oracles, of divination and prophetic dreams, of sacraments and sacrifices, and other exoteric phenomena and practices of his age. Finally, he considers the indispensable qualities of mind and heart which are required before a Master of the theurgic art will consent to accept an applicant for Initiation.

The argument of the *De Mysteriis* rests upon the conviction that knowledge of the Divine exists and is attainable. 'An innate knowledge of the Gods is co-existent with our very being; and this knowledge is superior to all judgment and deliberate choice. It subsists prior to reason and demonstration. It is united interiorly from the beginning to its cause, and is of one nature with the inherent longing and impulse of the soul towards the Good. Indeed, to speak truly, the contact with Divinity is not knowledge (in the usual sense of the word), for the knower is, in a certain manner, separated from the object of knowledge by a sense of 'otherness.' Superior to this lower form of knowing, which is as of one individual having knowledge of another, there is an

intimate union in which the knower is indistinguishable from the known. . . . Nor is it proper to put this union to the proof, as if we had authority to judge and to reject; for we are encompassed by it, or rather we are filled by it, and the very self-hood which we are, we possess in this knowing of the Gods" (I, 3).

It should be recalled that in Platonic terminology, the Good (*to Agathon*) has a connotation which is not usually suggested by the English word, "good". It signifies for each being the ideal end of its evolution, which is also the real object of its desire. Thus the Good is both the efficient and the final cause of the Universe, the substance of which things are made and the energy which moves them. All things seek the Good as the plant seeks to realize the "form" latent in the seed; but, not until the human kingdom is reached, can the Good be *known* as the object of desire, or contemplated apart from its innumerable reflections in the mirror of Nature. Man has the power of loving the Good for its own sake, as it is loved by the Gods.

"There is the Good, both that which is beyond Essence and that which exists through Essence. By Essence I mean that which is most ancient, most venerable, incorporeal. To exist through that Essence is the illustrious prerogative of the Gods, and being present in its fulness in all the Gods, that Essence preserves their Order nor can they be separated from it" (I, 5). Iamblichus distinguishes between "the impersonal and, in philosophy, unmanifested Logos" and "Cosmic Ideation, *MAHAT* or Intelligence, the Universal World-Soul, the Cosmic Noumenon of Matter, the basis of the intelligent operations in and of Nature" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888; I, 16). Thus we find Iamblichus saying: "From the unmanifested One, the Supreme God . . . caused Himself to shine forth, and hence He is self-engendered and sufficient unto Himself. He is the First Principle of the Gods, the Monad which proceeds from the ineffable One. . . . Therefore, he is called *Noëtarch*, Prince of Spiritual Intellection" (VIII, 2).

No human soul can ascend from physical existence to the unmanifested One without the mediation of the manifested Logos; for though all creatures are the One in their inmost being, their consciousness is active upon planes more or less removed from the state of direct awareness of the One. Moreover, the principles of active human consciousness are described in Neo-Platonic psychology as derivatives or emanations of the manifested Gods and of the hosts subordinate to them. The same idea is unfolded at great length in *The Secret Doctrine*: "Collectively, men are the handiwork of hosts of various spirits; distributively, the tabernacles of those hosts; and occasionally and singly, the vehicles of some of them. . . . Alone, the Divine Ray (the Atman) proceeds directly from the One" (I, 222, 224).

In theosophical terminology, the Gods of Iamblichus may be regarded as in one sense identical with the higher principles of human consciousness, Atma-Buddhi-Manas; and human nature becomes divine in so far as these higher principles become self-conscious. But also the Gods constitute the host of the Logos, creating and encompassing the Cosmos, and grouped, according to a hierarchical order, from the Demiurge of the Macrocosm to the Regents of man-

kind. Thus they may be identified, on one plane of the hierarchy, with the highest Dhyan Chohans of the Eastern Wisdom, and, on another, with the Masters who supervise the souls of men.

The Gods realize in their consciousness the supreme ideal of mystical aspiration. A God is an individual being, but also he is one with all other Gods. This is possible, Iamblichus affirms, because their powers of perception and will are not limited by matter. Their "bodies" are aids and not hindrances, for they are not defined by the conditions of our physical existence in space and time. A God may always be present anywhere and everywhere without diminution of his consciousness at any point.

"The Divinities of the highest order always have a superabundance of power. In this way, those who are superior to matter are present with the beings which belong to matter, but not after the manner of the world of matter. Let no one be astonished . . . that there should be a certain substance which is pure and divine. For this matter originates with the Father and Demiurge of the Universe, and possesses a completeness that makes it a proper receptacle of divine consciousness" (V, 23). The Gods "are not, like ourselves, encompassed by their bodies, but on the contrary they encompass their bodies with their own divine lives and energies; they are not drawn down by attachment into their bodies, but they possess bodies which have been drawn up towards the Divine Cause. Thus the body of a God does not interfere with his spiritual and incorporeal perfection, nor does it constitute an obstacle to perception by intervening between the perceiving consciousness and the object perceived. . . . A divine body is, indeed, very closely akin to the incorporeal essence of the Gods, for the matter of a divine body is of one substance and undivided" (I, 17). In brief, the divine consciousness has a vehicle of limitless potency, but it is in no sense conditioned by this vehicle. Our minds are ill-equipped to imagine such a relationship between "spirit" and "matter." We can only conceive it in negative terms by contrasting it with our own tragic lot, for "the human soul is in the body as in a prison or a tomb."

Iamblichus follows the Neo-Platonic tradition defining creation as emanation. As the ineffable and hidden Good "overflows", and the energy radiated becomes the Divine Host, or the Creative Logos, so the Logos "overflows", and its emanation becomes the Hierarchy of the Dæmons.

"The race of Dæmons causes the invisible excellence of the Gods to become visible in operation. By their agency, the ineffable is spoken, the formless shines forth in visible images, and that which is above reason is translated into that which is intelligible. Receiving from the Gods the gift of beauty, the Dæmons transmit it freely to the entities of lower rank. This intermediate race establishes a bond between the Gods and (physical) natures. They bind together the higher and the lower in a continuous series, being the vehicles through which an outgoing influence descends from the higher to the lower and a reciprocal influence ascends from the lower to the higher" (I, 5).

It may have been noticed already in the quotations given from Madame Blavatsky, that in one place she defines "Dæmons" as "elementals", and that,

in another, she refers to "Daimonia" as "divine spiritual entities". Iamblichus uses the term, *Dæmon*, in many different senses. Clearly, it was not his purpose to unveil the Mysteries, but simply to suggest reasons for a belief in their existence. So, in one place, when speaking of *Dæmons*, he evidently means "elementals", in another place his definitions recall the *Pitris* of *The Secret Doctrine*, in another, Angels, in another, the "shells" and "elementaries" of theosophical literature, in another, Nature-Spirits, and in yet another, devils. It is a method which has the merit of supplying valuable exercise for the intuition!

Like other occultists, Iamblichus affirms the fundamental proposition that the Universe is embodied consciousness, that the noumenon of every phenomenon is an act of consciousness. The act of consciousness which originated in the Logos is said to be conveyed through a descending series of *dæmonic* "lives" into the depths of Nature, where it becomes manifest as a concrete form. The relative perfection of the form is determined by the nature of the *Dæmons* who have projected it; for there are innumerable races of *Dæmons*, some of them very near to the divine source of their life, and others far removed, in whom the light of the Gods burns feebly and intermittently.

The *Dæmons* have a special relationship to man which may be illustrated by the Neo-Platonic version of the myth of Narcissus. According to this allegory, Nature is the mirror in which the soul reflects itself. The *Dæmons*, the "lives" of Nature, clothe the reflection with substance and endow it with form and psychic vitality. "The *Dæmons* draw souls down into Nature" (II, 5). Falling in love with its mirrored beauty, the soul "descends into generation." An interaction is set in operation between the soul and its image or vehicle, and the product of this interaction is human self-consciousness, individualized and responsible.

Iamblichus clearly distinguishes between the real or higher soul which is of divine essence, and its image, the reflected or lower soul, which participates in the *dæmonic* consciousness. He further identifies the *dæmonic* consciousness with the planetary influences studied by astrologers: "As the Egyptian scriptures have stated, man has two souls. One is derived directly from the First God and shares His creative power; but the other is generated by the revolutions of the planets. The soul which descends from the orbs in the sky is affected by their periodic motions; but that which is *noëtic* or divine, transcends the forms of birth and death. Attaining liberation from fate, it ascends to the Gods" (VIII, 6).

As the Gods need the *dæmonic* energies to create the Cosmos, so the higher soul needs the *dæmonic* energies of the lower soul, in order that it may manifest and realize its divinity. To that end, man must effect the transmutation of the actual form of the personality into a form more adequately reflecting the essence of his higher soul. In the language of theurgy, he must no longer allow his will to be dominated by the "genii of the earth", who build the form of the mortal, for he has the prerogative of attracting to his sphere the higher *Dæmons* who build and preserve the form of the Immortal.

This prerogative he possesses by virtue of the essential identity of the higher soul with the Gods. According to Iamblichus, the aspirant is guarded and instructed by a special class of beings, the Demi-Gods or Heroes. The Hero, in one sense, is the son of an immortal father and a mortal mother,—a very significant symbol; in another sense, he has attained relative liberation and enlightenment, remaining in sympathetic contact with moral natures.

"The essence of the Hero is Life and Reason; he is the conductor of souls. It is said of the Dæmons that they preside over Nature and fertility, and that they form the bond uniting the soul to the body. But it is requisite to attribute to the Heroes a (higher) order of life-giving power, for they are the leaders of mankind and they are liberated from the dominion of generation and change" (II, 1).

It would seem that the following sentence of *The Secret Doctrine* expresses the same idea in another set of terms: "In its qualitative and physical aspect it (mankind) is the direct progeny of the 'Ancestors,' the lowest Dhyanis, or Spirits of the Earth; for its moral, psychic and spiritual nature, it is indebted to a group of divine Beings" (I, 224).

The Egyptians, says Iamblichus, "do not contemplate the Divinity with the reasoning faculty alone, for they teach that by means of the sacred rites the aspirant may identify himself with the higher and more universal nature, and may establish himself in a state of being superior to fate, uniting himself with the Creative Power of the Demiurge" (VIII, 4).

The sacred rites of the theurgic art are as different from any exoteric religious ceremony as light is from shadow. In every religion the priest claims to be the vicar or representative of his God, but no man can perform the veritable sacred rites unless he be consciously one with the God whom he evokes. The rites of every religion are supposed to have some sort of divine sanction, but the sacred rites have no effectiveness unless they be *lived* and inwardly comprehended by the officiant. Understanding of this order implies much more than mental apprehension. It is the direct knowledge which proceeds from union with the object of knowledge. Therefore, moral and physical purity must be assured, before the candidate is allowed to present himself for Initiation.

Theurgy is, in one sense, the art of divine evocation. The theurgist differs from other men, because he acts with far greater awareness and intensity, and because he evokes beings who are unmoved by the meditations of others. It is a verifiable fact that all men are always practising some form of evocation, for no man can identify himself with any function of his heart or mind or body without re-enforcing that function by the assimilation of forces external to his personal self. Mob psychology is, indeed, a study of this very process, for each entity in a mob is "possessed" by demoniacal forces which are akin to certain elements of his normal personality, though they are attracted to his sphere of consciousness only when the aggregation of a mob generates a certain type of psychic "magnetism." But though every one is an evocator, very few practise evocation with any understanding or deliberate intent. It is, doubtless,

fortunate that this is so, for the pure alone can see God, and there is presumably a solid basis of fact underlying the fable of the sorcerer's apprentice who could call spirits from the vasty deep but could not get rid of them.

"It is requisite to understand that the Universe is one creature, and that the parts of it are separated by place or position, yet, through the possession of a common nature, sympathize with one another" (IV, 12). Because of the oneness of the world, every entity corresponds in some measure to every other. "When the evocator arouses the physical powers of the Cosmos, an involuntary gift of energy from those powers ensues, though he who receives the gift may pervert it to base ends. . . . Things which are far distant in space from one another, are caused to co-operate by the harmony of the world. If one who understands this to be true, should endeavour with wicked intent to blend the energies of (dæmonic) entities, these entities are not the real cause of the evil which follows; but the audacity of man and his transgression of the order of the world, pervert things which are in essence excellent and lawful" (IV, 10).

The difference between white and black magic is determined by the motive of the evocator. The black magician forms a liaison with evil Dæmons, or rather—to interpret Iamblichus' meaning more accurately—he impresses his evil motive upon the plastic nature of the lower or more material of the Dæmons, who are themselves irresponsible, but who may be drawn into the current of the sorcerer's will. The white magician, or theurgist, uses the sacred rites to awaken the consciousness of his higher soul, and to unite his undivided self with the One Self of the Gods. St. Paul spoke as a theurgist when he said, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (*Galatians*, II, 20).

Theurgy, says Iamblichus, "does not originate with the body or its passions, . . . nor is it acquired by a certain art, externally acquired, concerning things related to the life of the body; for the whole authority of it is derived from the Gods and the art of its operations is imparted by them" (III, 1). The real officiants in the Mysteries are the Gods who are the "Fathers in Heaven" of the Initiates, and who can participate, because the "atmosphere" of the ceremonies is so pure that "the Divinities can be present without leaving their own place." "When the soul is united with the Gods, it then receives the richest plenitude of spiritual knowledge, whence proceeds divination by means of divine dreams, the wisdom which apprehends what has been and what will be. . . . Thus in the temples of Æsculapius, diseases are healed through the agency of dreams sent by the God" (III, 3).

As has been said, Iamblichus describes the abstract nature of the sacred rites, but he does not give concrete details. "The rite copies the order of the Gods, both the unmanifested and the manifested. It contains the eternal measure of the things which are, and shows forth the admirable signatures of the Demiurge whereby things of an ineffable nature are unfolded into light by arcane symbols" (I, 21). One recalls various references to the sacred dances of antiquity, which are said to have illustrated certain correspondences between the Cosmos and man. We read in *Isis Unveiled*: "The dance per-

formed by David round the ark was the 'circle-dance' said to have been prescribed by the Amazons for the Mysteries. Such was the dance of the daughters of Shiloh and the leaping of the prophets of Baal. It was simply a characteristic of the Sabeian worship, for it denoted the motion of the planets around the sun" (II, 45).

The sacred rites contain two indispensable elements: sacrifice (*thusia*) and prayer (*cuchê*). Iamblichus illustrates their value and meaning by reference to the counterparts of true sacrifice and prayer in exoteric religions. For example, he considers the nature and theory of animal sacrifice as practised in the temples.

The crude justification of animal sacrifice has been based on the notion that the savour of the roasted flesh is pleasing to the "God" or Dæmon to whom it is offered. Iamblichus suggests that there is actually an affinity of nature between certain Dæmons and certain animals, and that these Dæmons, who are of a base order, can be drawn yet closer to the earth by the "dedication" of the animals which are "sacred" to them. For these practices, with their ramifications in black magic, the theurgist has only loathing and contempt; but they may nevertheless be discussed as examples of the power accumulated by all sacrificial ceremonies, both good and evil. The priest who slays the animal victim perverts the arcane ritual in which the animal nature of the neophyte is immolated.

"In the veritable sacrifice," says Iamblichus, "all is burned and utterly consumed and changed into the pure and subtle substance of fire. For the Superior Races rejoice in the extirpation of matter by means of the fire which makes us like unto themselves. We become like unto the Gods, as solid and resistant substances are transformed by fire into bodies which are luminous and tenuous. By means of the sacrificial fire we ascend to the fire of the Gods, as all fire rises to fire, leading and drawing upwards those energies which drag us downward when they are in opposition to the divine and celestial essence" (V, 11).

It may be suggested that there are certain meanings in this passage which do not appear on the surface, for *fire* seems to have been the universal symbol of the creative power in all its phases and upon all planes. Thus in the Greek myth, the Titan Prometheus, the "discoverer of fire", is the real creator of man. "Prometheus . . . finds his prototype in the Aryan Mâtarisvan, a divine . . . personage associated with the fire-god of the Veda, Agni . . . Mati, in Sanskrit, is 'understanding,' and a synonym of MAHAT and *manas*, and must be of some account in the origin of the name; *Pramati* is the son of Fohat, and has his story also" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 413-414).

In his letter to Anebo, Porphyry expresses doubt as to the efficacy of prayer. "Pure spiritual essences cannot be allured", he says, adding that all supplications addressed to the Gods are useless.

The answer of Iamblichus is here quoted at some length. It may be compared with Madame Blavatsky's statement that true prayer is not the formulation of an "outward petition to an unknown God as the addressee," but

"will-prayer, and it is rather an internal command than a petition" (*The Key to Theosophy*, 45).

Iamblichus writes: "I affirm that the first stage of prayer² should be *recol. lection*, a collecting of our thoughts which brings us into contact with the Divine. The second stage is to realize the bonds of concordant union between the Gods and ourselves. . . . The third and most perfect stage is the seal of ineffable union with the Divinities in whom is established the full power and authority of our prayer, and thus the soul is brought to rest in the Gods as a ship which enters a sheltered port. . . . The adoration of the suppliant admits him into the friendship of the Gods, offering him three fruits which are, indeed, the three golden apples of the Hesperides. The first is *illumination*; the second is *triumphant effort*; the third is *the plenary reception of the divine fire*. . . . The sacred rites cannot take place without prayer. Continual exercise in prayer nourishes our spiritual or noëtic nature, and makes the reception-chambers of the soul vastly more spacious for the Gods to enter. Prayer is the divine key which opens the *arcana* of the Gods. It accustoms us to the splendid rivers of supernal Light; it quickly perfects the inmost recesses of our being and disposes them for the ineffable embrace and contact of the Gods; nor should we then desist until we have been raised to the summit of all. Prayer gradually and silently improves the manners of the soul, divesting it of everything outlandish and foreign to the Divine, and it clothes us with heavenly beauty. Leading us to an indissoluble communion and friendship with the Gods, it cultivates in us a divine love, and lights up the divine part of the soul. Whatever is of an opposing and contrary nature in the soul, it expiates and purifies; it expels whatever tends to descend into matter, until there remains no vestige of the dregs of mortality in the ethereal and luminous spirit. In brief, those who are exercised in the discipline of prayer may be called *Companions of the Immortals*" (V, 26).

In an earlier passage, Iamblichus asserts that though one God is, in particular, the addressee of every prayer, no prayer is perfect which conceives this God as a rival of his brethren. "All who are lovers of theurgic truth, will acknowledge this fact, that our piety should not be exercised towards the Gods partially or imperfectly" (V, 21). As has been said, "the Master-Soul is One."

The theurgist who prays to the Gods is thus a co-operator with Nature in the process of "clothing his own . . . astral body with the appearance of its Higher Ego." To that end, as is stated in *Light on the Path*, he must "play the lord over all things save his own divinity." This suggests why he asks no personal favours in his prayer, why this does not take the form of a private petition. It also suggests why theurgic prayer is one with the mystical power to command. When desire for "self" has been vanquished, the Initiate becomes the subject of new desires which can be gratified, for they are one with the creative love of the Gods which overcomes all obstacles. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall

² The Greek word *euchē*, had three correlated meanings which cannot be expressed by any single English term. It signified prayer or supplication, aspiration, and a vow or resolution.

give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (*John*, IV, 14).

We can understand, in some measure, one of the reasons for the secrecy which surrounds the study of practical occultism. The theurgist creates, as the Gods create, by commanding that class of the Dæmons who may be said to embody and to exfoliate his thought. The most terrible failures in the history of the Mysteries have resulted, according to Iamblichus, from the efforts of individuals to gain power over the Dæmonic Host before their desire and imagination had been purified.

"Because certain men are excluded by their impurity from an association with noble beings, they form a connection with evil spirits, are filled with the worst kind of inspiration, become debased, unholy, intoxicated with vicious desires, . . . in short, they become similar to the depraved Dæmons with whom they commune" (III, 31). These Dæmons, which suggest the "shells" and "elementaries" of theosophical literature, impersonate the Gods and Heroes, reflecting themselves as "spectral forms" upon this plane. One recalls the phenomena of necromancy, the "materializations" of a spiritualistic *séance*.

The theurgist, however, directs the higher orders of Dæmons, which he attracts to his sphere of action by the assimilation of his life to the creative current which proceeds from the Gods. "From such a man the depraved Dæmons depart, and when they are present, they are entirely subjugated" (III, 31).

"The Gods, and those beings which are more excellent than ourselves, through the love of the beautiful and from an overflowing fulness of Goodness, benevolently impart to those that are worthy, such things as are fit for them; for the Gods observe with compassion the labours of the aspirant, and they are made joyful by the sight of him whom they have begotten, nourished and instructed. . . . In all theurgic operations, the Initiate sustains a two-fold character; one, indeed, in which he ranks as a man and preserves the order of human nature in the Universe; the other in which he is united, by divine rites, with beings more exalted than the human. It is conformable to this dual character that the theurgist should invoke those more excellent and universal beings with humility, in so far as he is a man; and again that he should command the powers of Nature, because, in a certain sense, he is invested by the potency of the arcane symbols with the sacred form of the Gods" (IV, 1, 2).

It is apparent that certain qualities of mind and heart must become active before the neophyte can be trusted with the secrets of Initiation. The soul must acquire the faculty of living its own life; or, to state the same idea in other terms, man must transfer his sense of self-identification from the vehicle of the soul (the personality) to the soul (the individuality). The centre of self-consciousness must be detached from the "personal Dæmon" and lifted above the "dominion of fate" by meditation upon the beauty and perfection of the Gods.

According to Græco-Roman astrology, which was derived from very ancient Chaldean and Egyptian sources, everyone received at birth a guardian Dæmon.

Iamblichus, accepting this teaching, suggests that a profound meaning is hidden within its verbal expression. "This is the truth concerning the personal Dæmon. He does not come to us from one part of the sky (as some astrologers pretend) nor from any one of the visible Elements. From the whole world, from the infinitely varied life contained therein, from the progressively differentiated substance through which the soul descends into generation, a certain unique portion is distributed to each part of our nature according to the ruling disposition of each individual. The Dæmon is present as paradigm or exemplar before the soul incarnates. As soon as the soul chooses the Dæmon as director, he begins to preside over the life of the soul and unites it with a body. . . . He also governs the personal nature of the soul and imparts to us the faculty of practical reason. Thus we perform such things as he suggests to our minds and he continues to govern us until by the theurgic art we obtain a God as our guardian and leader. Then the Dæmon yields his regency to a Superior and becomes the servant of a Divine Overlord" (IX, 6).

In various sections of the *De Mysteriis*, Iamblichus describes the state of the soul which has entered "the ray of knowledge." This state he calls *eudaimonia*, which we may translate as felicity or bliss.

Porphyry, he argues, overstresses the intellectual element in contemplation. True bliss is only experienced by him who knows the truth through an immediate intuition, as a man is directly aware of his own phases of consciousness. "It is the power of the voiceless symbols, which are recognized by the Gods alone, that establishes theurgic union. We cannot effect this merely by thinking about it" (II, 11).

"I say that the divine man who was formerly united with the Gods and who beheld them, afterwards took up his abode in a lower soul that is adapted to the body, and in this way he became a prisoner fettered with the bonds of necessity and fate. Hence, we must consider how he may be liberated. There is no dissolution of those bonds other than the knowledge of the Gods. The liberated man is present with Divinity; the lower man is inseparable from the mortal nature. The former comprehends the essence of the spiritual Cosmos; the latter . . . comprehends only the idea of his own body. The former knows the Father; the life of the latter is a continuing oblivion of Him. The former preserves the being of the Soul and leads it back to the Father; the latter is drawn down into this material existence which is never permanent but always flowing. The theurgic gift of felicity is called, indeed, the gate to the Demiurge of the Universe, to the throne or palace of the Good. . . . Then also it fixes the consciousness of the soul in the whole creative essence of God. And this is the doctrine of the return of the soul, as it is revealed by the sacred rites of the Egyptians" (X, 5, 6).

The entire process of manifestation may be regarded as a conspiracy on the part of Heaven, inducing the souls which have "fallen" to resume their ancient dignity. "In the beginning, it was God who sent souls hither, in order that they might return to Him" (VIII, 8).

STANLEY V. LADOW.

TWO DAYS IN MOROCCO

IT was a dazzling day. The Straits were an opalescent, flowery blue. On one side the high, barren lands of Spain faded away into the distance, and on the other the jagged peaks of Africa rose fantastic, like the mountains of the moon.

We had landed that morning at Gibraltar, and after New York and a week at sea, this was unbelievably lovely.

The "Gebel Djersa," the boat that plies between Gibraltar and Tangiers, was neatly British. A white-coated steward was already walking around the deck, ringing the bell for tea. Oh, that unmistakable odour of an English dining saloon! Faint whiffs of bacon, stale plum cake and tea!

We were joined at the table by two charming young Englishmen, and, after passing them the fly-blown sugar and the plum cake, we fell into conversation. The result of the last election had just reached Gibraltar, and the Labour Party had come into power. Strange to say, these were not the usual young Englishmen who bemoan the war and wish Mr. Trotzky were sitting in Buckingham Palace. No, No! They held the right opinions, *our* opinions. They said they were about to be taxed out of existence, but they believed in hanging on to the British Empire, King and Country.

I relate this, not because it has anything to do with Morocco, but because all this time we were still in our ordinary, everyday world. It was only when we went on deck off Tangiers that this world fell away.

Tangiers has no pier or mole. Ships stand off in the Strait, and passengers go ashore on a tender. And such a tender! A strange, flat craft manned by Sinbad the Sailor. Already a swarm of people of doubtful nationality, laden with straw hampers and tied-up bundles, were swarming down from the third-class deck. A few dead sheep were piled up pleasantly in an open space.

We swarmed down our ladder and were convoyed to a seat by Sinbad, a magnificent creature with a red fez and sash, large ragged bloomers, and bare legs. We sat on the roof of a cabin, with our feet braced against the deck rail, and as the tender leaped across the billows, the spray dashed up over us.

At the dock, a small, rickety, wooden structure, our Guide took us in hand. He was a Moor and wore a red fez with a white turban, a white selham or bur-nous over a long coat of a delicious rose, and a pair of red leather babouches. The custom-house had all the confusion of a French *douane*, but Kombark, our Guide, rushed us through it with vertiginous efficiency, and out to a taxi. Arabic is a very guttural language, and whatever he said to the various beggars and to the boys of other hotels sounded worse, I hope, than it was.

Our hotel, the Villa de France, was up on a hill, and when the maid pushed open the shutters of our rooms, the splendours and miseries of Tangiers lay spread before us.

Below, the garden, with live oaks, mimosa, palms, bamboo, bougainvillea and masses of flowers; then, the city which cascades down hills into the glittering blue of the Straits, with Spain another blue line in the distance between them and the sky. Below our garden, next to the Consulat de France, was a "donkey hotel." We could look down into its patio as though looking down the ages into the stable at Bethlehem. The braying of the donkeys mingled with the roar which rose from the city, an extraordinary roar like that which one hears in the volutes of a conch shell, but as loud as all the Seven Seas. The roar, not of our own city, which is noise—metal on metal, motor horns, machines—but the roar of life.

Kombark appeared at our door and announced that if we so pleased, he would plan the rest of our day for us. Kombark's manners were perfect. He was calm, quiet, aloof and determined. We followed him docilely through the garden and down the hill to the Souk. . . . The Souk! Magic word.

I had never had any great desire to see the near East. Persia, yes, Cities of Romance like Ispahan or far Samarkand, but the Arab seemed to me rather a dreary personage, and his life as monotonous as Doughty's great work, "Arabia Deserta." My prejudice came also, no doubt, from the captions on the pictures of the "National Geographic Magazine."

Those who know say that Morocco is the last stronghold of Mahometan civilization, and that he who would see its living splendours must go there. Of course, Tangiers is an international city, and not like Fez or Rabat.

Nevertheless, here we are plunged at once into the Arabian Nights. The Souk de Barrios is a large square paved with cobblestones. This was a market day. Merchants sat on the ground with their wares heaped about them, vegetables, eggs, flowers and herbs, and the crowds circulated quietly around. Such colour! The men wear the red fez, with a white turban if they are married. They wear a large selham of white, or a djellaba of loosely woven brown, run with coloured threads. Under this is a beautifully cut coat of cloth of the most exquisite shades, pink, rose, red, mauve, cobalt, yellow. This coat is braided with coloured braids and gold and silver. They wear baggy trousers and the elegant red or lemon yellow leather babouches. Physically they are magnificent creatures, tall and handsome, and never having deformed their feet in shoes, they walk like Gods. One may see an Ethiopian all in shades of red, a descendant of the Prophet clad from head to foot in leaf green, or a Jew all in black, for even the Jews look well here, and one has some faint inkling of what they might be if they had not turned their backs on their birthright. Of course, the real beauty of these people comes from their inner poise. They are quiet, dignified, intensely alive but well controlled.

All sorts of entertainments were going on in the Souk. We stopped first to watch a conjurer. He was a wild-looking, emaciated Arab with long scalp locks waving about like the snake he took from a wicker basket. This snake darted about on the ground until he seized it in one hand. Then he allowed the snake to bite his arm. Blood drops oozed from the wound. He put the snake back in the basket and wiped the wound with a bit of straw. This straw he

held in his hands and blew upon, and lo! the straw burst into flames! Miracle! We all saw it was a miracle!

Then we went to listen to the old blind Story Teller. He had a beautiful, finely carved face. Around him, in the first rows, the men sat motionless upon the ground, and behind them stood rows of listeners. Doubtless they had heard this tale a hundred times before, but, as with the child who wishes to hear the story of Little Black Sambo every night before going to bed, familiarity only adds to delight. One has the impression that these men listen with an intensity of concentration unknown to our audiences. They are not ashamed of being amused or interested in childish stories. They don't care what people are thinking about them. It is profoundly restful.

Then we stood in the circle around the musicians. Several old men sat playing on strange little instruments, while a boy sang and danced, accompanying himself with brass castanets.

People stood a while, and moved away quietly. Heavily laden little donkeys stepped delicately through the press. Although there was a crowd, no one pushed, no one hurried. What a contrast with a street in New York where young men knock one aside and young women walk up one's back! where everyone is in a tearing hurry all the time for no reason at all!

Travellers speak of the misery, the squalor, the poverty of Eastern cities. They must be very dull not to see that poverty is a point of view, and that when the inner life of a man is rich and his soul is serene, he possesses the earth and needs no purple cloak as an advertisement of it.

Here, one sees people sitting in the dust, but they are not humiliated. They do not lose their self-respect because, while, to be sure, the ground was the first thing to sit on, an arm chair is more respectable. An immense interest in life animates them, and raises them above such trifles.

We went through the "modern" market, a covered place, where vegetables, fruits and flowers make a rich display, and then to a shop where they sell Moroccan leather work, brasses, and so forth.

The merchant was a large, quiet, bearded person. He spoke neither French nor English, but a few words of Spanish. Kombark did all the bargaining for us. He felt keenly that bargaining is the pleasure of a purchase. Then the merchant offered us tea. His boy brought it in on a great chased brass tray, and placed for us the large leather cushions.

This was our introduction to Moorish tea, for which we developed such a passion that we invented thirsts at all hours and in all places. Moorish tea is China tea infused with fresh mint and sweetened. I don't know why it has not been introduced among our "soft drinks," for it is delicious and tonic.

We sat around drinking and exchanging American cigarettes for the local "Régies," and carrying on a polite if limited conversation.

The Moors have perfect manners. Their outer conduct of all the affairs of life is regulated by the Quaida, a code of etiquette. Strange as it may seem, they still observe it. Everyone, descendant of the Prophet, merchant, artisan and beggar, has the same code of exquisite courtesy. As the Tharaud brothers

say, it makes life "d'une grande douceur." I cannot resist quoting from their beautiful book on Fez, describing the three days of a wedding feast:

"I am well aware that the first day of the fête had a different character from the succeeding days; there were the same songs, the same inexhaustible cooking, but with the guests there was an indefinable something more immaculate, more white in the woollen garments, more white in the beards, more unctuous in the gestures, more discreet in the glances, more silent in the voices. Although, during these three days, there did not cease to reign a politeness always smooth as the water of a pool that nothing disturbs, there was, however, this day, I remember well, in this politeness, that disconcerting character always possessed by a thing when it attains perfection. These guests of the first day were the glory, the honour of Fez, the Chorfa and the Oulema, the religious aristocracy and the aristocracy of learning. To them, not even in China, could any one, I am sure, teach anything about the accent of a compliment, the measure of a bow, the indifference with which they know how to receive a kiss on the shoulder or on the hand, the simple and magnificent manner, if one be a Cherif, of carrying in one's veins the blood of Mahomet, or if one be an Oulema, the honour of commenting his words. And it was marvellous to see how all these salutations, these glances, these kisses, these polite words harmonized with the Andalusian music, itself all compliments, inflections, sighs, perpetual beginnings. The next day, another public. Notables and merchants. Oh, always very distinguished. *Tout le monde est distingué au Maroc.*"

This code does not prevent a Moor from lying, cheating or otherwise sinning, but it obliges him to do so with perfect form and grace. For my part, I feel about this as does Cunninghame-Graham, who says in his book, *Mogreb el Acksa*: "For there are those who had rather be deceived with civil manners by an Italian, than be cheated brutally by a North Briton, for the love of God."

As we wandered home through the falling dusk, people were leaving the markets laden with bunches of flowers and fresh mint. White robed women with water jars on their heads were coming from the fountains; men sat before the tiny cafés, drinking coffee, and innumerable little lights and fires were springing up.

That night Kombark took us to a coffee house. Every tourist in Tangiers has done these same things, seen these same sights. But I wish I could convey the deep impression of the *genuineness* of these things. The old Arabian life is still going on, despite the stares and smiles of the Tourist.

The coffee house is a large house in the Old Quarter. Men go there to play cards or dominoes and to talk, as to a club. We were ushered into a large room with a low divan around the walls. Behind the divan was a band of embroidered silk, and above it were hung beautiful old weapons. At one end, the room was divided from the next room only by a row of pointed arches, and below these arches, on our side, was a low dais for the musicians. Beyond the arches we could see men drinking their coffee and conversing quietly.

Presently, the musicians came in and squatted on the dais. There were six or seven of them, old men with white beards and noble, intelligent faces. They

played on the drum, the flute, the cymbals, the Kemangeh, the Rebab and the lute, and they sang old songs, songs of their lost kingdom in Andalusia and of the Holy Wars. There is something of the eternal about this music without beginning or end, with its persistent rhythms, its monotony, its polychromatic tone. Little as one understands its theory, one finds oneself craving it, unsatisfied with our own complicated art, which, one suspects, has steadily degenerated ever since Bach.

A small boy leans through the arches and listens fascinated. Graceful ewers and tiny porcelain cups are set about beside the players. How often have we seen them in Persian miniatures, and all these beauties, and our hearts burned because they could be found only in paintings of the past; but now we are part of the miniature ourselves, with our own little cup of coffee before us, while the same musicians who played for Shah Tahmasp or Sultan Boabdil, sing for us.

We went home through the narrow streets of the Old Quarter. The balconies of the white-washed houses almost met above our heads, and in the dark strip of sky between them shone enormous stars. A white veiled woman walking close to the wall, drew her veils closer and gazed at us with great dark eyes. Silence. The Arabian Nights, indeed!

Next morning, Kombark was waiting for us with horses. The men rode on high crimson velvet saddles, while I sat sideways on a large seat, my feet propped on a long board instead of a stirrup. I had running at my rein an Arab much taller than my little horse. Bare legged, bare armed, he wore a straw hat as large as an umbrella, and he directed the horses with raucous cries. He was a delightful, simple sort of giant, and when my skirts fluttered in the wind, he held them down for me with one hand.

We went out of town, past cactus hedges and walls covered with blue morning-glories, along dusty roads through little plantations of eucalyptus and live oak, in a glare of sunlight. We made a wide circle up a hill, and finally arrived in the Kasba, or citadel of the old city. Here are narrow cobbled streets where one rides under arches and catches glimpses through portals of blue-tiled court-yards.

We were a very mediæval cavalcade, with Kombark on ahead in his floating burnous, with his red velvet saddle and stirrups, and me, with a ruffled parasol and runner. In a quiet square we passed a little Arab in a bright orange garment, lying on a stone, playing the flute.

The Kasba overlooks the Straits. There is a fort, a court of Justice, a Mosque and the Sultan's palace. The white-washed walls shone blindingly in the light. On the roof of the fort a sentry all in white was silhouetted against the deep blue sky. The palace is abandoned, and only of late years has anything been done to save its crumbling splendours. It has beautiful colonnaded courts with pools of water, and tiled rooms with ceilings of carved cedar, all in the familiar style of the Alhambra.

The Moresque Style must be seen in place. Pictures give no idea of its beauty. From them one has the feeling that it is horribly complicated and detailed and tiresome. But not at all. Its delicate and exquisite details merely

relieve the great, restful bare spaces. Everything is as fresh as a flower, and the green and blue and gold tiles bring the garden indoors.

There were delightful narrow winding passages that led up and down enclosed stairways, and doors of cedar that opened into the apartments of the Favourite, and we were shown into a chamber like a blue grotto, all washed with blue, in one wall a great round opening onto the sea and sky, at this hour as blue as the morning-glories.

There is a pleasant, neglected garden with tall palm trees and a riot of flowers. The guardian picked me a bouquet of pink and purple larkspur, magenta snapdragons, little crimson pinks, and marigolds, with some sprays of mint and sweet scented herbs. Later, as we were riding through the city, an urchin came up to beg from me, and I gave him a flower. He seemed far more delighted with it than with coppers.

I next went to visit a Harem. It belonged to some public spirited official who allowed it to be visited,—perhaps in a spirit of proselytizing? In some ways a Harem seems to offer great opportunities to one who enjoys the contemplative life, but, like other institutions originally designed for our comfort, the subway, the elevated, the telephone, etc., it has become stultifying.

A magnificent young man led me up to the door of the women's quarters and handed me over to an old woman. She was very picturesquely "gotten up," with her hair in a long queue pieced out with pink and purple strings, coat tails looped up under a sash, trousers and bare feet. She took me across a patio and up a flight of marble steps that a pretty young girl was scrubbing. At the head of the steps I found the Pride of the Harem drinking out of the neck of a bottle. She was elaborately dressed in a long pale blue brocade coat covered with a white lace coat. She glared at me and I passed on. There were three large rooms, one on each side of the patio, all of them opening on the loggia. They contained a profusion of mirrors, marvellous brass beds with mosquito nettings of Nottingham lace, and piles of lace-covered mattresses. By the time I reached the third room I found the Pride of the Harem and another pleasant-looking woman putting cushions out on the floor, and preparing for a party. We exchanged a few civilities, such as *Habla Espanol*? *Frances*? *Americana*? Unfortunately I was not prepared for this visit or I should have brought them some bonbons and a dictionary. When I went downstairs I found a handsome, tall, thin, old lady to whom I spoke. Then the servant took me to the door and let me out.

That afternoon we took a motor and went to Tetuan. Tetuan is in Spanish Morocco in the Riff. The citadel of Abdel Krim looks down upon it from a mountain peak. The country is beautiful; high mountains, vast distances, water courses where the rose-coloured oleanders grow in masses. The road is excellent, like all modern Spanish roads. Along it are sentry boxes, and telephone lines, and one sees with surprise the Spanish soldiers with their black oil-cloth Napoleonic hats.

Tetuan has a modern quarter with gloomy barracks and a public square planted with trees and flowers, touching in its effort to be Spanish. There were

cafés under the trees, and we seized the opportunity to have some Moorish tea, for we needed restoring. There was a tremendous gale blowing and our driver had come at a speed of seventy-five kilometers an hour, in an open car. This driver was a Moor, but he believed in speed, for machines, at least.

It was market-day in the old town of Tetuan, and the glories of Oriental life were in full blast. The shops are simple, one room open on the street. They are painted white, with green shutters. One sees all the merchandise piled up along the walls and the artisans at work, cobblers with piles of crimson and lemon yellow slippers, rolls of printed cottons, Nottingham lace curtains, gauzes like the rainbow, brocaded silk garments for the women flowered like parterres, and brasses, fruits, and candies dyed the most poisonous pinks and greens and yellows. In the centre of the market-place were several wonderful brass beds with arched canopies surmounted by Imperial Crowns, coveted objects of splendour, no doubt from Birmingham.

There were lawyers listening to their clients who stand at the window of their booths and whisper, old men winding scarlet thread, scribes, sellers of charms, herds of goats, country women, unveiled, and wearing gigantic sombreros. One hears the chanting of a whole school of little boys, sitting on the floor around their teacher, learning the Koran. And all this crowd is a blaze of lovely colours.

There are Spanish soldiers everywhere. We saw a company of Moorish Cavalry, all in black, with tightly bound turbans, and long carbines across their knees, mounted on splendid horses, and followed by a few large greyhounds.

People are always telling us that Morocco is dirty. I suppose they have never seen Central Park on Sunday or strolled through a Grand Street push-cart market. Also, they mention the smells. I have read that in Chinese cities strong men of the white race when they ride forth in rickshaws hold handkerchiefs saturated with eau de cologne to their noses, lest they swoon. But, it is said, the Chinese enjoy these odours; at least, they like to know what is going on. There are antiseptic souls who dislike the rich scents of Naples; for whom it is no joy to distinguish fish fried in oil, garlic, cheese, saddle leather, incense, lemons and red wine! Marcel Proust has a long passage on the odours of a Parisian street which I often read over, and sniff with that inner nose which is one of the blisses of solitude. Not that one hankers to live, for example, in the tanner's quarter of Siena, or near the West Side slaughter houses, but I cannot help deploring the atrophy of the nose. And as to the relation of Odorigen and Jiva, what fascinating things are said in *Five Years of Theosophy*! Here, there is a blend of leather, mint, goats and dust.

On our way back to Tangiers we met a wedding procession advancing to the sound of flute and drum and cymbals. The bride was carried in a closed litter, and the men of the party were on horseback. The Moor usually rides ahead in grandeur, while his wife trudges on behind with the bundles.

The next morning, in the glittering sunshine, we left for Gibraltar. We made the perilous passage from shore to ship in Sinbad's craft, and stood upon deck looking back at the bay and Tangiers. Kombark had presented me with

an enormous bouquet of red roses and carnations surrounded with mint and herbs. Our hearts were torn as though we were leaving our native land. Swiftly the ship steamed through the blue Straits, past the mountains of Africa, and bore us away.

I once knew a young Filipino who suffered from chronic stomach trouble. In addition to this misfortune, he fell in love with a beautiful but cruel young lady, and decided to commit suicide. He swallowed six poisoned pills. Six were too many. His insides turned over with a flop, and he was cured permanently of his disease and of his passion.

Two days in Morocco, and all my ideas of civilization turned upside down and I was cured, permanently, I hope, of the illusion that we are civilized. These Moors, whom no one will hold up as paragons of virtue, have, nevertheless, a sense of the value of inner things. The Inferiority Complex, Europe's great white plague, has not yet reached them. To them the beggar in the dust and the Sultan on his throne are still sons of God; their outer prosperity is different, but nothing but their own consciousness can affect their inner dignity. Would not a sense of this cure all the evils of Bolshevism, Political Ambition and Personal Malice?

I never before had such a realization of the degeneracy and moral degradation of our modern world. How plainly I saw that its ills proceed from the belief that the external is the Real, that outer possessions are the standard of value, and that culture is dependent on bath tubs and swift moving devices. I remembered the old gentleman who solemnly assured me that the Chinese were a poor, backward race because in all the years of their existence they had never invented a railway! How true are the words of Ku Hung-Ming quoted in the July QUARTERLY: "What a fairy world there is really in the inside of the Chinaman with a pigtail and a yellow skin." And what a fairy world there is inside of the Moor, even if he doesn't wear a pot hat and a high collar!

I arose like a phoenix from the bonfire of all faith in skyscrapers, airplanes, concrete pavements, civic improvements and compulsory education! In fact, I pray daily for a Genghis Khan.

Will the hideous gloom of the "Industrial age" spread over all the earth like a pall of black smoke? Already the women of Crete go to the fountain with old Standard Oil tins on their heads. How can the Moors resist us? Can they resist the Cinema, the Fordson, the League of Nations and the travelling salesman?

But we ourselves, shall we not be finally tin-canned, radioed, gassed, bombed, Democratized, Pacified, Bolshevised to a point where those few who survive will rise in revolt and overthrow the whole "works"? Shall we not at last crave the Real things of life so ardently that we shall be willing to die daily in a fight for them?

Can we start to fight now? What can prevent us?

SAUVAGE.

PEAKS AND VALLEYS

MUCH has been said recently in high quarters, and emphasized in the daily papers, as to the desirability of "levelling-off" the peaks and valleys of business and industrial booms and depressions; of postponing not only governmental but corporate improvements and developments until such times as general business recessions occasioned increases in unemployment, so that labour in general should no longer have to face long periods of inactivity; of "stabilizing" industry, by which is meant, among other things, the regulation of the prices of commodities, so that the farmers, and those types of business and industry which purchase commodities for use in the manufacture of their finished products, should, in the one case, be able to count upon a stable and uniform price for the staple which they sell, and, in the other, upon a resulting uniformity of the price which they have to pay for the commodity which they buy, with a resulting steadiness and lack of fluctuation in the price received for their finished articles. "Stabilization" all along the line is sought. The law of supply and demand is ignored. Where necessary, strong-arm methods are to be employed, and things are to be held as they are by sheer brute force until the desired result is attained.

The inherent unsoundness of these principles and methods, from the economic standpoint, was pointed out recently to the writer of this article in a conversation with a man whose position in the world of business and of finance, and whose native penetration and power of analysis, made his views of exceptional interest. They were *true*, from the economic standpoint, and because they were true, they held good all along the line, both up and down. To paraphrase what was said, it was suggested, among other things, that it was these very peaks and valleys, these ups and downs of industry and business, which from the earliest days in this country had afforded to individuals their opportunities and their incentives, and so had been responsible for the colossal growth of the industry of the country as a whole; that a dead level of uniformity killed aggressiveness and initiative; that the elimination of risk, that the introduction of a sense of permanent security and safety, destroyed in men all those qualities by which they developed, and inevitably checked as a result the development of those activities in which they were engaged. As a concrete example, it was suggested that, if a manufacturer once reached the point at which he paid a fixed and uniform price for the commodity which he needed, and so was able to set a fixed and uniform price for the article which he sold, this particular manufacturer would find that his business no longer made the same demands upon his time and his attention,—indeed, that it was not *possible* to devote so much time to it, or to give it so much attention, as formerly. As a consequence, he would leave affairs more and more in the hands

of subordinates and salaried officials, and would devote three days each week to playing golf instead of one day, with the inevitable result that his business would gradually dry up, as, in all probability, he would himself, because of the unprofitable use which he made of his additional leisure time. But far more interesting to students of Theosophy were the conclusions reached;—that it was not possible to “strong-arm” the law of supply and demand, the law of cause and effect (in which the writer silently but whole-heartedly concurred, as it was equivalent, in effect, to saying that one could not “strong-arm” the Law of Karma); that it was only through hardship and effort and the overcoming of difficulties that individuals grew and expanded their powers and potentialities, and that this held true for groups of individuals; that competition and warfare was the law of the universe, and if, as by the action of some huge steam-roller, the peaks and valleys *could* be reduced to a dead level, there would be taken from men, as a result, that warfare upon which the whole future progress of the race depends.

Much has been written in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and much has been said at meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, about war and the necessity for warfare; it has been pointed out again and again that war, as it is generally understood, is but the expression, the tangible reality on the physical plane, of that inner spiritual warfare within the minds and hearts and souls of men which has been present through the ages, and which, in the nature of things, must exist. It was interesting to hear from an informed and thoughtful individual, speaking, not in spiritual terms or in those of the inner life, but in terms of economics, a considered and authoritative expression of opinion which was so at one, looking behind and through the words, with Theosophic principle. The conclusion reached, from the point of view of modern industrial and economic conditions, was that warfare is not only necessary but essential, and, in reaching that conclusion, modern, present-day methods had been visualized and taken thoroughly into account. Do we, as members of The Theosophical Society, follow the same method, when, in order to expand and make vivid the warfare of the inner, spiritual life, we express ourselves in terms of modern war?

Often, it would seem, when we desire to do so, we speak of ourselves, or of others, as being “in the trenches”, forgetting the implication which, from the strictly military viewpoint, this involves, namely, warfare like that of the “stabilization” already alluded to,—a stalemate, a position largely involved with questions of defence; something far removed, for instance, from the warfare of movement of the closing months of the Great War, when it was a question mainly of attack under open conditions, and when it was of the most vital importance to preserve at all times that mobility, that freedom of action, upon which in its turn the power and ability to attack depended. To the military mind, trench warfare evokes the recollection of that long and weary succession of months on the Western Front when initiative was at a minimum, when endurance was the essential, and when attacks were launched against limited objectives only. The warfare of movement, its rapidity of action, its

incessant demands for instantaneous perception of changing conditions, and for the adaptability to exploit them to the fullest advantage, calls up in its turn the vision of an enemy giving ground, and of the élan inspired by victory within grasp. Surely it is in these latter terms that we should think of the inner, spiritual warfare. It must be, if we are to adopt as our own that cardinal principle of Marshal Foch, "Toujours l'attaque!" Further, if we are to consider as a modern manual of the inner life, as we may, Marshal Foch's book on the Principles of War, adapting it to meet the manifold and highly complex problems of modern life and every-day living, we should bear in mind those equally complex conditions of modern warfare to elucidate which the book was written, and realize that we must think to some degree in terms of modern military strategy and modern tactics if we are to gain all that we may from its study.

When we think of war, of attack, we think as a rule in more or less "old-fashioned" terms. We think of a frontal attack in mass; of the storming of a strong-point, of an almost impregnable position; of a dashing cavalry charge thundering forward; of the glorious days of chivalry, when knights in armour met each other in hand-to-hand combat. Certainly it is true, in the inner warfare, that the hand-to-hand encounter has not gone out of fashion; is the only method to adopt, at certain times, and with certain faults and weaknesses. But it is equally true that we may persist to such an extent in a frontal attack against some particular fault, resolved at all costs to overcome it before we do anything else, that our concentration at that point may have the effect of holding up our entire inner advance. Why should we think that we must perfect ourselves in one respect before we can go forward elsewhere? Assume, for instance, that a modern commander of troops in the field were operating in a country of peaks and valleys, and that his real objective lay far beyond the ridge of strongly held hills within his immediate range of vision. Would he waste time by trying to take the hill-tops one by one? Assuredly not. At certain strategic points, he might well deem it necessary to persist in a frontal attack, for varying reasons. But elsewhere he would infiltrate his troops through the valleys, through the notches in the hills, until the line of his advance had progressed forward to such an extent that the remaining strongholds held by the enemy were no longer tenable; when this point had been reached, he would protect himself from attack in the rear, in some unguarded moment, by "mopping-up" the remaining enemy positions behind him. Can we not practise this advance by infiltration, among other methods, in our own inner warfare, until the progress made in the development of our whole nature has carried us past this or the other point of resistance which formerly held up our entire line? The method will prove successful, so long as we do not forget to do *our* "mopping up" in our rear as we go forward; and we shall also have whatever satisfaction may lie in the realization that, from a military standpoint, we have conducted our operations in a thoroughly up-to-date and modern manner. Marshal Foch insists upon mobility, freedom of action, the concentration of the greatest possible numbers of men at a given point, as essentials for success; but nowhere does he say that this given point should

be the point at which the strongest resistance is encountered. There is much food for thought in his doctrine, and the greatest possible variety of applications, depending upon the widely divergent inner needs and problems of each individual valiantly waging his own inner warfare.

Let us not think of ourselves then, as individuals, engaged only in a stand-up fight with our faults and weaknesses, returning tenaciously again and again to the assault, bruised but unbeaten. Let us think of ourselves, rather, as the Commander of an Army Corps thinks of himself,—as one who has at his command and under his control, mobile elements, units with great attacking power, and who is constantly regarding the action on his immediate front only as the present phase of an infinitely larger plan with a very definite objective. Like him, we may, in our inner warfare, be concentrating certain elements of our character and of our nature in a direct attack on a specific fault. But, if we are fighting hand to hand with fear at this point, let us not forget to attack by infiltration elsewhere; and if we can learn to love, to put the thought of other people or of a Cause ahead of the thought of ourselves, if we can learn to act *as if* we were not afraid, if we can study understandingly the cause and effect of fear in others,—we shall find ourselves advancing all along the line, and past the old point of resistance which fear imposed, as a result of this progress by infiltration.

It is easy to see why, to the average man, the thought of "levelling-off" the peaks and valleys of life; of "stabilizing" things in general and his own personal problems of one kind or another in particular; of attaining a peaceful dead-level of effort and existence, is so particularly appealing. For, to him, the *summum bonum*, the thing most to be desired, is rest. He is forever looking forward to the time when he can "retire from business", and have more leisure to "pursue his hobby", that particular unreality which he happens to fancy. Indeed, he lives and moves and has his being, this average man, in an atmosphere of unreality. A panic comes and he loses his money; there is a death in his family of someone greatly beloved; illness attacks those near or dear to him, and, for a time, he rises to unexpected heights, shows really splendid qualities, because at last something "real" has happened and he is at his best. But he cannot hold this level, and eventually drops back again, for he lacks the permanent motive and purpose, the continuing contact with Reality.

Is it not possible for us, however, to regard with joy the fact that life is a matter of peaks and valleys? Is it not imperative that we should do so? For if we rest content with the scaling of our first hill, with the taking of our preliminary point of resistance, with the solving of what was, perhaps, our original problem, over which we had laboured for so long and with such honesty of purpose and such whole-hearted desire that only what was *right* should be done, regardless of the effect upon ourselves,—so that finally there was a response from the spiritual world, and that closer contact with the Movement and that opportunity to obtain the help on inner planes which we needed—if we rest content with this, what happens? Inevitably the enemy counter-attacks, and while we *may* hold our position, we are most likely to be forced to retire, and to sur-

render the ground which we have gained. In the inner life there is no such thing as standing still; if we do not use for further effort the help which has been extended, if we do not evoke that which our effort has given us a right to demand, we shall fall back. To demand? Yes, but not for ourselves; only that through us, through our own valour at that point in the line at which we find ourselves, the whole front of the Movement shall advance. There is no finality. It is ever the warfare of movement. And when we are advancing through the valleys, whether by infiltration or moving toward a frontal attack, let us lift up our eyes to those peaks from whence our help comes, regarding them, when gained, not as places where we may linger, but where we may obtain strength and vision for further advance. So it was with a great Master; it was when he had gone up into a mountain that he communed with the Father, and when he descended again to the valley it was with the spirit of a Warrior, to wage that warfare which is without end.

STUART DUDLEY.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—CARLYLE.

He who would look Time in the face without illusion and without fear should associate each year as it passes with new developments of his nature: with duties accomplished, with work performed.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WAR MEMORIES

X

"AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT"

THE French *Service de Santé Militaire* had a formidable task ahead of it at the beginning of the War, for it was realized in France as perhaps never before, that an enormous percentage of the saving of life among the wounded depended upon well-organized and rapid transportation to the rear. Under normal conditions of warfare the difficulties could have been met without loss of time, but in the overwhelmingly swift advance of the German invasion, when the transportation of gigantic masses of troops was a paramount and instant necessity, it is not surprising if the *Service de Santé* found itself at first likely to be somewhat crippled, for it is a sad, if easily understood fact that when the "fit" are being rushed to the front, the wounded must often wait before they can be removed from it. One of the greatest triumphs for wartime France is the way this crisis was met and handled.

As was natural, I found that methods differed somewhat between the French and the British Army Medical Service, and, to a novice like myself, these differences appeared at first bewildering. Part of the apparent complication was due to the fact that the wounded had to be transferred through two army zones, the front and the rear, both controlled by the Commander-in-Chief, into the zone of the interior (under the direction of the Ministry of War), where most of the endless base and convalescent hospitals were situated; and the many stages through which the wounded had to pass between the trenches and these base hospitals were, to me, sealed mysteries for some time. As a matter of fact, however, it was all simple enough to understand, once you got used to it.

When first wounded, a man, if able to move at all, made immediate use of the small, first-aid kit with which every French soldier was supplied; if too badly hurt to do this for himself, he was aided by a companion or treated as quickly as possible by one of the medical officers always on duty, for every regiment, holding a set of trenches, had at least one M.O., sometimes two. The wounded man was then laid in as safe a place as possible, often quite near to the spot where he had fallen, until he could be removed by stretcher-bearers, through interminable lines of trenches, to the nearest *poste de secours*, or advanced dressing station. This might be in a dug-out belonging to that particular trench section, but if, as was not infrequently the case, the *poste de secours* was in some semi-demolished farm-house just back of the lines, the wounded man might have to lie where he was until nightfall, for the *brancardiers* could perhaps carry him there only under cover of darkness, and even then it was a hazardous undertaking. At the *poste de secours* the first "sorting-

out" began—the severely wounded from the less serious cases; they received more careful attention than had been possible at the beginning; their injuries were again dressed, perhaps hypodermic injections given, or a hot drink; diagnosis tickets (there were various colours for these) marked "urgent" or otherwise as the case might be, were tied to their coats, and they were then put into the ambulances which would be waiting, not far off. These being filled, the wounded were then started on the next lap of their journey to the rear, and this would probably be an agonizing drive, over torturingly rough ground, for the road was more than likely to have been ploughed by shells and to be full of great water-filled holes, and ambulance drivers, careful and merciful as they tried to be, could not make this part of the journey easy. Many a wounded man has told me that nothing he experienced was as hard to bear as that part of his transportation. The field hospital (a main dressing station) was the next halt, and it was generally about two or three miles back of the firing line—sometimes more, sometimes less. Here a further sorting-out took place, the men who had been ticketed "urgent" at the *poste de secours*, naturally receiving first attention, so far as was possible. Imperatively necessary operations were performed here, after which, however, all but the worst cases were again sent forward (often on the selfsame stretchers upon which they had started their journey), to the nearest railway, where there would be an evacuation hospital. Further surgical care could be given here, and acute cases taken in for a longer or shorter period, according to need. Here, too, it might be that, during a big push, there would be terrible congestion, with all the attendant suffering which that implies, for, as already said, at such times troop trains must take precedence of hospital trains. As ambulance after ambulance, loaded to its utmost capacity with blood-stained, mud-begrimed men, would come rolling in from the battlefields, the already overcrowded station might well become a place choked with the horrors of indescribable torture; the fresh troops gathering at that point on their way up to the trenches, hard to disentangle from the rows of stretchers perhaps filling the station yard and reaching along the platforms. I once saw an elderly French officer, the tears in his eyes, looking in silent, heart-torn pity on such a sight as this; the wounded themselves, always uncomplaining, patiently waiting their "turn". Fortunately, such congestion did not happen every day; under the usual conditions the wounded, able to be sent forward after a brief halt, were lifted into waiting trains, consisting largely of box cars converted as far as possible for hospital transport purposes, and in these rather harsh conveyances they were carried from the war zone into the zone of the interior, and so to the base hospitals—each man according to his particular need.

The base hospitals were, as one would expect, huge units, solid and imposing, and with more or less permanent staffs. The field and evacuation hospitals on the contrary, were very mobile, for, creeping up as close to the front line as comparative safety for the wounded inmates permitted, they could be quickly moved if that line were in danger of being pushed back. Consisting often of easily transportable *barraques*, if the order came to retire, the ambulances were

instantly on the spot to remove the wounded; *camions*, with hosts of orderlies, were there to do the rest. In a base hospital one was always conscious of a well-thought-out routine, of a certain sane respectability, not easily put to rout; in a field or evacuation hospital, almost everything that happened was unexpected, every moment was lived at the highest pitch. During a big offensive, when the wounded came pouring through these hospitals like a scarlet river in floodtide, surgeons, nurses, orderlies—the whole personnel—worked at a furious, almost superhuman pitch. The very awfulness of the moment seemed to give new force and power to those who were already worn out by overwork; there, where every minute counted in the saving of the lives of vast quantities of men hovering on the dim borderland, days and nights, tense, high-wrought, passed unnoticed by the devoted staff. The operating room became a place of high adventure as the fight with death raged on, for two minutes, more or less, might save or lose a man. The surgeons, the nurses, working with magical swiftness, yet with unhurried hands and kind, sure, skilful fingers, were a revelation of perfect accord; hardly a word spoken, not a second of time lost. The scarlet river poured on in floods; many a wounded man died even as he was being lifted on to the operating table—poor soul! well then, pass to the next! Many never got even as far as that; the mortuaries were full—rest at last for the weary, the crushed, the torn. But there was no rest for the surgeons, the nurses, the orderlies at such times, and if ever heroic work was done during the War, it was in the French *Service de Santé Militaire*, for apart from that noble self-giving, countless numbers of these men and women knew but too well that they were in hourly danger of death; countless numbers actually lost their lives as the result of deliberate bombing by the Germans—for everyone knows that *they* never hesitated to attack the Red Cross.

It had chanced that, while still in London, I heard one day from a friend in France, of the need for volunteers in some of the hospitals not far from Vitry-le-François where she then was, and it can easily be imagined that when this news was spread abroad, many of us lost no time in sending in our names—how eagerly we who were still on the other side of the Channel, longed to get to the front! Desperate fighting was in progress, the attack on Verdun having just been launched; the ghastly, never-ceasing floods of wounded were swamping the hospitals, which were wellnigh overwhelmed—almost any pair of hands could be used. The only requirements were a reasonably good knowledge of French, and a readiness to do anything—a thorough hospital training was not necessary. By great good luck I was among the fortunate, and, my services being accepted, I had as quickly as possible hurried over to Paris where I was to get my final orders.

The morning after that midnight vigil in the little church, I was up before daylight, making my simple preparations for departure to my new post, and reaching the Gare de l'Est long before the Paris-Nancy Express was scheduled to start. The station was full of movement, full of changing, if mostly sub-

dued colour—horizon-blue mingling with khaki; the dark blue, the grey, the green of women's uniforms, with here and there a touch of scarlet on the cap of some French general, on a British staff officer's uniform, or the bright, crimson splash of a Spahi tunic. My carriage was packed with men and women who were on their way to the front, either returning there, or going to it for the first time—a French aviator was talking to an ambulance driver; a hospital nurse was exchanging experiences with a canteen worker; many were animated, exhilarated; some were silent, observing; but in each and all there was an air of determination, of consecration; the air of those embarking on an enterprise of the utmost importance, and as the signal was given, and the train began slowly moving, a sudden silence fell upon us all.

My destination was Bar-le-Duc, but it was not until we were well past Meaux that I began to see changes in the beautiful countryside so familiar to me in pre-War days. As our train swept us through the districts of the Marne and the Meuse, however, the signs of war became increasingly evident—mile after mile of uncultivated fields; towns and villages depopulated or in ruin; shell-shattered church spires in the midst of large new cemeteries. One ruined town may seem, at first, to be very much like all others, but there is a difference, for while many were destroyed in the natural course of war, as many more were laid low for no reason at all, and you seem to *feel* the difference. Between Vitry-le-François and Bar-le-Duc this kind of useless destruction was but too evident, and I seem to remember particularly Sermaise-les-Bains—though I do not know why. It had once been a happy, prosperous little town; its destruction was as wanton as it was cruel; it had an air of utter desolation which was peculiar. As we sped on, I began to realize what it was like to be advancing into the war zone, for at every bridge-head and railway crossing a sentinel stood, and along all the roads, branching northward toward the region of the Argonne, great convoys of supply-lorries in endless lines, and long trains of artillery poured—the heavy guns were being rushed to Verdun. A young French officer in my carriage, evidently noticing that I had not passed that way since the unforgettable September invasion, pointed out to me some of the places where the Germans had advanced, in many cases only to retreat again hastily. At one spot he showed me a stretch which, during a fairly long period, had once been No Man's Land, and I never can forget a sight I saw there. Perhaps it was insignificant (or relatively so), but it left an indelible mark upon me—the first lonely grave of a fallen French soldier. It was out on the desolate, wind-swept wastes of a barren, unploughed field—the very spot where he had died; a rude cross was at its head, and hanging upon the cross, his *képi*, shivering in the wind. That was all, but at the moment it was the whole of France to me. Then I saw another, and another, and another, dotted here and there at distances, each in its lonely isolation, as the man himself had been, in No Man's Land when he fell. I seemed to see those men creeping noiselessly out there in the dark, solitary, unhesitating in the fearful venture; each one, as his turn came, knowing but too well that he was on the shadowy brink of Eternity. A brooding silence seemed to lie kindly on that hallowed stretch of

ground; it was like a place set apart, a place of memories which would never fade. I think that no one can have seen, for the first time, those lonely little graves of France without being deeply moved, and to hide my emotion I asked the young French officer if the most recent news from Verdun was any worse. How well I remember his quiet answer!

"*On tiendra!*" was all he said—it was the first time I had heard that famous phrase.

As we approached Bar-le-Duc where I was to leave the train, I began to get together my few belongings, and when we finally came to a halt, I lost no time in jumping down, for I wanted as quickly as possible to reach my journey's end. I was somewhat disconcerted, however, to find myself instantly swallowed up in such a crowd as I had rarely ever been in before. Anyone who chanced to pass through Bar-le-Duc in those black days of 1916, might well have thought that the entire French Army was concentrated there. Never had I seen such masses of troops in so small a space as the station and its immediate surroundings; such goings and comings of *camions*, loaded to breaking point with troops. I soon realized, however, that it was not only the French Army that I must try to thread my way through; literally thousands of refugees from the Argonne, and even as far north as the Ardennes, had been swarming in for days, for the news from Verdun was very grave; and here it was, this packed humanity—those who had just fled from, and those who were being hurried to, the centre of the gigantic struggle. I stood there wondering in which direction to move; beginning to feel very small and helpless indeed. It had been a cold, grey day, and now an early dusk seemed gathering; snow was in the air and on the ground; a sharp, cutting wind blew over the rolling hills beyond which, I knew, lay St. Mihiel; overhead, an enemy aeroplane passed, chased by two French planes; they were so low that I could distinguish the identification marks on their wings; I fancied I could hear the low, steady roar of the great guns off there to the north where Verdun lay. Death was abroad; its shadow covered us; and suddenly I felt chilled, and lost and strange—for one shameful moment I wondered why I had come! Then close beside me, a quavering voice was raised; the voice of a tired old peasant woman, driven in terror from her home—she too felt chilled and lost and strange.

"May the Good God have mercy on us—is Verdun going to fall?" she cried, seemingly addressing herself to anyone who would take pity and listen to her.

"*Jamais!*" came the quick, hearty response of a rough but kindly *poilu* standing near, "*On tiendra!*"—for the second time that day I heard the reassuring promise, and it was like a wholesome rebuke to me for my momentary hesitation. Making my way as well as I could through the densely packed throng (it was almost like trying to penetrate a solid block of stone), I got at last to the spot in the station where I had been told I should receive my further directions, and in a few minutes, having climbed into a huge Red Cross lorry, which had been sent on duty into Bar-le-Duc from the hospital to which I had "signed on", I was headed north on the Verdun road.

The environs of Bar-le-Duc, as I had known them long years before the War,

had been beautiful, with heavily wooded hills, and long, sweet, winding valleys between—wide, sunny meadows where the cowslips grew, and little shady paths, running from the lowlands up some steep hillside to lovely views which made the climb worth while. Mine was the memory of an early summer time—and now I was looking at this same countryside bleak and desolate under its covering of ice and snow; disfigured by the cruel marks of war. In that terrible September, 1914, the Germans it is true, had got no nearer than to within five miles of "Bar", as it is known familiarly, but the German shells had left their scars—I hardly recognized the land through which I was now passing. The going was slow, for both sides of the *Route Nationale*, which we had taken, were jammed with two columns of great motor lorries like our own, one column going north, the other south—in some places there seemed hardly a foot of space between the headlights of one and the rear of another. It necessitated the most careful driving, for the roads were ice-covered, broken, treacherously uneven; the overloaded *camions*, northbound, with their cargoes of troops, of shells, of food supplies, rocked and pitched; the column southbound, in which were many Red Cross ambulances, full of severely wounded men, and moving as carefully as the condition of the road would permit, flowed on—there was no break. Later I was to learn that day and night these two columns moved incessantly—one north, one south; there seemed to be few gaps in them; this rocking, tossing traffic never stopped. Crowds of refugees, also moving south, added to traffic difficulty, for most of them were very old or very young, and many of them were carrying on their backs or in their arms what they had been able to save from their abandoned homes, and all were dazed by the blow which had fallen on them. It was the same, old, pitiful sight to which one never could become reconciled. At intervals along the road, we passed groups of German prisoners, the first I had seen, working in places at repairs, P.G. (*Prisonniers de Guerre*) in great letters on their backs, with two or three French military overseers on guard. They looked worn and unkempt, as though there were a complete lack of spirit in them, and as we passed, one or two glanced at us with an air of sullen indifference. At intervals in the snow-covered fields which stretched beside the road, traces of encampments could be seen—the dark spots where warm fires had glowed for a few brief, comfortable hours through some inclement night, and near by, trampled frozen grass where horses had been tethered. There were places where, for long miles, barbed wire entanglements stretched over the moorland, telling of defensive efforts, but the little ruined villages through which we went, told their own tales of what had happened—they were cold and bare. Over toward the Hauts-de-Meuse some German bombing planes had crossed the lines, moving stealthily south in the direction of Commercy. We could see the large, white puffs of smoke from the bursting shells of the French anti-aircraft guns—those curious white puffs looking at first so solid that you think them a whole squadron of aeroplanes, until the smoke begins to dissipate, and you discover your mistake. As we got farther north, the booming of the Verdun guns grew ever louder; it sounded like the gigantic, in-rolling waves of an immeasurable

ocean, pounding on a rockbound shore—austere, majestic beyond anything I had ever heard.

Night had fallen long before we reached the little town where my evacuation hospital was, and I am not likely to forget my arrival there. A large convoy of wounded had just been brought in (straight from Douaumont, I heard someone say), though the hospital was already full to overflowing. The blood-soaked stretchers on which lay dying men, caked with icy mud, were being lifted by strong, kind hands from the ambulances, and they were being put down, outside or inside the hospital, wherever there was any space at all, so as to release the ambulances which would then return for more wounded, sure to be waiting for them. I wanted to report myself at once, but of course no one, at that moment, had any time to waste on a mere "nurse's aid" like me; I was asked to come in where it was warm, but told that I must wait—so I waited outside to watch the changing scene. At a corner of the neighbouring *Grande Route*, along which we had come, a white-painted lantern marked "Verdun" in large, black letters, with a great, black, pointing arrow underneath, shed an uncertain, sorrowful light over the blanketed, still forms all around me, and as I stood there looking at these silent men, fresh from the battle-line, I felt myself suddenly engulfed in what seemed to be the fast-rising tide of battle itself, for, like a burst of titanic thunder, the terrible bombardment of the great fortress, only a few miles distant, recommenced, after a short lull; the darkness of the night vanished as though it had never been; in a thousand flashes a minute, so it seemed, the artillery fire, the great mortars, the incendiary bombs, the occasional *fusées éclairantes* lit the sky for miles around—a wild, infernal splendour. Along the high road, the endless procession of *camions* moved on; I saw the dark shadows of passing troops, columns and columns with their equipment following—some of these were colonials, for I caught the glint here and there of a red fez—troops which were marching silently through the night hours to take their places in the line. Through the night air strange sounds came ringing, voices calling loudly, and the headlong plunge of horses' hoofs. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, down the broad road came rushing several huge batteries, the horses straining into their collars, foam-flecked with steaming nostrils, the earth over which they tore spurned by those great, flying feet; the riders firmly seated on their backs, lashing them to their utmost effort—it was as though they were charging into the face of the enemy, right into the face of death. Like a towering whirlwind they passed, and then night swallowed them again; but far along that road I still heard the mad, reckless gallop and the thudding of the guns as they pounded over the rough pavement. Then more lines of supply wagons, of Red Cross ambulances, of limbers drawn by sturdy mules; more artillery and still more—always a splendid sight—swept past; it looked invincible, and I remembered the promise which I had heard already twice that day: "*On tiendra!*" and my heart told me that this promise would be more than well fulfilled.

At last someone came to show me my billet—a narrow cubicle in a kind of shack down a small side street—where I could change into my "nurse's aid"

uniform and be ready if needed; after which I found my way back to the hospital entrance where I had stood so long on arrival. As I approached the doorway, I noticed that many of the stretchers which had been, of necessity, put down outside, had now been lifted into what I later learned was the "receiving room", and here, as I looked in, I saw that one of the doctors was passing from stretcher to stretcher, reading the diagnosis cards to see which of the wounded were marked "*gravement*", and which were not. He looked so thin and tired that I wondered how he could carry on his unending task, yet he found a kind word for each man as he reached him.

"*As-tu froid?*" I heard him say to one.

"*As-tu soif?*" he asked another—for most of the men were suffering from that intolerable thirst which always follows loss of blood.

It is never easy to explain why one thing moves us more than another—it is often the small, unexpected things of life which take us most by storm—but for some reason, the sight of all those great, water-logged, hob-nailed boots, protruding helplessly from underneath the stretcher blankets, quite unnerved me. They spoke so eloquently of unimaginable hardships, silently endured. They were so pitifully heavy and ugly, and the dear *poilus* who wore them were so patient, so selfless! Even to-day I cannot think of those huge, unsightly boots without a pang.

Then, at a signal from the doctor, I saw some orderlies in attendance begin to lift the stretchers indicated by him—the worst cases, I suppose—and I left quickly, fearing to be in the way.

I always feel like smiling when I remember my first "call to duty" in that hospital. No one even seemed to think of going to bed that night, and while I longed to be useful ("nurse's aids" were there to run errands, chiefly), how could I hope to be so when no one, quite naturally, even knew that I was there? Everybody was more than occupied, and as I slipped along a corridor—inconspicuously as I could, desperately afraid of being turned out as a mere newcomer, and therefore a nuisance—I backed a few steps through a doorway which opened into one of the wards, to give more space to a procession of stretchers which were evidently being carried to the operating theatre. At that instant I heard behind me the low, firm voice of one of the ward sisters, and turning, I saw that she was speaking to me.

"Go and fill six hot water bottles and bring them to me immediately," she said—as though I had been there a month, and knew every crevice and corner of the hospital.

If she had asked me to go in search of the Golden Fleece, and to "report back" with it tucked under my arm within the space of three minutes, she could hardly have made a more difficult request. I had not the least idea where the bottles were, nor where to get hot water to fill them, once I had discovered the bottles themselves, but I started off valiantly—in the wrong direction, of course! That awakened the sister to the fact that I was "new", but it proved to be my opening.

All that night the ambulances rolled in; there was no break in the steady

arrival of the convoys, nor in their departure, for we seemed to "take in" and evacuate at the same time; no sooner were beds emptied than they were filled again. Masses of stretchers passed through the receiving room,—some of the wounded, after being given hot soup, to pass out again on their way to the trains, and so to the interior; some borne immediately to the operating room; some to the baths (where their sodden clothes, sodden with blood and grime, had often literally to be cut off them), after which they were laid in such hastily prepared beds as might be available—beds vacated hardly five minutes before by the outgoing cases. Every man I saw seemed to me to be at death's door; the grey, ravaged faces with sunken, hollow cheeks, were pitiful even in the dim light of the ward; feverish eyes looked at us as though from a vast distance, from across a great dividing line—eyes which had seen sights of indescribable horror which we could not even picture to ourselves. But with all the suffering, physical and mental, I never once heard even the shadow of a complaint—on the contrary, one had a perpetual lump in one's throat, for those men kept saying how sorry they were to be giving us so much trouble! I never saw the least suggestion of discouragement, of broken spirit. They were wounded, yes, but they would soon be well again, and then they would go back to rejoin their regiments—those beloved regiments of theirs which were holding the line till they should return to fill their places again. Even the men who were dying insisted that they were going back.

"Don't trouble about me, *ma sœur*", gasped a man with a frightful chest wound, to whom we were trying to give some relief in his agony. "It's really very slight; I'll soon be off your hands, . . ."—he was, for he died before he could finish speaking.

"Why it's nothing", insisted a mere boy, who was sinking fast. "In a week I'll be 'at them' again. If you write to my mother, tell her I'm scratched, that's all—give me some paper, I'll write her myself", and with his mother's name on his lips, he was gone.

But some of the wounded were quite mad—the worst fate of all, perhaps—mad from pain too great to bear; even in their madness, however, their thoughts were not of themselves, but of those at whose side they had been fighting. One man, with terrible head wounds, not realizing where he was, called and called, in an agonized voice, to an invisible comrade:

"*Jean! . . . Jean! . . . Jean! . . .*", and then he would turn anxiously to one of us, as though he were interrogating a trench-comrade:

"*As-tu vu Jean . . . dis, où est-il?*"

This he repeated over and over and over; all through the night he called—but toward morning that voice was mercifully still.

A week or so went by, a week of days and nights, the difference between them unheeded and unnoticed by anyone. The great guns of Verdun thundered on, the sound of the tumult sweeping over the few miles which separated us: those guns never seemed to stop, or if they did, it was only to begin again with renewed fury. Sometimes, in the darkness of the night, I would creep out to look eastward toward the yellow glare where savage streaks of light shot sud-

denly to the zenith of the heavens, and monster explosions rocked the earth under my feet, while always along the road I heard the steady tramp, tramp of troops going up the line; the unceasing rumble of the *camions* over the rough *pavé*. At the hospital, we slept when we could, and we snatched a meal when we had time, while the convoys of wounded continued to roll in, as others continued to roll out—day and night, day and night.

Then came rumours that we were likely to be busier than ever; that we should do well to be prepared; and it must have been about two o'clock one morning—a wild, dark night it was, with snow driven in white, blinding sheets before a bitter wind—that a fresh lot of wounded was brought in, the men grey and stiff and frozen. Among them a young lieutenant lay on his stretcher without the slightest movement, and at first we thought him dead. He could not have been much over twenty-five, but he was a man whom you would notice under any circumstances, for he carried with him that indefinable air which seems to go with unconscious, innate nobility. For a long time he lay thus immovable, as though he were carved in marble, but at last we brought his pulse back, and he began to stir. We had put him in a small place somewhat apart from the rest, but though he was in almost speechless suffering, he wanted no special comforts; he seemed to have but one desire—to know what had happened to the last of his men, and while I never heard the full details of the story, many of us later learned a few of the outstanding facts from one of those very men of his who had, by chance, been brought to us in the same convoy.

There had been a terrific attack by the Germans on the French lines just north of Le Mort-Homme—the lines which stretched somewhere between Béthincourt and Cumières, as I remember it—and the regiment to which this young lieutenant belonged was given an advanced position, on a spur of the hill, with orders to hold it at all costs, until reinforcements could be sent. The enemy had got the range, and their shells were falling straight into the French lines, particularly into that advanced position which was of special importance to them. The odds were all against the defenders which, of course, they knew but too well, for the Germans, ten times their number, were determined to break through that line and, covered by a barrage, they came sweeping on in a solid mass. The situation was desperate. One by one this young lieutenant had seen his comrades drop around him; one by one he saw his superior officers fall, till at last he found that he himself was in sole command of that position, with a few men only left. The shells were dropping like fiery hail, and the noise was terrific, but above the shriek of the shells and the crash of bursting bombs, he passed along the line shouting to his comrades that they must stand together to the last man. He was everywhere, encouraging them; any place of special danger he occupied himself, and they saw him climb on to the parapet, standing there alone and exposed while he threw bomb after bomb into the face of the enemy which, despite every effort, had crept very near; not for an instant did he allow the ardour of that defence to cool. He so fired his men that they would have followed him anywhere, but, holding that bit of the

line, with the dead and wounded almost choking it, with the ammunition almost gone, suddenly he realized that the Germans had begun to swarm into it at a part where the defence was weakest. Without an instant's hesitation he hurled himself at them, and there was a fierce, unequal struggle, but just as, at his end of the trench, he fell, mortally wounded, the promised reinforcements poured in at the other end; the Germans were driven out at the point of the bayonet—that French position was saved. So it was that in a dying condition he was brought to us, through the snow and ice of that dark night. He lingered for a day or two and then, in an early dawn, the end came swiftly. He was only one of tens of thousands who gave their lives with equal selflessness, but for some reason you could not forget him. Later that same day, above the stress and strain of our work, I heard it whispered that a special mission which concerned him, had come to the hospital, and when, toward evening, I crept into a little side room of the mortuary where I knew he was resting, I found him lying there, white and still, with a tall, waxen taper at his head, and in the soft light I saw that on his heart lay the scarlet ribbon with the gleaming cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

"Mon corps à la terre, mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à la France."

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

An easy happiness softens us and lowers us. Effort is necessary; struggle is necessary; to accomplish the work of the soul's elevation, sorrow is often necessary. Yet, O how strange,—happiness is born sometimes from that which seems its ruin. It is from a broken life, as the world sees it, that very often songs of rejoicing arise. For heroism has its divine raptures, and the soldier who dies stricken and alone, but faithful to the flag, knows a depth of joy that the unworthy must be ignorant of for ever.—MONLAUR.

THINGS PROPHETICAL

The doctrine of Cycles is one of the most important in the whole theosophical system, though the least known and of all the one most infrequently referred to.

W. Q. JUDGE.

IN a previous article (July, 1930), entitled "The Theosophical Movement and Kali Yuga", an effort was made, on the basis of statements drawn from *The Mahatma Letters* and from the writings of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, to present certain ideas and possible deductions about cycles which are summed up briefly below. The reader is asked to bear these in mind, as they form a background to the present article.

1) The Sixth Sub-Race of the Fifth Root Race "may begin very soon", depending partly on the ability of the present Theosophical Movement to provide an adequate vehicle for the next Lodge Messenger, whose coming, we are told, may be advanced before 1975 if our attainment makes that possible. "We create our own time."

2) The first "age" of a sub-race, as well as of a root race, is for it a golden age, or Satya Yuga; therefore the "heaven-on-earth" of Madame Blavatsky's prophecy in the *Key*, is not some special dispensation, but a part of the natural evolution of races and sub-races.

3) It may be forthwith possible, therefore, to escape from the present black, Aryan Kali Cycle by evolving oneself into the Sixth Sub-Race, which means attaining the more advanced physical, moral, mental, and spiritual stature necessary to incarnate that degree of racial advance. The laggards must stay behind—in Kali Yuga.

4) Mr. Judge called particular attention to the fact that, a) We are now reincarnations of the Atlanteans (that is, ourselves over again), in both Europe and America, but the efflorescence is in America; b) This is a transition age, when the key-notes for the future must be sounded; and c) "We" (Theosophists like Mr. Judge himself, H.P.B., and their more discerning followers) are working for "a change in the Manas and Buddhi of the Race",—and by so doing are preparing for the new Sixth Sub-Race, due "very soon", and for the Sixth Root Race, due in no distant future.

5) The correspondence between Rounds, Races, sub-races and human principles was also touched upon. This, taken with 4), provides a practical—what H.P.B. sometimes calls a "psychologic"—interpretation of the purely numerical aspect of cycles.

6) It is repeatedly stated that the figures of cycles given out were only veiled approximations of the real ones; that 7^x , or seven to the power of x , lay at the basis of all esoteric calculations; and that there are "Cycles of Matter"

and "Cycles of Spirituality" which run concomitantly, interblending in almost endless complication. These, with only the strictly limited data given, therefore, the student has been left to work out for himself as best he can.

It does require work. Yet even the very failures to work out satisfactorily hints that are gleaned from what lies scattered throughout the thousands of our printed pages, tend to establish certain principles; and the pursuit of one apparently abortive trail leads in a most fascinating way to other quite unexpected discoveries. This seems to be the special reward of any serious study of Madame Blavatsky's writings, and is a discovery in itself.¹ Furthermore, the investigation of such a topic as Racial Cycles, has the advantage of being both practical and immediate in its bearing, since *we are* the Lemurians, the Atlanteans, the Egyptians, etc., and, through Karma, have ourselves created, and are now creating, present and future cycles. At the same time, there are literally no limits to the extension of such a study, since we are told that it requires profound esoteric knowledge and full initiation into the mysteries to understand Racial Cycles in their completeness. No wonder Mr. Judge wrote that, "though one of the most important" Theosophical teachings, it is "of all the one most infrequently referred to." Yet the body of material that has been given us is surprising, when put together, both in its actual extent and in the suggestiveness of its correlations.

"The periods called yugas or kalpas are life problems to solve", wrote H. P. B. in the opening of *Isis* (I, 31), perhaps for our consolation; and again: "It is well to know that no secret was so well preserved and so sacred with the ancients, as that of their cycles and computations. From the Egyptians down to the Jews it was held as the highest sin to divulge anything pertaining to the correct measure of time" (*Secret Doctrine*, II, 396). The reasons for this become more obvious as the subject is pursued further, because the whole spiritual, as well as physical growth of man is involved; and a precise knowledge of dates would, we imagine, enable those, evilly disposed, to frustrate many a Lodge effort, or place additional obstructions in the way.

The purpose of the present article is to discuss somewhat further, first, the bearing of what has been said about our Atlantean heritage in relation to the coming Sixth Root Race and Sub-Race, together with certain most suggestive prophetic hints in our literature as to the immediate future; and second, to remind students of a special, "very occult" cycle, alluded to by H. P. B., which proves to be not only of the very greatest interest, but also in the nature of a key to many an *impasse* in the more fully described cycles.

¹ As an illustration, take the use that may be made of the *Glossary*. There are eight captions dealing specifically with Cycles, two of very great interest, to which anyone would naturally turn when looking up material. But by reading through the *Glossary* page by page, one discovers additional treatments of the subject, buried in the text of other captions, most of which one would *not* be likely to think of in connection with Cycles. Here lies just the point. Theosophy is One; and no given subject can be understood independently of other subjects, which are inextricably interwoven with it, and which cannot, without correlation, be understood separately. Some of these passages in the *Glossary* yield information apparently not given elsewhere. By this method, H. P. B. forces the student to see 1) the inseparable interrelation of different subjects; 2) the need for intuition; 3) that Theosophy is the synthesis of knowledge; 4) that the lazy will not be given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven; and 5) that even the outskirts of Occultism, as a study, are fascinating beyond anything that the world has to offer.

In his *E hoës From The Orient*, Mr. Judge, writing of the influence of the ancient Atlanteans upon America, spoke of our knowledge of this fact to-day as "a most fascinating statement made by the Theosophical Adepts" (p. 20). "The development of the American nation has a mysterious but potent connection with the wonderful past of the Atlanteans," he says (p. 19), for "the cycles in their movement are bringing up to the surface now, in the United States and America generally, not only a great glory of civilization which was forgotten eleven thousand or more years ago, but also the very men, the monads,—the egos, as they call them—who were concerned so many ages since in developing and bringing it to its final lustre. In fact, we of the nineteenth century, hearing of new discoveries and inventions every day, and dreaming of great advances in all arts and sciences, are the same individuals who inhabited bodies among the powerful and brilliant as well as wicked Atlanteans, whose name is forever set immortal in the Atlantic Ocean. The Europeans are also Atlantean monads; but the flower, so to speak, of this revival or resurrection, is and is to be on the American continent. I will not say the United States, for mayhap, when the sun of our power has risen again, there may be no United States for it to rise upon" (pp. 20-21).

This is the first of several prophecies to which the reader's attention is invited. As there is no indication elsewhere of the North American continent submerging till the close of the Sixth Race (*S. D.*, II, 445), the inference is, perhaps, that the United States will either break up into separate countries, like Europe, or—which seems more likely—become first a great Empire, created perhaps, and ruled directly,—who knows?—by members of the Lodge. Such was the case when the early Fifth Race was launched.

Mr. Judge continues: "To me it seems quite plain. I can almost see the Atlanteans in these citizens of America, sleepy, and not well aware who they are, but yet full of the Atlantean ideas, which are only prevented from full and clear expression by the inherited bodily and mental environment which cramps and binds the mighty man within. This again is Nemesis-Karma that punishes us by means of these galling limitations, penning up our power and for the time frustrating our ambition. It is because, when we were in Atlantean bodies, we did wickedly, not the mere sordid wicked things of this day, but high deeds of evil such as by St. Paul were attributed to unknown spiritual beings in high places. We degraded spiritual things and turned mighty powers over nature to base uses; we did *in excelsis* that which is hinted at now in the glorification of wealth, of material goods, of the individual over the spiritual and above the great Man—Humanity. This has now its compensation in our present inability to attain what we want or to remove from among us the grinding-stones of poverty. We are, as yet, only preparers, much as we may exalt our plainly crude American development.

"Herein lies the very gist of the cycle's meaning. It is a preparatory cycle with much of necessary destruction in it; for, before construction, we must have some disintegration. We are preparing here in America a new race which will exhibit the *perfection* of the glories that I said were being slowly brought to the

surface from the long forgotten past. This is why the Americas are seen to be in a perpetual ferment. It is the seething and bubbling of the older races in the refining-pot, and the slow coming up of the material for the new race" (pp. 21-22. Cf. *The Path*, vol. IV, pp. 278-9; *Lucifer*, vol. X, pp. 20ff., reprinted in *Theosophy*, Dec. 1896, pp. 262-4; and *The Path*, vol. V, May, 1890: "One of the Signs of the Cycle" by William Brehon, one of Mr. Judge's many pen-names).

We italicized the words "*the perfection of the glories*" of old-time Atlantis, because it has direct bearing on what H. P. B. characterized as "the untimely end of the Atlanteans" (*S. D.*, II, 178), with all that that implies both of the disruption of normal racial Karma and a mere mechanical ordering of cycles; and also of the fact that Adept Kings still reigned over the one-third of the Atlanteans who remained faithful when Atlantis sank.

Mr. Judge added to what he had written in his *Echoes*, in an address entitled "Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution", reprinted in the *QUARTERLY*, October, 1925. It contains additional prophetic utterance. He said: "We are here [in America] a new race in a new cycle [note the tense], and persons who know say that a cycle [evidently another, correlated one] is going to end in a few years and a new one begin, and that that ending and beginning will be accompanied by convulsions of society and of nature. We can all almost see it coming. The events are very complete in the sky. . . . This civilization is the highest, although the crudest, civilization now on earth. It is the beginning of the great civilization that is to come, when old Europe has been destroyed; when the civilizations of Europe are unable to do any more, then this will be the place where the new great civilization will begin to put out a hand once more to grasp that of the ancient East, who has sat there silently doing nothing all these years, holding in her ancient crypts and libraries and records the philosophy which the world wants, and it is this philosophy and this ethics that the Theosophical Society is trying to give you. It is a philosophy you can understand and practise. . . . But if these old doctrines are not taught to the race *you will have a revolution*, and instead of making progress in a steady, normal fashion, you will come up to the better things through storm, trouble and sorrow. You will come up, of course, for even out of revolution and blood there comes progress, but isn't it better to have progress without that? And that is what the theosophical philosophy is intended for. That is why the Mahatmas we were talking about, directing their servant H. P. Blavatsky as they have directed many times before, came out at a time when materialism was fighting religion and was about getting the upper hand, and once more everything moved forward in its cyclic way and these old doctrines were revived under the guidance of the theosophical movement" (pp. 360, 361, 363, italics ours).

In the light of the great European War; of Russia's *débâcle* and Communist régime; of China's break-up; of Italy's rescue from a Communist collapse by Fascismo; of the manifest decline and socialization of England, how truly prophetic these words have already proved to be. They seem to

apply, also, to a far-distant future, with which we are not concerned for the moment.²

Madame Blavatsky, from the very commencement of her theosophical writings, repeatedly voiced similar ideas. The first chapter of *Isis* deals with cycles, and ends with the words: "Who knows the possibilities of the future? An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin—nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; *a new one is about to begin*, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence."

The note of revolution and of wars, struck by Mr. Judge, was emphasized by H. P. B. also. We may see how these prophecies tie into our present, future, and past cycles, even going back to Atlantean precedents. In an Editorial in *Lucifer*, vol. IV, May 15th, 1889, entitled "Our Cycle And The Next", she concludes: "But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness. . . .

"If, Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root in the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

"But if not, then the storm will burst, and *our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded*" (p. 188, italics ours).

We have only to think of poison-gas, and its effect, not only on human beings and livestock, but on vegetation, to fill out the picture for ourselves. The Karma for individuals and nations responsible for such a catastrophe, staggers imagination. We recall those words quoted before from *The Mahatma Letters*: ". . . the present crisis . . . is a question of perdition or salvation to thousands; a question of the progress of the Human Race or its retrogression, of its glory or dishonour, and for the majority of this race—*of being or not being*, of annihilation in fact" (p. 365. Cf. Ed. in *Lucifer*, V, esp. p. 174).

²In the S. D., I, 646, we read: "Why, then, should occultists and astrologers . . . be disbelieved, when they prophesy the return of some cyclic event . . . ? . . . It is neither *prevision*, nor *prophecy*; no more than is the signalling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge and mathematically correct computations which enable the Wise Men of the East to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; France, nearing such a point of her cycle, and Europe in general threatened with, or rather, on the eve of, a cataclysm, which her own cycle of racial Karma has led her to." If this be compared, in order, with II, 266, 445, and 331, supplementing with the long note on p. 307, and *Mah. Lel.*, 156, no immediate physical or geologic disaster would seem to be imminent, or not for about 16,000 years.

In an earlier article in *Lucifer*, vol. I, p. 174, entitled "The Esoteric Character of the Gospels," H. P. B. takes the well-known verses from St. Matthew xxiv. 3, ff.: ". . . Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?"—as her text, and applies them to the present in a most striking way. She writes: "On the other hand, at no time since the Christian era, have the precursor signs described in *Matthew* applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. *When has nation risen against nation more than at this time?* When have 'famines'—another name for destitute pauperism, and the famished multitudes of the proletariat—been more cruel; earthquakes more frequent, or covered such an area simultaneously, as for the last few years? Millenarians and Adventists of robust faith, may go on saying that 'the coming of the (carnalised) Christ' is near at hand, and prepare themselves for 'the end of the world'. Theosophists—at any rate, some of them—who understand the hidden meaning of the universally-expected Avatars, Messiahs, Sosioshes and Christs—know that it is no 'end of the world', but 'the consummation of the age', *i.e.*, the close of a cycle, which is now fast approaching⁽¹⁾. If our readers have forgotten the concluding passages of the article, 'The Signs of the Times', in *Lucifer* for October last, let them read them over, and they will plainly see the meaning of this particular cycle."

At the place marked with a dagger in parentheses, Madame Blavatsky adds a note of the utmost interest, already referred to. We quote it in its entirety, because it should not be divorced from its context, *i.e.*, its direct bearing on "the sign" of Christ's presence, or coming, and of the end of the age, or cycle. Its implications are obviously manifold.

"There are several remarkable cycles that come to a close at the end of this century. First, the 5,000 years of the Kaliyug cycle; again the Messianic cycle of the Samaritan (also Kabalistic) Jews of the man connected with *Pisces* (Ichthys or 'Fishman' *Dag*). It is a cycle, historic and not very long, but very occult, lasting about 2,155 solar years, but having a true significance when computed by lunar months. It occurred 2,410 and 255 B.C., or when the equinox entered into the sign of the *Ram*, and again into that of *Pisces*. When it enters, in a few years, the sign of *Aquarius*, psychologists will have some extra work to do, and the psychic idiosyncrasies of humanity will enter on a great change."

This "very occult" cycle closed, and the new one opened, precisely in 1900, coinciding exactly with the completion of the last quarter of a century cycle, and but two years beyond the first 5,000 years of Kali Yuga, which fell in 1898. Moreover, H. P. B. directly connects this cycle with Christ's own prophecies of the "consummation of the age"; relates it to the ancient Jewish and Kabalistic prophecies of the Messiah—which Christ, during his incarnation, said that he fulfilled in his own person; gives its correlation with the Zodiac; and points to the same psychological changes in man which Mr. Judge foretold of the new Race in *Echoes*, *viz.*, "new orders of intellect; new powers of mind; curious and unheard-of psychic powers, as well as extraordinary physical ones; with new senses and extensions of present senses now unforeseen" (p. 22).

For our immediate purpose, we must confine ourselves to pointing out that in this foot-note we are given the explicit duration of an important cycle, elsewhere unmentioned, together with just when it began, and a suggestion of its direct bearing on the events, both inner and outer, to be looked for during the forty-two years since the passage was written, and in the future. This Messianic cycle, identified with Christ, began 255 B.C., and has now completed its first revolution since the incarnation of Christ. Moreover, its turn coincided closely with that of two other important cycles. These three cycles, of Kali Yuga in its 1,000 year divisions; of the 100 year cycle (in the last quarter of which the Lodge makes its periodic outer effort; *Key*, p. 306); and this Messianic Cycle, will not again converge so closely for many thousands of years. The Messianic cycle and the 100 year cycle will not end together again until the year 45,000 A.D., when Kali Yuga will register 48,102, and the other two coincide exactly for the first time since 1900. This requires twenty revolutions of the Messianic cycle. The years of Kali Yuga then, or 48,102, do not seem to have any very great significance. Between now and that far-distant date, the Messianic cycle will not even fall *within* the last quarter of the 100 year cycle again until A.D. 16,985 (Kali Yuga 20,087), or after seven revolutions of the cycle—which is further forward than history has admitted records backwards. Then, the actual conjunction of the two will still be 15 years apart. In 21,295, the two will approach within five years, and Kali Yuga will register 24,397, or nearly 24,400,—once more a figure that does not bear on its face any great significance. The rarity of any conjunction of these three cycles, therefore, becomes evident, and perhaps indicates why a special reinforcement of the regular “last-quarter” Lodge effort could come from what might be described as Christian elements.³

So far, then, we may attempt to recapitulate as follows.

- 1) With the arrival of the Satya or Golden Age of the new Sixth Sub-Race, we may hope for the revival and *perfection* of the glories of ancient Atlantis.
- 2) The likelihood of this being brought to pass by the twenty-first century, or earlier, depends on the loyalty, altruism, and fidelity of those now carrying forward, or about to carry forward further, the Theosophical Movement.
- 3) If success be not achieved, we may look for a reaction which will lead to revolution in the United States, and generally for Europe and this country “such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded”,—with the complete *débâcle* of “our boasted western civilization.” Russia may serve as a practical warning—as also Belgium during the first weeks of German invasion.

That this break-up of our civilization will come through the self-destruction of war—if come it must—seems to be the only inference to draw from what may now be added to the above. In 1882, Mr. Sinnett asked Master K. H. if there

³ It is impossible to break the main theme of the present article with any analysis of the subdivisions of this cycle, its lunar interpretation, Zodiacal significance, etc. But with the above suggestions of Christ's connection with this cycle, it might here be of interest to point out in advance that A.C. 2,410, the earlier date mentioned by H. P. B., is not far from the tentative era now arrived at by archaeologists for Cherdoloamer, and therefore for Abraham, who, it will be remembered, met the mighty High Priest Melchizedek, after whose *Order*, says the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, Christ was an “High Priest forever”—vi. 20, vii. *passim*.

were "any way of accounting for what seems the curious rush of human progress within the last two thousand years" (*Mah. Let.*, p. 145). Master K. H. answered: "The latter end of a very important cycle. Each Round, each ring [now called a Root Race], as every race [Sub-Race] has its great and its smaller cycles, on every planet that mankind passes through. Our fourth Round Humanity has its one great cycle, and so have her races and sub-races. The 'curious rush' is due to the double effect of the former—the beginning of its downward course;—and of the latter (the small cycle of your 'sub-race') running on to its apex. Remember, you belong to the fifth Race, yet you are but a *Western sub-race*" (p. 149).

Analysing this so far, we find first, that in 1882 we were at the "latter end" of "a very important cycle". As Sinnett's question asked in terms of 2,000 years, this answer may imply a large cycle, of which 2,000 years form but the "latter end". It can hardly refer to Kali Yuga, which began only some 5,000 years ago. Therefore, we have here the indication of a fourth cycle, of considerable duration and importance, also drawing to a close along with the other three; and therefore, equally with the others, giving promise of a new start in the near future. H. P. B. mentioned "several cycles" which came to a close with this past century mark, but she only specified two in her footnote, quoted above; while Mr. Judge also alludes to a great cycle that was going to end in a few years from the time when he spoke. Second, the rush of civilization is due to a double effect, the first element of which is the great cycle of our Fourth Round as a whole, which is at the beginning "of its downward course" (since we are well past the mid-part, or crest, of its wave?); and the second element of which relates to our Fifth Western Root Race, with its Sub-Races (the Fifth of which, with *its* seven Family Races, now peoples Western Europe and America), which is "running on to its apex". Master K. H. repeats, a few sentences later: "Your sub-races are now running towards the apex of their respective cycles"; and again: "You are now approaching your brilliant noon"; and he adds: "Less than two centuries prior to the arrival of Cortez there was as great a 'rush' towards progress among the *sub-races* [in H. P. B.'s later terminology, these would be Family Races] of Peru and Mexico as there is now in Europe and the U. S. A. Their sub-race ended in nearly total annihilation through causes generated by itself; *so will yours at the end of this cycle*" (selected from pp. 149-50; italics of last phrase ours).

Here we have exactly the same forecast, as might be expected. Exploration of the past twenty years amongst the ruins of the Mayas of Yucatan and Mexico, has revealed the mysterious and sudden collapse of a brilliant civilization, due, not to natural convulsions, but to savage and fanatical wars. Again, Madame Blavatsky, quoting from the ancient esoteric Commentary on the Stanzas about our Fifth Root Race at the time when the great Atlantean continent was in process of sinking, adds a most significant comment in square brackets, which we reproduce as she wrote it. "Alone the handful of those Elect, whose divine instructors had gone to inhabit that Sacred Island—"from whence the last Saviour will come"—now kept mankind from becoming one-half the ex-

terminator of the other [as mankind does now—H. P. B.]. It (mankind) became divided. Two-thirds of it were ruled by Dynasties of lower, material Spirits of the earth, who took possession of the easily accessible bodies; one-third remained faithful, and joined with the nascent Fifth Race—the divine Incarnates. When the Poles moved (for the fourth time) this did not affect those who were protected, and who had separated from the Fourth Race. Like the Lemurians—alone the ungodly Atlanteans perished, and “were seen no more”. . . .” (*S. D.*, II, 350).

If the reader has been able to keep the thread through so many necessarily involved quotations, he will see clearly, not only the direct statement that our races are becoming the exterminators of each other, but that a correspondence is deliberately drawn between Atlantean times and our own. Moreover, after stating that, “No fresh Monads have incarnated since the middle point of the Atlanteans”, H. P. B. also says: “Many of us are now working off the effects of the evil Karmic causes produced by us in Atlantean bodies” (p. 303), and again: “In the case of the Atlanteans, it was precisely the Spiritual being which sinned, the Spirit element being still the ‘Master’ principle in man, in those days. Thus it is in those days that the heaviest Karma of the Fifth Race was generated by our Monads” (p. 302). To make the parallel still more exact between ourselves now, and what we were then as Atlanteans, and complementing exactly Mr. Judge, we read of the Atlanteans: “The name is used here in the sense of, and as a synonym of ‘sorcerers’. The Atlantean races were many, and lasted in their evolution for millions of years: all were not bad. They became so toward their end, as we (the fifth) are fast becoming now” (*S. D.*, II, 272*n.*). This is the special theme of the Editorial “Signs of the Times”, referred to by H. P. B. herself in the quotation above, in which she pointed out the present-day increase of conscious and unconscious black magic, with lurid illustrations; and wrote: “Occultism and sorcery are in the air, with no true philosophical knowledge to guide the experimenters and thus check evil results” (vol. I, p. 88).

It seems, therefore, to be abundantly clear that the peoples of Europe and America, with possible exceptions, are now not only Atlanteans, but just those Atlanteans who came to an “untimely end” because of their spiritual wickedness,—and that we are to-day on the high road to following the bad karmic impulses generated then, history repeating itself. Once before, the Lodge—the “Divine Incarnates”—interposed, and that marvellous and heroic “Guardian Wall” saved “one-third” who turned to the Light, thus inaugurating a new—the Fifth—Root Race. So again to-day, the Lodge, working within the cycles, spiritual, psychic, and physical, is straining every nerve to save mankind from a repetition of its former errors, and an even worse disaster. Remembering that it was the Fifth Sub-Race of the Atlanteans who were in their Satya Yuga at the time of their “untimely end” (*S. D.*, II, 147*n.* with 178), and that we are now the Fifth Sub-Race once more of the new Root Race, with several of our Family Races “running towards the apex of their respective cycles”, we can see, not only what hangs over us in the Karmic scales—the “perdition or salvation” of

thousands—but why Mr. Judge spoke of “the *perfection* of the glories” of long ago. Good Karma, so to speak, as well as bad, was held back by the ending of the Atlanteans, and we it is who must decide which Karmic strain shall be taken up by us on the crest of the new wave. No wonder the Lodge is making special efforts, when so much hangs in the balance! And what an opportunity for those who serve them now!

It remains to see if a study of actual figures may still further confirm the fact that such great events are close at hand. This, Madame Blavatsky seems to have done for us in a typical, indirect way, by means of an early article in *The Theosophist*, reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*, under the title, “The Theory of Cycles”. We read that, “Contrary to the rule, it is the men of science themselves who have revived” the theory of cycles, and that: “More than one thoughtful mind, while studying the fortunes and reverses of nations and great empires, has been struck by one identical feature of their history—namely, the inevitable recurrence of similar events, and after equal periods of time.” She then quotes extensively from the “very suggestive work by a well-known German scientist, E. Zasse,” appearing in the *Prussian Journal of Statistics*, “powerfully corroborating the ancient theory of cycles.” This investigator, studying the statistics of Empires, wars, etc., finds recurring cycles of 7, 10, 50, 250, 500, and 1,000 years, which “effect their revolutions around themselves, and within one another. . . . He points out the fact that if we divide the map of the Old World into six parts—into Eastern, Central, and Western Asia, Eastern and Western Europe, and Egypt, we shall easily perceive that every 250 years an enormous wave passes over these areas, bringing to each in its turn the events it has brought to the one next preceding. This wave we may call ‘the historical wave’ of the 250 years’ cycle.” Summarizing briefly, the first wave arose in China 2,000 B.C.; thence travelled to Mongolia 1,750 B.C.; to Egypt 1,500 B.C.; to Greece and the Argonauts 1,250 B.C.; dying out 1,000 B.C. in the Empire which Zasse identifies with Troy. The second wave begins with the Scythians in Central Asia, 750 B.C.; passes to Persia 500 B.C.; to Greece 250 B.C.; and to the Roman Empire at the time of Christ and Augustus Cæsar.

For the third wave, the Huns appear 250 A.D. from Central Asia; Persia arises in 500; the Byzantine Empire in 750; and the Papal Empire in 1,000.

The *fourth* wave H. P. B. italicises. In 1,250 the Mongolian Empire “covered an enormous area of land”; in 1,500 there was the great Ottoman Empire; and in 1,750 Russia, “during the reign of Empress Catherine, rises to an unexpected grandeur, and covers itself with glory”. Madame Blavatsky adds: “The wave ceaselessly moves further on to the West; and beginning with the middle of the past century, Europe is living over an epoch of revolutions and reforms, and, according to the author, ‘if it is permissible to prophesy, then about the year 2,000 Western Europe will have lived through one of those periods of culture and progress so rare in history’.”

This, as H. P. B. puts it, most “suggestively” points to our Golden-Age Empire—indicated by her for the twenty-first century, but perhaps advanced

somewhat now—wherein our Family Races will achieve their “apex”, or “brilliant noon”, and launch as before the new racial undertaking with the best that the old has to give. As for wars, H. P. B. writes: “The periods of the strengthening and weakening of the warlike excitement of the European nations represent a wave strikingly regular in its periodicity, flowing incessantly, as if propelled onward by some fixed inscrutable law. This same mysterious law seems also to connect these events with the astronomical wave or cycle, which governs the periodicity of solar spots.⁴ The periods when the European powers have shown the most destructive energy are marked by a cycle of fifty years’ duration.” In 1712 “all the European nations were fighting each other”; in 1761, the Seven Years’ War; in 1810 the Napoleonic Wars; in 1861 the American Civil War, and in 1854-6 and 1870, the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars respectively.

Could it be that H. P. B. underscored the fact that “all” the European nations were fighting in 1712-1715, because she had prevision of our Great War, or of some future event occurring at about these 50 year periods? And may we not look forward to 1961-70, or thereabouts, with some understanding of what may happen at the time when the next Lodge Messenger is due to appear,—not to mention 2012-14? In the *Glossary*, under “St. Germain”, H. P. B. wrote: “Count St. Germain was certainly the greatest Oriental Adept Europe has seen during the last centuries. But Europe knew him not. Perchance some may recognize him at the *next Terreur*, which will affect all Europe when it comes, and not one country alone” (Italic of *next* is ours). The Bolsheviks and Communists seem to be preparing already our next *Terreur*. Out of many passages in the *QUARTERLY*, we might close this article with the following from “On the Screen of Time” for October, 1929: “Germany is certain to attack France again, and some of us expect to be there when it happens. No, not in this life; not as soon as that! We are anxious to learn from the mistakes of the past,—the mistakes of 1918-1919 included. The situation will really need a Genghis Khan to do it justice; but we shall have to do our modest best. You may regard my programme, if you choose, as a *ballon d’essai*” (p. 198).

In all of this, we should not forget, since we are dealing with living, not with mechanical forces, that “There are no precedents for our situation . . . we have broken the cycles, superimposing upon the rhythm of the world the rhythm of the Lodge. What were barriers are no longer barriers. The Theosophical Movement has transcended time, and brought about a new time and a new possibility. What was due, under the old order, in 1975, may come in 1970 or 1950,—I know not when, I am no judge of that” (*QUARTERLY*, April, 1930, p. 77).

QUÆSITOR.

⁴ Solar spots admittedly recur, according to modern astronomical calculations, every 11.2 years. See Flammarion and Gore, *Astronomy*, pp. 249-263. One period fell in 1870, coinciding with the Franco-Prussian War; another, therefore, precisely in the mid-summer of 1914; while later ones fall due the middle of 1959, and about August 1970. “*Verbum sat sap.*”! The next period occurs in 1937, and Dr. Eckhardt, the Secretary of State in Hungary, during Bela Kun’s Communist government, recently predicted, according to a *New York Times* despatch of September 20th, that “At the latest in 1937 a new European war is inevitable.”

THE PURPOSE OF THE CHIVALRIC CODES

CODES, like religion, are older than history. A man begins to live by a code when he begins to do consistently what he feels he ought, instead of what he wants to do. Whether he be an Afghan horse-thief or a Chevalier Bayard, if he consistently live up to his own code—whatever that code may be—always, at any cost to himself, we feel that he is a man, and respect him accordingly. That is the first step. The next is to refine the code. As has often been said, what any thing at all is, is determined by the laws which it obeys. A man who, in act, thought and feeling, lives by the code of a gentleman, is a gentleman. When, or to the extent that he ceases so to do, to that extent he ceases to be a gentleman. As a man's code is, so is he. Obviously it follows that the way to grow, and the only way, is constantly to raise the level of the code by which one lives. The way, and the only way, to become a chéla is to live by the code of a chéla.

A true code is the progressive self-expression of the soul. It is not a static thing. It is a path, the path of the soul from its present position, wherever that may be, to heights of immortal splendour. To be understood, this path has to be travelled, a step at a time. Only as one step is taken, can the step ahead be seen. That step then appears as the ideal of the soul, in accordance with which it must strive to live if it would progress. Failure to live up to the highest that it can see, means retrogression and gradual loss of the vision. The ideal of to-day must be made the code of to-morrow. As this is done, a new and higher ideal comes into view, or rather, new, deeper and higher ways of applying the same principles are revealed. The underlying principles remain the same and are common to all real codes, for they are the fundamental laws governing the growth of the soul, and are inherent in the structure of the universe itself.

The great codes, like the great religions, must have been gifts to men from the Lodge of Masters, and the purpose of both is the same, to arouse the soul, here and now, to consciousness of itself and of its destiny, and in that way to prepare men for chélaship,—the next step in human evolution. As was said in a recent number of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, the Avatars who founded the great religions of the world, did not establish churches; they founded Orders of Disciples to whom they gave codes of conduct. These were intended to be the heart of the religions, for it is only as man lives the life that he can know the doctrine. Again like the great religions, the codes differ with different times and races, in method and in angle of approach, but each is based on the same immutable laws, and has the same goal. As with all spiritual gifts

to man, they have been much perverted, misunderstood and distorted. It should also be remembered that, as we have said, a code is a path, and what is appropriate for one race and stage of development, may be too high, or too low, for others.

The soul grows, as all things grow, by living in accordance with the laws of its true—which is its divine—nature. It can only express itself at all, to the extent to which it has first dominated, and then developed its instrument, the personality. The first requisite is an obedient instrument. The artist whose hand refused to obey his will would have small chance of reproducing on canvas his vision of beauty. With most men, the personality rebelled and usurped the sovereignty so long ago that the very existence of the rightful ruler is forgotten or denied. The usurper must be deposed. To change the simile, the rider must master his untamed horse before he can start on his journey. Hence the primary purpose of all codes is to train the personality to absolute, unquestioning obedience, and concurrently, to provide for the self-expression of the soul in order that it may grow. Another would appear to be to affect, by noble action, the atmosphere and thought of the world. All that we know of the great qualities of the soul, of justice, honour, courage, nobility, is derived from their manifestation in action.

Think of the millions who have been inspired by the story of Roland at Roncesvalles, from the time when Taillefer the minstrel sang it at Hastings, down to the present day. Of course, from a military point of view, Roland was wrong. He ought to have sounded his horn at once, fought a delaying rear-guard action, and brought off his forces to fight another day. That was not his code. Who can say how many victories France owes to the story of his heroic death and the inspiration it has brought to her soldiers through the centuries. A less thing than that has turned the tide of many a battle. The sum of such noble deeds constitutes the accumulated wealth of the world. Each one enriches the world's atmosphere and makes emulation easier.

The partners of an investment house in New York still tell the story of one of their clients, a member of an old and distinguished American family. He had bought through them a thousand shares of Northern Pacific Railroad Company stock. Some months later, the stock rose in price, to 100, to 110, to 125. At that point the purchaser decided that it was selling for all that it was worth. He got his thousand shares of stock from his safe-deposit box, and took it down-town, on May 9th, 1901. He came into the offices of the Firm just in time to see Northern Pacific stock sell at one thousand dollars per share. He looked at the quotation, and looked at his thousand shares of stock which, at that price, represented one million dollars. Then he folded up his stock certificates and put them back in his pocket.

"Northern Pacific stock is not worth a thousand dollars a share," he said, "and I won't take a thousand dollars of any man's money for it."

Then, putting aside a million dollars with a wave of his hand, he left the office. He could have given himself many excellent reasons for taking it. The trouble with the market was that there was not enough Northern Pacific stock

to go round, the sale of one thousand shares would help the situation, etc., etc. He would not argue with his sense of honour nor deviate from it by a hair. Whether or not we agree with his view—and many men of high integrity would not—is of little importance. The point is that he lived up to the highest standard that he saw, refusing a fortune for a fine point of honour. Think of the effect of such an act on the inner atmosphere of a money-loving community.

The essence of a true code is that it is of the soul, and hence its lightest requirement outweighs all material considerations, no matter how great. Physical life itself, pain, suffering or loss, must be as nothing in comparison. As we have said, the primary purpose of all codes is to train the personality, at whatever cost to itself, to absolute, unquestioning obedience to the least behest of the soul. For this purpose, it is adherence to the code that is of value, whether its provisions seem to us to be wise or unwise. We should be on our guard against condemning particular requirements merely because, in our time and stage of development, we do not happen to agree with them. The form the obedience takes, the actual acts required, may, in the beginning, be of little more importance than whether a rider, training a horse to be bridle-wise, turns him to the right or to the left.

Prince Vanraj, a Rajput, who lived about the middle of the eighth century, furnishes an excellent illustration of strict obedience to the letter of one's code.¹ His father, the Ruler of the Kingdom of Gujarat, was slain in a revolution and his wife and infant son driven into exile. When the young Prince, Vanraj, grew to manhood, he resolved to reconquer the throne which was rightfully his. To do this, funds were essential. Vanraj heard that a merchant of great wealth was living in a certain small village. Doubtless he felt that, as true heir to the throne, all that the country contained belonged by right to him. In any case, with a few followers he broke into the house, to find the merchant and his sister peacefully preparing their supper. Vanraj, seeing on a table a jewel of great value, reached out his hand to take it, and, in doing so, touched a bowl of curds. To touch food in a man's house made one a guest, and to violate hospitality was, in the Rajput code, a black sin. Though it meant to him the loss of his kingdom, Vanraj instantly drew himself up, saluted the merchant, recalled his followers, apologized for their intrusion, and left the house. The merchant's sister, marvelling at such a bandit, followed and invited him and his band to supper. The result was that the merchant volunteered to provide the funds, and Vanraj recovered his kingdom.

There was a high code of chivalry in ancient India five thousand years ago, at the time of Krishna and the civil wars of the Rajputs, the Pandus against the Kurus. The *Mahabharata*, the great epic of those wars, contains many splendid instances of nobility, of which space permits us to quote only one, the description of the death of Bhishma, leader of the Kurus. The exiled Pandu Princes, whom Bhishma had tutored in their youth and whom he loved "with a father's loving heart", had been deprived of the kingdom rightfully theirs.

¹ For this and other Indian stories, we are indebted to *A Pageant of India*, by Adolf Waley; Constable and Co., London.

Bhishma's King, Duryodhan, was on the wrong side, and Bhishma, with true loyalty, had told him so. The decision, however, was not his but his King's, and when his King decided, Bhishma loyally accepted it. While "matchless Bhishma" fought against them, the Pandu Princes could make no headway. Finally they went to him at night, secretly, urging the righteousness of their cause. Bhishma answers, giving his code:

"Sons of Pandu," said the chieftain, "Prince Duryodhan is my lord,
 Bhishma is no faithless servant nor will break his plighted word.
 Valiant are ye, noble princes, but the chief is yet unborn,
 While I lead the course of battle, who the tide of war can turn.
 Listen more. With vanquished foeman, or who falls or takes to flight,
 Casts his weapons, craves for mercy, ancient Bhishma doth not fight.
 Bhishma doth not fight a rival who submits, fatigued and worn,
 Bhishma doth not fight the wounded, doth not fight a woman born."

There was in the Pandu army a woman warrior, Sikhandin, "whom Gods had turned into a warrior", and it was proposed to send her against Bhishma. This brought immediate protest from the Pandu Prince Arjuna:

"Shame!" exclaimed the angry Arjun, "not in secret heroes fight,
 Not behind a child or woman screen their valour and their might.
 Krishna, loth is archer Arjun to pursue this hateful strife,
 Trick against the sinless Bhishma, fraud upon his spotless life.
 Listen, good and noble Krishna, as a child I climbed his knee,
 As a boy I called him father, hung upon him lovingly.
 Perish conquest dearly purchased by a mean deceitful strife,
 Perish crown and jewelled sceptre won with Bhishma's saintly life!"

Krishna replies that whether Arjuna wishes or not, whether the foe be dearly loved or hated, matters nothing. What matters is that the cause of righteousness triumph. So Sikhandin is sent to fight Bhishma.

Bhishma views the Pandav forces with a calm unmoving face,
 Saw not Arjun's fair Gandiva, saw not Bhima's mighty mace,
 Smiled to see the young Sikhandin rushing to the battle fore,
 Like the foam upon the billow when the mighty storm-winds roar!
 Bhishma thought of word he plighted and of oath that he had sworn,
 Dropped his arms before the warrior who a female child was born.
 And the standard which no warrior ever saw in base retreat,
 Idly stood upon the chariot, threw its shade on Bhishma's seat. . . .
 Not Sikhandin's feeble arrows did the palm-tree standard fell,
 Not Sikhandin's feeble lances did the peerless Bhishma quell,
 True to oath and unresisting, Bhishma turned his face away,
 Turned and fell; the sun declining marked the closing of the day.²

² *Ramayana and Mahabharata*, translated by R. Chunder Dutt (Everyman's Library).

That was five thousand years ago. Some thousands of years later, in 1573, when Akbar was Emperor of India, he heard that twenty thousand of his troops had mutinied in a city six hundred miles away. Taking two thousand horsemen, he rode the six hundred miles in eleven days. (They must have had good horses in India in those days; two thousand horses capable of such a feat could not easily be assembled to-day.) His speed far outstripped any word of his coming, and the mutineers, taken completely by surprise, were scattered and unarmed.

"It is a shameful thing", said Akbar, "to attack an unprepared foe", and so, though they outnumbered his force ten to one, he halted his troops, sounded his trumpets, and waited for the mutineers to arm and form their line. Then, at the head of his two thousand horsemen, he charged their twenty thousand and scattered them in wild rout. All the great codes forbid taking undue advantage of a foe. The great White Lodge itself, with all power in its hands, fights only in accordance with rigid rules, and it begins early to inculcate true "sportsmanship" in those who may some day be its chélas.

To understand the spirit of the chivalric codes it is essential to remember that the death of the body is only an incident in the life of an immortal soul. One of the chief inner purposes of the codes must have been to teach men to identify themselves with the soul, and not with the body or the personality. Every act done at the cost of the personality or against its inclination, at the behest of the soul, emphasizes to the man that he is the soul. The way to realize one's union with any cause, is to make sacrifices for it. The most effective act of all would obviously be the complete sacrifice of the personality, its deliberate abandonment to death at the call of duty. "Then he sinks his ship beneath him, and goes on, on the wings of passion and desire". Or as an American Indian put it, in describing the death of a warrior: "Then he dropped his robe and went home to his Father."

The *Mahabharata*, from which we have already quoted, shows that the same view of death was taken at the time of Krishna, some five thousand years ago. Sisupala, a great warrior, had so fallen under the dominion of his evil passions that at last the total of his crimes exceeded the hundred that Krishna had pledged his word to forgive him. Finally a public insult to Krishna's saintly wife made further forbearance impossible, and Krishna hurled his discus, striking Sisupala dead:

And his soul be-cleansed of passions, came forth from its mortal shroud,
Like the radiant sun in splendour from a dark and mantling cloud;
Unto Krishna, good and gracious, like a lurid spark aflame,
Chastened of its sin and anger, Sisupala's spirit came.

To-day, most people are far more apt to take the attitude of the old lady who, in reply to a question about her ideas of a future life, answered testily: "Of course I believe we all go to eternal bliss, but I wish you would not talk about such disagreeable subjects."

To those who see truly, bodies are only "robes" to be worn or dropped as the interests of the wearer dictate. If a warehouse full of thousands of overcoats caught fire, we should be filled with horror at the suggestion that a single fireman's life be sacrificed to save them. Arguments that the overcoats might ultimately save lives in Labrador, would not change our view in the least. In just the same way, the good of one soul outweighs in value any number of bodies. Other overcoats may be made for the natives of Labrador, and other bodies are gained by those who "drop their robes" at the behest of duty.

There is a magnificent—and true—story of one of the sieges of Chitor, again from the annals of India which record so many instances of splendid heroism. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, the Regent, Prince Bhimsi, of the Rajput kingdom of Mewar, married the Princess Padmini, said to have been the most beautiful woman in India. In the course of time, the report of her beauty reached the ears of the Mohammedan Emperor, Ala-ud-Din, at Delhi, who immediately resolved to possess her for himself. Accordingly, he insultingly demanded her surrender of Prince Bhimsi, and, on receipt of his indignant refusal, invaded Mewar with a great army. Chitor, its rock-girt capital, was besieged, but the repeated Moslem attacks on its walls were all beaten back with heavy losses by the Rajput defenders. Ala-ud-Din thereupon resorted to strategy. He sent word to Prince Bhimsi that he realized that Chitor was too valiantly defended to be taken and that, in consequence, he was going to abandon the siege and return to Delhi. He merely asked that, trusting himself entirely to the honour of his foe, he might, before leaving, be permitted to enter Chitor with only one follower, and be given the privilege of seeing the beautiful face of Padmini, not directly, but reflected in a mirror. The trust in his honour and the appeal to his chivalry worked on Prince Bhimsi's vanity, and he consented.

At the appointed time Ala-ud-Din, with one retainer only, appeared at the gates, was courteously welcomed by Bhimsi, and taken to the great hall of the palace, where a large mirror was hung. Padmini then passed behind them, her unveiled face reflected in the mirror. Ala-ud-Din expressed his delight and his gratitude for the courtesy shown him, and rose to go. Rajput courtesy required his host to see him safely back to his camp, a fact which the Emperor knew well and had counted upon. He also knew that Bhimsi would never allow himself to be outdone in generosity, but would feel that honour required him to put the same trust in the Emperor that the Emperor had placed in him. So, in spite of the protests and pleadings of his officers, Bhimsi, attended by only one retainer, escorted Ala-ud-Din back to his camp—and was promptly taken prisoner by Mohammedan troops placed in ambush for just that purpose.

The consternation in Chitor was not lessened by the receipt of a message from Ala-ud-Din that unless Padmini yielded herself to him, Prince Bhimsi would be put to a cruel death. A council of the Rajput nobles was called, and Padmini announced her readiness to comply with the demand, adding that they need not fear; she was giving no promise to remain alive and would carry with her the means to protect her honour. The Council sat for many hours,

but at the end, word was sent that Padmini would accede to the Emperor's demand on two conditions; first, that she might have a half-hour's final interview with Prince Bhimsi, and, second, that she should not be asked to go as a conquered slave-girl but like a Queen, with the same state that she had had when she first came as a bride to Chitor. These terms being eagerly accepted by Ala-ud-Din, Padmini, closely veiled and escorted by a retinue of 700 slave-girls, each in an elaborate sedan-chair with six bearers, went to the Moslem camp, to the tent of Prince Bhimsi. As the allotted half-hour was drawing to a close, a trumpet sounded, the 700 "slave-girls" leaped from their chairs as Rajput warriors in full armour, the 4,000 bearers drew their arms from under their cloaks, and a compact force of nearly 5,000 warriors charged into the Moslem army. A simultaneous sally of 8,000 horsemen from Chitor itself, cleared the way for the escape back to the city of Prince Bhimsi and his Princess, on swift horses brought for the purpose. Taken completely by surprise, a less disciplined army than that of the Moslems would have been routed, but they held their ground, their overwhelming numbers soon told, and before the Rajputs could extricate themselves and retire to Chitor, practically all of their nobles had fallen. Ala-ud-Din, however, had had enough for the time, and he sullenly withdrew to Delhi.

But it was only for a time. Five years later, he returned at the head of a new army. There were, unfortunately, no new warriors in Chitor to replace those who had fallen in rescuing Prince Bhimsi. The defenders were too few. When a hill commanding the town was taken, all knew that the end was only a matter of time. Then, the Annals of Mewar state, the Guardian Goddess of Chitor appeared on three successive nights to the Rana, giving the conditions with which he must comply if he wished to preserve the royal line, a line that traced its descent through a full score of centuries from Râma himself. There were in all thirteen princes of the Blood Royal, including the Rana himself. Twelve must give their lives, one after another, at intervals of three days. The eldest at once demanded and was accorded the privilege of dying first. Then each of the others in turn, at the required interval of three days, sallied forth and gave his life in battle. When only one of the sons was left, he was sent out of the city, much against his will, with a small band of followers, who succeeded in cutting their way through the besieging army to safety. The young Prince was saved, and to-day his descendants still rule in their ancient Kingdom. Visiting Englishmen, marvelling at the charm of their courtesy, wonder whence they derived their "divine manners".

The capture of Chitor by the Mohammedans was now clearly only a matter of days. The entire female population of the city, every wife and every daughter, from noble to peasant, formed into a long procession which, with slow step, passed through the streets to a great subterranean cavern, where a huge funeral pyre had been prepared. Last of all, with stately grace, came the beautiful Princess Padmini herself. As she passed through the entrance to the cavern, she turned with quiet dignity, and directed that the gateway be closed with rock, that even their ashes might remain inviolate from the conqueror.

Then every Rajput donned his armour and his saffron robe of death. Led by Prince Bhimsi, they threw open the gates and charged into the Moslem host, where they perished to a man. When the Emperor Ala-ud-Din rode through its seven gateways into Chitor, he entered a silent city of the dead, with no living inhabitant over whom he could triumph. Every man and every woman had followed their code to the end.

Four centuries later, in Scotland, we find the same unanimity in living up to a national code. Cluny, Chief of the Macpherson clan, had supported Bonnie Prince Charlie in his gallant attempt to gain the throne of England. After Culloden the English Government put a price on Cluny's head of £10,000, —a large sum still, but a great fortune in those days. Cluny was kept in concealment at great risk by his clan for seven years, his hiding place necessarily known to many, with never a whisper to the English troops that constantly searched for him. Cluny himself, disguised as a servant, once held the horse of the English General pursuing him, and was duly tipped a shilling for his pains. For many years after his final escape to France, Cluny's clansmen paid two sets of taxes, one under duress to the British Government, and the other of their own free will, to their exiled chief.

Loyalty is the foundation of every code, loyalty to the death, just as it is the foundation of chélaship. As we have said, the great codes are preparation for chélaship and it is only when they are so seen that their purpose can be understood. He who is loyal, whether it be to his sovereign, to his superior, or to his own standard of the right, develops a power of loyalty that can be turned in its entirety to loyalty to his Master. The Masters are warriors, waging ceaseless warfare against the evil in the world, and their chélas have more need for loyalty, dash and courage than for pious platitudes. Some centuries ago, there was a great noble, Razzak by name, in the Kingdom of Golconda. His King was surrounded by traitors within the walls of his capital, and by enemies without. Razzak himself had indignantly refused a great bribe from these enemies, but the leaders of the army had not. One day the army laid down its arms and the gates of the capital were opened by treachery. Razzak from his window saw the enemy hosts entering the opened gate. Dashing from the house, he leaped on the back of his horse, without even waiting to saddle him. Then, crying that there would be one life at least given for his King that day, he charged down the narrow street, alone, into the head of the approaching column, and alone checked the advance of the entire army, until, wounded in seventy places, he fell unconscious. His foes, deeply impressed by his courage, tenderly nursed him back to life. One cannot help hoping that Razzak's code has, by now, brought him to chélaship.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART V, SECTION 13—PART VI, SECTION 1

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE GAYATRI

THE two longest Upanishads contain two chief elements: graduated instructions for those disciples who are studying the Divine Wisdom as a preparation for Initiation, and Dialogues of Initiation, such as the superb discourse of King Janaka with the Sage Yajnavalkya. In general, the instructions are based on symbolism, which in turn rests on the law of correspondences. The disciples are shown that what is already familiar to them is in harmony, part for part, with a spiritual mystery, the study of which is their present task.

Among those things which were familiar to them is the holy hymn known as the Gayatri, which is contained in the Third Circle of the Rig Veda, whose authorship, or, as the Vedas themselves would say, whose seership, is attributed to the great warrior, the Rajput Vishvamitra. The Gayatri contains three short lines of eight syllables each, preceded by an invocation, also of eight syllables. To make the symbolism clearer, the Gayatri may be translated as follows, retaining the divisions into eight syllables:

Om! the Earth, the Mid-world, Heaven!
That Life-giver's most excellent
Brightness divine, let us adore,
Who guides our souls upon their way!

The Gayatri is primarily a symbol of the formative Logos. As part of a ceremony, its use is regulated by certain rules. There is the initial intoning of the invocation; there is the formula or description of the ceremony; there is the chant, which is in fact a magical incantation, of the verse itself. Finally, there is the rule, the governing force, the fiery energy which goes into the incantation. Taken together, these elements or forces symbolize the formative Logos, the Divine Mind acting creatively.

First, the Intoning represents the Divine Thought, not yet fully uttered or enunciated, as it arises in the formative Logos from the unmanifested Logos, which is the first, earliest expression of the Eternal. Then the Formula, which represents the Divine Plan, corresponding to the Ideas of Plato; or, to use a more modern phrase, the mathematical formula according to which the divine Geometer will work in distributing galaxies and stars, worlds and their inhabitants. Third, the Chant, which represents the creative Word, or Voice, as when "God said, Let there be Light!"

From the simultaneous activity of these three aspects of the formative Logos,

the worlds come into manifestation, a manifestation which these teachings conceive, not as Force and Matter, but as Rule, or ordered Power, and Life, which "guards from all harm", since it is in its essence spiritual, divine, divinely ordered from the suns down to the ants.

These august formative powers are not merely mathematical formulæ, to be stated and then set aside. They are the great spiritual forces, nay, more, the great spiritual Beings, whose collective life makes up the universe. A true knowledge of them implies something more and better than a mathematical formula mastered; it means union with great spiritual Powers, or, more truly, a realization in conscious experience, that this union exists, and is the only real existence. Therefore the disciples are told that he who masters the real meaning of these Powers, wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Powers.

The disciples thus trace the cosmic impulse of manifestation outwards and downwards, in the sequence: Logos, Heavens, Mid-world, Earth. Their thoughts are then directed to the way in which the Gayatri and its parts symbolize the manifestations and states of consciousness, already attained, or yet to be attained, of the individual life. The four great fields or planes of consciousness have already been defined in *Māndūkya Upanishad*. They are there called: Waking, Dream, Dreamless, and Turiya. The last is simply a form of the ordinal number, "fourth", because that supreme consciousness, which is the highest Moksha or Nirvana, is nameless. The disciples will realize its fulness and mystery when, after ages of striving, they attain to it. Meanwhile, any definition would be vain. Yet something is added here; we are given two epithets for the Turiya consciousness: "the beautiful", and "above the dust of life".

The lesson on the Gayatri is followed by a majestic passage beginning: "By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden!" This passage, a part of a ritual of Initiation, has already been commented on, where it is included in *Isha Upanishad*.

Then comes the parable of the Great Breath and the vital powers. Here, as always in these teachings, the purpose is not only to impart information, but to awaken intuitive intelligence. We may most easily grasp the meaning if we remember that the Great Breath is the Spirit, the divine Soul, whether regarded as universal or as individual. All vital powers, all activities of Life, whether perceptive or active, are forms, aspects, manifestations, of the one universal Spirit. On Spirit all powers depend; in Spirit all vital powers have their being; apart from Spirit they have no existence. Not only does Spirit manifest these powers and the whole universe with them; Spirit is the universe, in self-manifestation. This is the lesson taught by this often repeated parable.

THE LOGOS AND DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS

The Intoning: The Intoning, verily, is Life, for Life raises and supports all in this world. A hero, knowing the Intoning, rises up from him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Intoning, who knows thus.

The Formula: The Formula, verily, is Life, for in Life all beings in this world are united. All beings are united for mastery to him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Formula, who knows thus.

The Chant: The Chant, verily, is Life, for in Life all beings in this world come together. Coming together, verily, all beings build for the mastery of him, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Chant, who thus knows.

The Rule: The Rule, verily, is Life, the Rule, of a truth, is Life, for Life guards from all harm. He attains a Rule which needs not to be guarded, he wins oneness of nature, oneness of dwelling, with the Rule, who knows thus.

The Earth, the Mid-world, the Heavens,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri, the holy hymn, contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much as there is in these three worlds, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

Verses, Formulas, and the Chants,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much as is this threefold lore, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

Breathing, Out-breathing, Forth-breathing,—these make up eight syllables. And one division of the Gayatri contains eight syllables. And that sequence is this division of it. As much that possesses Breathing as there is in this world, so much does he win, who knows this division thus.

And so there is the fourth (*turiya*), the beautiful division, he who gleams above the dust of life. This fourth (*turiya*) division is called the beautiful, because it is revealed. It is called above-the-dust because it gleams above, above the dust of life. He shines in grace and glory, who knows this division thus.

And this Gayatri, the holy hymn, is established upon that fourth (*turiya*) beautiful division, above the dust of life. That is established upon Truth. Vision, verily, is Truth; yea, Vision, verily is Truth. Therefore, if now two should come contending,—the one saying: "I have seen!", the other saying: "I have heard!" we should put faith in him who said: "I have seen!"

And that Truth is established on Power. Verily, Power is Life. It is established on Life. Therefore they say: "Power has greater radiance than Truth!" Thus is this Gayatri established with regard to the Divine Self.

This Gayatri protects the servants of the house. The life-breaths, verily, are the servants of the house. Thus it protects the life-breaths. Because it protects (*tra*) the servants of the house (*gaya*), it bears the name, Gayatri; it is the verse concerning the Life-giver, which is intoned. When one intones it, it protects his life-breaths.

There are those who intone this verse concerning the Life-giver in four times eight syllables. "Voice", they say, "has four times eight divisions; we intone the verse concerning the Life-giver in accordance with this!" Let him not do this, but let him intone the verse concerning the Life-giver as thrice eight syl-

lables. Verily, if he who knows thus lays hold on much, as it were,—that is not equal to even one division of the Gayatri.

If he should lay hold on the three worlds and all that therein is, he would obtain as much as the first division of the Gayatri. If he should lay hold on the threefold lore, he would obtain as much as the second division. If he should lay hold on all that possess Breathing, he would obtain as much as the third division. But the fourth (*turiya*) division, the beautiful, which gleams above the dust of life, cannot be thus obtained by anyone. For how could one lay hold upon so much!

Thus is the Gayatri approached with adoration: "O Gayatri, thou hast one division, two divisions, three divisions, four divisions; yet thou art without division, for thou art undivided! Adoration to thy fourth (*turiya*) division, the beautiful, above the dust of life! Let not that one obtain that,—that is, the enemy. Or, let not the desire of that one be fulfilled! Verily, his desire is not fulfilled, regarding whom one thus adores. Or, let me obtain that!"

Concerning this, Janaka, King of the Videhas, thus spoke to Budila the son of Ashvatarashvin: "If thou hast said that thou knowest the Gayatri, how hast thou become a bearer of burdens, as an elephant?"

"O King!" he replied, "I did not know its mouth!"

Verily, the Fire-lord is its mouth. For even if they lay much, as it were, on the fire, the fire consumes it all. In the same way, he who thus knows, even when he has committed much sin, purging himself of it all, he becomes cleansed, purified, free from decay, immortal.

By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden. O thou Shepherd of the flock, Lord of the sun, lift up that veil, for the vision of the law of the Real!

Shepherd and Lord of Light, thou only Seer, Lord of Death, Light-Giver, Son of the Lord of Life, send forth thy rays and bring them together!

That radiance of thine, thy form most beautiful I behold; the Spiritual Man in the real world. That am I!

My Spirit enters the Spirit, the Immortal. And this body has its end in ashes! Om!

O Sacrifice, remember! Remember what has been done! O Sacrifice, remember! Remember what has been done!

O Divine Fire, lead us by the good path to Victory! O Bright One, thou who knowest all wisdoms!

Give us victory over our consuming sin! To Thee we offer the highest word of praise!

Om! He, verily, who knows the most venerable and the best becomes the most venerable and best of his own people. The Great Breath, verily, is the most venerable and the best. He who knows thus becomes the most venerable and the best of his own people, and also of those of whom he wishes so to become.

He, verily, who knows the most excellent becomes the most excellent of his

own people. Voice, verily, is the most excellent. He who knows thus becomes the most excellent of his own people, and also of those of whom he wishes so to become.

He, verily, who knows the firm foundation stands firm both on even and on uneven ground. Seeing, verily, is the firm foundation, for through Seeing one stands firm on even and on uneven ground. He stands firm on even and on uneven ground who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the treasure, attains as treasure whatsoever he desires. Hearing, verily, is the treasure, for in hearing is stored the treasure of all these Vedas. He attains as treasure whatsoever he desires who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the abode becomes the abode of his own people, an abode of men. Mind, verily, is the abode. He becomes the abode of his own people, the abode of men, who knows thus.

He, verily, who knows the life-power increases in offspring and cattle. The seed, verily, is the life-power. He increases in offspring and cattle who knows thus.

They, verily, these vital powers contended among themselves as to which was the better. They went to Brahma. To Brahma they said: "Which of us is most excellent?"

To them Brahma said: "That one of you through whose going forth the body is thought to be most afflicted, that one of you is the most excellent!"

So Voice went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Voice said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the dumb, not speaking, yet breathing with the breath, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing, knowing through the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Voice entered in again.

Then Seeing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Seeing said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the blind, not perceiving with sight, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, hearing through the power of hearing, knowing through the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Seeing entered in again.

Then Hearing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Hearing said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the deaf, not hearing with the power of hearing, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, knowing with the mind, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Hearing entered in again.

Then Mind went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Mind said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the deluded, not knowing through the mind, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing, giving life through the life-power, thus have we lived!" Mind entered in again.

Then the Life-power went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, the Life-power said: "How have ye been able to live without me?"

They said: "As the impotent, not giving life through the life-power, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, hearing with the power of hearing, knowing with the mind, thus have we lived!" The Life-power entered in again.

Then, when Breath would have gone forth, as a strong horse from the region of the Sindhu (Indus) might drag away his foot-ropes and their pegs, so did Breath drag away the lesser vital powers with him.

They said: "O Worthy One, go not forth! For without thee we shall not be able to live!"

"If such I be, then make an offering to me!"

"So be it!" said they.

Voice, verily, said: "Wherein I am most excellent, therein most excellent art thou!"

Seeing, verily, said: "Wherein I am a firm foundation, therein art thou the firm foundation!"

Hearing, verily, said: "Wherein I am a treasure, therein art thou the treasure!"

Mind, verily, said: "Wherein I am an abode, therein art thou the abode!"

The Life-power, verily, said: "Wherein I am giving life, therein art thou giving life!"

Breath said: "If such I be, what is my food? What is my dwelling?"

"Whatsoever there is in this world, down to the food of dogs, down to the food of caterpillars, down to the food of worms and butterflies, that is thy food! As for thy dwelling, it is the waters."

What is not food is not eaten by the Breath. What is not food is not laid hold of by him who knows thus: that it is the food of Life, of Breath. They who know this, who have heard the teaching, being about to eat, sip water, and having eaten, sip water. Thus they think that they make Breath not naked.

C. J.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian appeared to be exasperated, and was told so, promptly, by his fellows. He did not deny it, declaring, on the contrary, that he had full justification for his feeling. "One of the most appalling things in life", he said, "is the inability of man to learn from his experience. I recognize the same tendency in myself, which makes matters worse, not better, for it only adds to the intensity of my exasperation. *Why* are men such fools? *Why*, when a volcano has destroyed a dozen villages and half of their inhabitants, will the survivors insist upon rebuilding their homes under the shadow of the same old crater, instead of moving to another district? Have they not suffered enough? Must a man be blown to bits by dynamite in a thousand successive lives before he learns that dynamite is dangerous? Must a man commit the same sin a million times, and as often break the hearts of those he says he loves, before he learns that that particular sin 'does not pay'? So it seems,—and I doubt if a million times is enough."

"What has happened?" someone asked.

"Nothing, except always", the Historian answered. "The fools I find especially exasperating for the moment are America and England, with a large section of the French people included. The war taught them absolutely nothing. In 1913 they were convinced that Germany was peace-loving, and in any case would not risk her commercial success by any 'rash' or aggressive act. Lord Roberts warned England again and again, and people laughed at him, though they pretended to admire him as a soldier and to respect his disinterestedness. France was warned, not only by her best soldiers, but by the King of the Belgians among others; and France as a whole, in spite of going through some of the motions of preparation, remained convinced that in this enlightened age, and with so many German Socialists swearing by Internationalism and the Proletarian Brotherhood, no German Government would dare wage a war of aggression and rapine. America, of course, did not think about it at all: was not America sufficient unto itself, with its vast undeveloped resources, and more than fully occupied with the stupendous task—a religious duty indeed—of extracting the greatest possible amount of wealth from every source whatsoever? It was inconceivable that any nation or race of men could have any other aim. And it is still! I believe a fool of that size, in the eyes of God, is just as damnable an object as the worst of criminals: the one has no sense and the other has no morals, and as both *ought* to have what they lack, the sin lies in the existence of the vacuum, not in the nature of the thing that ought to be there and isn't.

"Listen, please, to this:—

"A native of Bâle, Switzerland, residing in Alsace, who happened to be visiting

Coblence during the recent parade of the 'Steel Helmet-Hitlerite' organizations, wrote to the *Journal d'Alsace et de Lorraine* describing his experience as follows (I am quoting from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of October 28th, 1930, which reproduces the original article):

"What struck me most forcibly was the attitude of the civilians: they uncovered their heads whenever the Steel Helmets shouted 'Heil!', and in the behaviour of workmen, shop-keepers and of everyone I saw, the most extraordinary fervour and fanaticism. Flags and flowers everywhere! And when the big chiefs passed, when the crowd exclaimed in a tone of ecstasy, the Kronprinz!—then one saw an amazing exhibition of 'collective mania', with thousands of men, women and children swinging their arms to the rhythm of the music, marching with the procession, and cheering with the frenzy of epileptics. . . .

"As you may imagine, I speak German, and I exchanged remarks with many of them. All of them, with clenched fists and set jaws, declared in one way or another: 'It won't be long before we have the hide of those who have humiliated us!' And I heard the loud-speaker vomit—there is no other word for it—over the vast crowd which listened between howls of enthusiasm: 'If they push us too far, Germany, in a new war, will not stand alone again!' And also, from the mouth of Duesterberg, these words, amplified into a tempest by the loud-speaker: 'Never will we abandon the Germans of Alsace and Lorraine, frenchified by force!' A man near me shouted, Locarno! and then roared with laughter. . . . I got out of it as soon as I could."

"Collective hysteria: exactly the spirit in which Germany started the Great War! And our Pacifists think that because they twitter, Peace, Peace, the leopard will change its spots! We have said from the day of the Armistice that while there are many in Germany who talk as glibly about Peace as anyone in England or America, the overwhelming majority of Germans think and feel exactly as they did, say in May, 1914. Hitlerism is disapproved by the majority to-day simply because it is regarded as premature and injudicious,—as an exposure (which it is) of Germany's real purpose when it would be far wiser to continue to conceal that purpose,—until Pacifism has finished its work in England and America, and until France, as they hope, has been lulled into a false sense of security.

"Meanwhile, of course, everything possible is being done to prove that Germany was not responsible for the last war: it may have been Russia, it may have been France or Austria or even England, but it certainly was not Germany! This sort of propaganda is being carried on directly, by ceaseless asseveration, and also with the co-operation of the American and English press, which thinks it 'good business' to create doubt about the 'war-guilt', so that international relations may be conducted with eyes closed to the past and fixed only on the financial expedencies of the moment. 'Better forget it', they seem to reason, 'even if he was a thief and a murderer, for to-day he may be a good customer, and nothing really matters so long as he has the cash.'

"It is necessary, therefore, as I see it, to recall the facts as they have been set forth in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY from the beginning, namely: that the German General Staff had decided to find some pretext for war as soon as the enlargement of the Kiel Canal had been completed; that this had been promised for the spring of 1914, and that the German Emperor, who was almost wholly irresponsible, had committed himself to the policy of his Staff. That I have described the Emperor accurately is shown beyond dispute in the Memoirs of the Prince von Bülow, chapters from which have been published recently, in advance of the complete book, in *L'Illustration* of Paris; that the Emperor, by November, 1913, at the latest, had committed himself to the policy of the General Staff, which had pocketed the Crown Prince long before, is proved conclusively by his own statements to King Albert of Belgium, when the King visited Potsdam at that time, and was so shocked by the Emperor's bellicose attitude that he instructed the Belgian Minister at Berlin, Baron Beyens, to cause the President of the French Republic, M. Poincaré, to be warned confidentially of the impending danger. What the Emperor said to King Albert is told at length by Baron Beyens in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15th, 1930,—words which the King reported to him immediately, and which could not possibly be published now without the King's full knowledge and consent. 'War with France is inevitable and near', was one of the Emperor's declarations, preparing the way, as he saw it (little he knew of King Albert!), for the German ultimatum to Belgium of August 2nd, 1914. Thinking he could frighten the King, by anticipation, into a cowardly surrender, the Emperor had prompted Count Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, to impress the King with the certainty of a German victory: 'War with France', Moltke had said, 'would excite universal enthusiasm in Germany; nothing would be able to resist the *furor teutonicus*, once that was let loose', while the German army, of course, was overwhelmingly superior."

"The march past at Coblenz of more than a hundred thousand members of the Stahlhelm, or Steel Helmet, organization", the Student commented, "was noticed at some length in *The Literary Digest* of November 8th, with the explanation that the Stahlhelm claims a membership of over a million men, most of them ex-service men, including many officers of high rank,—General von Seeckt among them. It is also explained that the Stahlhelm is well organized on military lines, and possesses both an Air Detachment and a Motor Transport Service. According to the report reprinted in the *Digest*, the chief orator of the occasion, with the former Crown Prince at his side, declared: 'The world must know that if Germany does not obtain her rights, sixty million people will rise in desperation! And they will not stand alone: the oppressed peoples, not the whites alone, but the coloured world as well, will rise with them!'

"Part of the trouble, as I see it, is that the German people are 'possessed', and that although they have quiet intervals, there is no knowing, from day to day, when as a nation they may become violent. In that condition, as history proves, they are filled with a blood-lust which destroys their reason.

They are possessed by influences which are not human, but elemental and diabolic; which not only love cruelty for the sake of cruelty, but destruction for the sake of destruction. Listen to this, which I read a few days ago in *Red Cross and Iron Cross*, by Axel Munthe, the famous Swedish doctor. Nothing new in it, of course, but as his *Story of San Michele* became a 'best seller' in this country, not many months ago, it is possible that people will accept his testimony when the evidence of the Bryce and similar reports, would not affect them in the least. His book was first published in June, 1916. Writing at that time, he quotes himself as saying to the Mayor of a French village:

"The country I was born in says it can maintain its peace without the loss of its honour, and be it so. But I am at war; for the individual there is no neutrality between right and wrong. Yes, I know now what they are. I have read it in letters of flame and blood in the proclamations of their Generals on the blackened walls of your peaceful villages. I have heard it cried out in prayers and curses from the lips of their victims. I have seen it in the burnt faces of a little row of angels' heads amongst the debris of the high-altar of the Cathedral of Rheims.

"You call them Huns and barbarians, I call them cool-headed, scientific criminals, guilty of horrors which have not as yet got a name in our language.

"Listen to what I saw not many days ago in a house they had just hurriedly left. Let me tell it you as I saw it, as I felt it, with its small details and its great horror. . . .

"A broken-down motor-car of theirs still stood before the garden gate. In the hall stood two packing-cases ready for the pictures already detached from the walls. In the drawing-room the big Venetian mirror was smashed to pieces, and there was not one single chair that had not its legs broken, its brocade ripped open. In the dining-room the big table was loaded with empty champagne bottles, and the floor was strewn with broken glass and china and playing-cards. In the bedroom of the mistress of the house all the wardrobes and drawers stood wide open, with all their contents flung in heaps on the floor, dresses and cloaks of muslin, silk and velvet, all torn to rags as if some sort of savage satisfaction had been derived from the harsh sound of the very tearing. Two carefully sorted piles of *lingerie* lying on the table revealed the presence of an officer—as usual the temptation to secure fine underlinen had proved irresistible to the head of the band.

"'*La chambre des enfants*', said the old caretaker as she opened the door to the children's nursery on the top floor. The room was large and airy, the walls were white, and the setting sun shone in through the big window facing the garden. Near the door stood a rocking-horse on three legs stripped of its saddle, its mane and tail torn off, its back and flanks hacked by deep, angry cuts from some sharp instrument. In the corner of the room stood a large doll's house with its red-tiled roof smashed in, and half-buried amongst the wreckage lay its tiny inhabitants amidst all sorts of broken toy furniture, diminutive chairs, sofas and cupboards, lilliputian kitchen utensils and crockery. On a low table under the window stood a musical box all knocked to pieces. In a child's

swing sat a huge felt monkey with outstretched arms, stunned by a violent blow that had almost severed the head from the body. The polished floor was strewn with lacerated sheets of children's picture books, and dolls and toys of every description, tin soldiers, mousquetaires, harlequins, elephants, sheep, dogs, cats and rabbits, motor-cars, aeroplanes, and captive balloons, all smashed to atoms. The gaily coloured prints on the white walls were splashed with ink. Leaning against the pillows of a little settee sat a big teddy bear with his stomach ripped open. In a dainty brass bed with blue curtains, well tucked up under her embroidered counterpane, lay a smart Paris doll with her own baby doll clasped in her arms, murdered in her sleep by a well-directed blow which had battered in her face. At the foot of the bed lay a gallant little *Chasseur d'Afrique* in his wide red trousers and gold-braided tunic with both his arms torn out of their sockets.

"Over the settee where the dead teddy bear sat was a large picture of three lovely children with long curls and delicate, refined faces. Holding each other by the hand they smiled happily upon their fairy world. On the pale-blue rug before the settee was the big, dirty mark of an enormous foot.

"There is a name for the treacherous invasion and the merciless pillage of a peace-loving land, and thousands of arms are raising the gallows where some day the guilty shall swing. But what is the name for the hatred that stole into this nursery, what is the expiation that awaits the unclean monster who came here to crush the laughter of these three little children under his cloven foot? How am I to classify the murderer of a doll? What unknown power of darkness led him here to this white room? Animal instinct? Certainly not, for not even the infuriated ape, sinister forerunner of primitive man, would have simulated murder in carrying out his work of wanton destruction! Human instinct? Certainly not, for not even the Hun would have destroyed the little belongings of these fugitive children, left by them in trust, in trust to what is sacred to every living man."

"It is appalling", said the Historian; "but what drives me almost to despair, as I have said already, is the refusal of most people, otherwise intelligent, to face the facts. They refuse to look into the depths of their own nature, to begin with; they refuse to see that, hidden beneath the level of their everyday consciousness, there are things of evil which, granting sufficient provocation or temptation, would rise to the surface and take possession of them and drive them to almost any sin. Refusing to see that, they cannot possibly protect themselves as otherwise they might,—for the man who sees an enemy as an enemy, and who recognizes the danger of an attack, will remain perpetually on guard, and will strengthen his own defences in every way known to him. Furthermore, refusing to look at the depths of which they are capable, they refuse also to look at the heights,—and for much the same reason: either recognition would jar their satisfaction with themselves, that is to say, with their hum-drum personalities, which I assume are neither very good nor very bad, but to which the occupants have become habituated, deriving, in many cases, genuine satisfaction from the sense that they are 'better than the average'.

"The German people, as a whole, are proud of their outbreaks of insanity, which they see, not in those terms, but as proof of their inherent 'Knightliness'! This alone, makes their condition hopeless. No man can conquer a defect or a vice, so long as he sees it as evidence of his superiority. And the truth is that even when there is some recognition of a fault (let us say, an intellectual recognition, which Germany does not possess in the least, when it comes to her more outrageous tendencies), whenever the individual claims that he has struggled against it for years, but without success, his failure is proof positive that he harbours a secret admiration for the defect he pretends to dislike. If we do not know this much of ourselves, we know nothing.

"Ignorance of self, both higher and lower, inevitably means ignorance of human nature in general, often with sentimental and wishy-washy theories in regard to the 'trust' we owe to all and sundry. Read such a book as *Men are Like That*, by Leonard Ramsden Hartill, with its first-hand record of the struggle between Armenians, Kurds and Tartars, Russians and Turks, before, during, and after the Great War: it is written with extraordinary detachment; the man who tells the story, although an Armenian, shows quite clearly that his own people were as cruel as any of their enemies, and that there was no limit to the ferocity with which all alike, not only inflicted, but enjoyed inflicting, every imaginable torment on their foes, from skinning them alive, up or down the scale. In the midst of these horrors, he tells of acts of real kindness, of genuine self-sacrifice, showing that there are exceptions to the rule,—and I am more than prepared to believe that there are exceptions also among the Germans: in fact, Munthe has much to say of the remorse felt by some wounded German soldiers, who knew that they were dying, for the outrages they had committed in obedience to their officers. On the other hand, death-bed repentance will not restore a murdered woman to life, and my point is, not that men never repent—for a few do—but that creatures, supposed to be human, are capable of conduct which is worse than that usually attributed to fiends in hell. To proceed on any other theory; to pretend, as many do (as Rousseau did), that man—that is to say, the personality—is inherently good, is to shut one's eyes to all the lessons of history: it is both stupid and wicked.

"It should, of course, be emphasized equally that ordinary men have risen to heights of splendour and nobility which leave one speechless with admiration,—with a sort of worship for such spiritual beauty. The Great War proved this for ever. A book like *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France*, by Maurice Barrès, will remain as a permanent record of human greatness, of the joy, even the ecstasy, which men have found, and always may find, in complete self-giving. It is a collection of extracts from letters, written by French soldiers at the front, commented upon and strung together by a patriot and man of genius, whose heart was as active as his mind. There is, unfortunately, nothing to equal it in English, so far as I know. A book recently published, *The Crown of Honour, Being Stories of Heroism, Gallantry, Magnanimity and Devotion from the Great War of 1914-1918*, selected and arranged by William Moodie (James Clarke and Co., London), does not cover at all the same ground,

and is much more limited in spirit, but contains invaluable quotations from other published records: a book which everyone ought to buy and read and lend. On almost every page there is something inspiring. The French writer often makes one feel that one ought to read his recital on one's knees; that such beauty of soul as he reveals in others, is almost unbearable. This, doubtless, is partly because he felt that way himself, as he copied and meditated upon the letters, usually written to relatives, and loaned to him by them, after the writer in many cases had been announced as '*tombé au champ d'honneur et mort joyeusement pour son pays*',—yes, joyously for his country. The English selector was handicapped, possibly, by having done his work at a time when the Labour Government in England was suggesting that the tomb of the Unknown Soldier had been treated with respect, long enough. When an atmosphere exists in which a suggestion of that kind is tolerated, it may even require some courage to publish a book which deals with such unpopular subjects as chivalry, gratitude, self-sacrifice, heroism, and the higher qualities of man's mixed nature, particularly when these have undeniably been evoked by war, which the members of the aforesaid Labour Government, almost without exception, denounced as inherently evil and undemocratic as soon as England rushed to the aid of invaded and outraged Belgium."

"It is extraordinary, is it not", our Visitor now interjected, "that war, which obviously arouses the worst in some men, should arouse the best and noblest in others!"

"I do not think it extraordinary", the Historian answered. "War is a spiritual reality,—an expression on the physical plane of the ultimate truth of life; for manifestation necessitates duality, and is inconceivable without it, and duality means the existence of polar opposites, which must become more extreme in difference, the further Spirit descends into Matter, or the further the world of manifestation becomes removed from its divine Source. A Master, being closer to that Source than any other achievement of the present evolutionary process; being, as it were, the embodiment of the spiritual pole, plus the self-consciousness and wisdom and power which he has wrested from his experience of manifested life,—a Master, in the nature of things, is a supreme expression of the warrior spirit, perpetually at war with every spiritual perversion, with every creature and influence whose tendency is toward evil. This does not mean an academic dislike of things that are not pretty; it means a ceaseless effort and an immovable determination, first, to rescue or salvage as much as possible of the divine life that has been perverted to evil purposes, second, to *destroy* all those manifestations of life, human included, which refuse to be made over, which cling to their own will, rejecting the divine will, and which clearly prove themselves to be beyond redemption.

"I do not suppose that anyone, who is not a student of Theosophy, can really understand this. How I wish they might! Both life and history are meaningless without it. Brahmâ, Vishnu, Sîva, the eternal trinity—Brahmâ, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Sîva, the Destroyer—are the three inseparable aspects of the nature of every Master.

"Thus, the Master Christ declared: 'The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.' That was his chief purpose in that incarnation; but he could not, even if he had wished to, suppress that other effect of his presence, inherent in his own being as Destroyer *also*, which he recognized when saying, 'For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not, might see; and that they which see might be made blind'; and again, 'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin.' And he announced then that, at the time of his next coming, the Destroyer aspect of his nature would be predominant,—as in the words: 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory . . . then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' 'The wrath of the Lamb' can be as terrible as his beauty. It is so with any Master.

"Just as Christ, therefore, by his mere presence among men, had the effect of separating the sheep from the goats, long before the final separation, so War, which, as I have said, is an expression on the physical plane of the ultimate truth of life,—War inevitably arouses the worst in some men and the best in others,—the worst, in those who follow after the Scribes and Pharisees, after Judas, Pilate, Herod, Caiaphas and the rest; the best, in those who have something in them, no matter how deeply hidden, of the generosity, self-forgetfulness, and courage, which the apostles clearly possessed, in spite of their initial cowardice and disloyalty, their stupidities and many limitations. Those who say that the effect of War is evil, and who refuse to see in it a process of spiritual 'forcing', should, if logical, also regard the incarnation of Christ as a great misfortune for mankind. The fact remains, however—though there is no way in which to prove it—that there are some who behaved as the enemies of Christ in Palestine, but who, later, reacted, repented (drawn by him), and may someday give themselves completely to his service. That, of course, has no direct bearing on an understanding of the subject. I only wish that I could flatter myself that I have made the principles involved, a trifle clearer."

"Nothing is clear", the Philosopher commented, "to those who do not want to understand. People have an astonishing ability to shut their minds when they wish to preserve their prejudices,—or what they regard as their self-interest, as the case may be. It is certain, however, that we should learn to see life *as a whole*, and that the man who insists upon seeing nothing but good, is just as foolish as the man who insists upon seeing nothing but evil. I agree very thoroughly with something that Masefield, the new poet laureate, is reported to have said recently (he, too, is a mixture): 'I believe', he said, 'that life is the expression of a will or law which has a purpose in every one of its manifestations. I believe that this world is only a shadow of the real world, and I think that by brooding on what is brightest and most generous in this world, the beauty and the bounty and the majesty of the real world shine in upon the soul.' Let us apply that to War; let us brood upon what War reveals of the beauty, generosity, nobility, devotion, splendour that, as a rule, in times of peace, lie dormant and unproductive in human nature."

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY

APRIL 19TH, 1859—NOVEMBER 18TH, 1930

DR. ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, one of the oldest members of the Society in terms of service, died on November 18th at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. His heart had troubled him for some months, and at times had caused him a great deal of pain. After a severe attack on November 12th, he was moved to St. Luke's, where he received every care and attention, and seemed much better. He was able to see his friends, and was at all times most cheerful, especially so, perhaps, on the day of his death, when the end came suddenly and without suffering. His body was cremated on November 20th, after a service at the Chapel of the Comforter.

Dr. Keightley was born in Westmoreland, England, on April 19th, 1859. His father was Alfred Dudley Keightley of Liverpool, who came of Swedenborgian stock; his mother's maiden name was Wakefield, a family of Quakers. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Pembroke College, Cambridge—both of which places he always dearly loved. After taking his B.A. degree at Cambridge, he became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London (1886), then became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine of Cambridge. Subsequently, he passed the necessary examination and qualified as a physician to practise under the laws of the State of New York. He served his medical apprenticeship at "Bart's", in London, which was, in the opinion of many, the best medical school in the world. In later years, from his consulting rooms and home in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, he carried on a large practice in London, gaining an immense experience and outstanding reputation in chronic cases of all kinds.

From 1896, until he left England for the last time in 1920, Dr. Keightley was very active as a Freemason. He was P.M. of his Lodge, and P.S.G.D. in the Grand Lodge of Surrey, with high degrees in other Rites.

While a student at Cambridge, he became interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, as indicating the existence of unseen forces in which he instinctively believed. He experimented in Alchemy, and devoured all the books he could find that dealt with Neo-Platonic and mystical subjects. Noticing an advertisement of *Esoteric Buddhism*, he promptly bought a copy,—and thus found Theosophy. His allegiance to it never wavered to the day of his death. Hastening to obtain an introduction to Mr. Sinnett (this was in 1884), he met Mr. Judge at Sinnett's house, when Mr. Judge was on his way to meet H. P. B. in Paris before continuing his journey to India. Very shortly afterwards, on the famous occasion when she "irrupted" into a meeting of the London members

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—sent there from Paris at a moment's notice by her Master, without any idea of where the meeting was to be held, and obliged to rely upon what she described as her "occult nose"—Dr. Keightley first met Madame Blavatsky. He stood the test of the so-called Hodgson exposure without flinching, too loyal by nature as well as too intelligent to be misled by the prejudices and prevarications of the "Researchers" into psychical phenomena. He had met Richard Hodgson twice, while at Cambridge, and had not liked him.

Later, after H. P. B.'s return from India, while she was writing *The Secret Doctrine* at Ostende, Dr. Keightley wrote jointly with a few others, urging her to make her headquarters in London, and finally went there to escort her to the home which he and one or two friends had prepared for her at Norwood. It was while living there, that H. P. B. was persuaded to start The Blavatsky Lodge and to undertake the publication of *Lucifer*, Dr. Keightley helping financially and in all other ways, giving most of his time to editing, typing and correcting the manuscript of *The Secret Doctrine*, and, later, working just as hard over the proof.

We think, sometimes, that we have seen strenuous times, but we do not flatter ourselves that they can be compared with the strain and stress of those early days in London, under H. P. B. The Blavatsky Lodge, it should be remembered, was founded as a protest against the spirit and methods of the London Lodge as conducted by Sinnett. The general public, at the same time, regarded H. P. B. as an exposed fraud. Dr. Keightley was a young man, still dependent upon his family. It is easy to imagine how intensely they must have disapproved of his interests, and possibly of his expenditures. It is not so easy to imagine the strength of character, and yet the sweetness, with which he would have met and overcome such opposition.

In 1887, Dr. Keightley and the same small group of friends were responsible for moving H. P. B. from Norwood to 17 Lansdowne Road, where the work was carried on with ever-increasing momentum. In the following spring, at H. P. B.'s request, Dr. Keightley attended the first Convention of the American Section of the T. S., which was held in Chicago. [H. P. B.'s "message" to the American Section, on that occasion, is reprinted in this issue of the QUARTERLY.] Next year (1889), it was again suggested that Dr. Keightley should visit America, but at first H. P. B. was opposed to his doing so. One Sunday night, she said so "finally". At half past six next morning, she sent for Dr. Keightley and asked him: "When can you start for America?" "By the next steamer", he replied. So on Tuesday he sailed, visiting Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Washington, and also Philadelphia, where he first made the acquaintance of his future wife, who was then a widow, Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck, —obliged to live in Philadelphia for family reasons, but none the less Mr. Judge's mainstay in helping to edit *The Path*, besides contributing invaluable articles as "Jasper Niemand" and under other pen-names.

As a boy, Dr. Keightley had travelled a good deal with his parents, visiting Switzerland in 1877, writing later of this experience: "Familiarity of all the passes to the Engadine, as if I knew them well: sort of eerie sensation." In

1879, the family spent some time in Algiers; in 1880, again to Switzerland, with "same experience of the passes." It was towards the end of 1890 that he travelled round the world with his only sister, for the sake of her health, spending six months in New Zealand. From there he went to San Francisco, visiting the Branches on the Coast, and lecturing on Theosophy whenever he was invited to do so. In spite of his devoted care, his sister died, this being one of the greatest sorrows of his life. Crossing the continent, he attended the Boston Convention in 1891, and returned to England in the summer of that year. But H. P. B. was dead, and Judge was in America: possibly that had something to do with the brevity of his stay in England, for he was soon back in America, marrying Mrs. Ver Planck in the autumn of 1891, and settling in New York, where he practised his profession while giving as much time as he could to lecturing and other work for the Society. It was not until the spring of 1893 that he and Mrs. Keightley moved to London, where, later, he began to build up a practice which increased steadily as the years passed. He did this, partly to please his aging mother and to be within easy reach of her in Westmoreland, and partly because Judge wanted Mrs. Keightley to supervise a department of the work at the headquarters of the Society in London, during the prospective absence of Mrs. Besant in India. It well may have been that Mr. Judge foresaw what would happen to Mrs. Besant when subjected to the flattery and spells of the very wily Brahmins,—and others. He knew, in any case, that he could trust "Arch" Keightley and Mrs. Keightley, and he knew that he could *not* trust the members who resided at headquarters, then at 17 Avenue Road. For H. P. B.'s sake, he was anxious to save as much as possible out of the wreckage in England which Mrs. Besant was almost certain to create, and he believed that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley between them might be able, as he said, "to hold things steady" if any could. At first, therefore, after their arrival in London, they resided at 19 Avenue Road, next door to the headquarters, their appearance on the scene quite markedly resented by most of the residents there. After an interval, this resentment temporarily died down. Later, however, when Mrs. Besant, from India, took the lead in the attacks on Judge, the tension at headquarters in London became extreme. The Keightleys, as Judge's friends, found it impossible to remain there. They stayed for a time at Richmond, where Judge found them when he arrived in London for the outrageous "trial" (July, 1894) which the manœuvres of Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott had made necessary. Dr. Keightley was the foremost of Judge's representatives at this "trial", immovably loyal and entirely undaunted. He saw clearly that the attack on Judge was really an attack, through Judge, on H. P. B. and on Theosophy—especially on the first object of the Society,—the more orthodox Brahmins having always resented bitterly the alleged "betrayal" by H. P. B. of their esoteric doctrine to non-Brahmins and to Europeans and Americans. Later, after Judge's return to New York, Dr. Keightley used his house in Cavendish Square, where he lived and practised, as an unofficial headquarters for all members in England who remained loyal to the principles which Judge, on behalf of the Founders of the Society, and on behalf of H. P. B., was so

steadfastly upholding. After the Boston Convention in 1895, at which those principles were accepted by the Society in America, with an invitation to members throughout the world to unite on the same platform, Dr. Keightley's home became the official centre of the work in England.

In 1896, Judge died, prematurely, worn out by the venom of the attacks to which he and the Society had been subjected. Mrs. Tingley was called upon to fill the gap, as others were not "ready". Dr. and Mrs. Keightley came to New York, and with unfailing loyalty accepted the situation, though without liking it. Returning to England, they endured the Tingley "Crusade" with as good a grace as possible. In 1897, when Mrs. Tingley was deposed, owing to her serious misuse of the position entrusted to her, the Keightleys, not surprised, and possibly, in the circumstances, considerably relieved, continued to represent the original Society in England. Their change of address, from Cavendish Square to Brook Street, in no way affected their theosophical activities, Mrs. Keightley doing all that she could to be of help, in spite of her constant ill-health and suffering. But in October, 1915, Mrs. Keightley died, leaving her husband with many warm and devoted friends, but without the companionship of anyone with whom he had been associated in the early years of the Movement. It was almost inevitable that he would find his way back to New York, and he did, returning here first in 1919, to attend the Convention, and permanently in 1920, when he proceeded to build up yet another practice, as usual making a host of new friends, as well as renewing ties which belonged to eternity as well as to time.

* * * * *

And now for the man himself,—with the grief for his going still on us. He went on the day following the birthday of the Society to which he had devoted his life. H. P. B. loved him, Judge loved him, everyone who really knew him loved him. No one hated him: he was too obviously kind, generous, true, with the heart of a child to the last gasp of life in him. He was always a reminder of: "And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness, Round our restlessness, His rest." Perhaps it was this quiet conviction, half hidden behind his smile, which helped to make him the remarkable healer he was. An anatomist such as few are, with an immense experience in the field of medication—open-minded as every Theosophist should be, as ready to use Homeopathic, Eclectic, and other remedies, as those of his own school, so long as he found they were effective—he was above all "a born healer", as H. P. B. said of him. His patients loved him for the sweetness of his nature and for his wonderful kindness, for his sympathy and ready understanding. His knowledge of Theosophy enabled him to act as physician to weary hearts and blighted souls as much as to diseased bodies, as hundreds could testify. He was not a rich man, but at least half his time and labour were given for love of his work and of his fellows, without financial recompense, and always he was anxious to reduce his fees in case of need.

Perhaps the most beautiful trait in his nature was his humility,—a most rare

humility. He would discuss a case and its treatment, with a layman, on terms of perfect equality, listening eagerly to every suggestion, never thinking that the layman should accept the dictum of the professional and far more experienced man. He was modesty itself in all these ways, as well as in his theosophical relations, unconscious, literally, of his sacrifices for the Movement, quietly hopeful that he had been "of some use" to H. P. B. and to Judge, but entirely unaware of the tremendous services he had rendered. That both H. P. B. and Judge had been devoted to him, he accepted as one of the miracles of his life, in no way connected with his deserts.

Overflowing with kindness, he was incapable of resentment, though, in the Movement, when people had once proved themselves traitors to the Cause, the finality with which he could drop them out of his life, was remarkable.

H. P. B. presented him with the two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* as soon as she saw him after their publication. In the first she wrote:

"To Archibald Keightley, a true Theosophist—the friend, helper, brother and occult child, of his true and faithful—through her last æon—

"H. P. BLAVATSKY."

"February 1st, 1889."

In the second volume she wrote:

"To Archibald Keightley, my truly loved friend and brother, and one of the zealous editors of this work; and may these volumes, when their author is dead and gone, remind him of her, whose name in the present incarnation is

"H. P. BLAVATSKY.

"My days are my Pralayas, my nights—my Manvantaras.

"H. P. B., Feb. 1, 1889

"London."

* * * * *

Well,—he has gone, though not far and not for long. He knew who was his Master, and in his heart was perfect trust. Thinking no evil, he will find the Good, joining those who prepare for the next "big push". Meanwhile, as the ranks of the older members thin, it is for those who were called at the sixth or ninth and even at the eleventh hour, to press forward to fill the gaps, not by trying to fill the same place left open, but by filling their own place as they have never filled it before,—by filling it with the humility of "Arch" Keightley, with something of his fidelity and tenacity of purpose, with his ability to forget himself and to make any sacrifice without thinking of it except as an opportunity and a joy. That is the only way in which gratitude to him can be lifted from this world to where he is.

E. T. H.



H. P. B.'S MESSAGE TO THE CONVENTION, 1888

TO WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society.

MY DEAREST BROTHER AND CO-FOUNDER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22d, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the assembled Delegates and good Fellows of our Society, and to yourself—the heart and soul of that Body in America. We were several, to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me then thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last, time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that, on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours. May the assembled Society feel the warm greeting as earnestly as it is given, and may every Fellow present, who realizes that he has deserved it, profit by the Blessings sent.

Theosophy has lately taken a new start in America which marks the commencement of a new Cycle in the affairs of the Society in the West. And the policy you are now following is admirably adapted to give scope for the widest expansion of the movement, and to establish on a firm basis an organization which, while promoting feelings of fraternal sympathy, social unity, and solidarity, will leave ample room for individual freedom and exertion in the common cause—that of helping mankind.

The multiplication of local centres should be a foremost consideration in your minds, and each man should strive to be a centre of work in himself. When his inner development has reached a certain point, he will naturally draw those with whom he is in contact under the same influence; a nucleus will be formed, round which other people will gather, forming a centre from which information and spiritual influence radiate, and towards which higher influences are directed.

But let no man set up a popery instead of Theosophy, as this would be suicidal

and has ever ended most fatally. We are all fellow-students, more or less advanced; but no one belonging to the Theosophical Society ought to count himself as more than, at best, a pupil-teacher—one who has no right to dogmatize.

Since the Society was founded, a distinct change has come over the spirit of the age. Those who gave us commission to found the Society foresaw this, now rapidly growing, wave of transcendental influence following that other wave of mere phenomenalism. Even the journals of Spiritualism are gradually eliminating the phenomena and wonders, to replace them with philosophy. The Theosophical Society led the van of this movement; but, although Theosophical ideas have entered into every development or form which awakening spirituality has assumed, yet Theosophy pure and simple has still a severe battle to fight for recognition. The days of old are gone to return no more, and many are the Theosophists who, taught by bitter experience, have pledged themselves to make of the Society a "miracle club" no longer. The faint-hearted have asked in all ages for signs and wonders, and when these failed to be granted, they refused to believe. Such are not those who will ever comprehend Theosophy pure and simple. But there are others among us who realize intuitively that the recognition of pure Theosophy—the philosophy of the rational explanation of things and not the tenets—is of the most vital importance in the Society, inasmuch as it alone can furnish the beacon-light needed to guide humanity on its true path.

This should never be forgotten, nor should the following fact be overlooked. On the day when Theosophy will have accomplished its most holy and most important mission—namely, to unite firmly a body of men of all nations in brotherly love and bent on a pure altruistic work, not on a labour with selfish motives—on that day only will Theosophy become higher than any nominal brotherhood of man. This will be a wonder and a miracle truly, for the realization of which Humanity is vainly waiting for the last eighteen centuries, and which every association has hitherto failed to accomplish.

Orthodoxy in Theosophy is a thing neither possible nor desirable. It is diversity of opinion, within certain limits, that keeps the Theosophical Society a living and a healthy body, its many other ugly features notwithstanding. Were it not, also, for the existence of a large amount of uncertainty in the minds of students of Theosophy, such healthy divergencies would be impossible, and the Society would degenerate into a sect, in which a narrow and stereotyped creed would take the place of the living and breathing spirit of Truth and an ever growing Knowledge.

According as people are prepared to receive it, so will new Theosophical teaching be given. But no more will be given than the world, on its present level of spirituality, can profit by. It depends on the spread of Theosophy—the assimilation of what has been already given—how much more will be revealed, and how soon.

It must be remembered that the Society was not founded as a nursery for forcing a supply of Occultists—as a factory for the manufacture of Adepts. It was intended to stem the current of materialism, and also that of spiritual-

istic phenomenalism and the worship of the Dead. It had to guide the spiritual awakening that has now begun, and not to pander to psychic cravings which are but another form of materialism. For by "materialism" is meant not only an anti-philosophical negation of pure spirit, and, even more, materialism in conduct and action—brutality, hypocrisy, and, above all, selfishness,—but also the fruits of a disbelief in all but material things, a disbelief which has increased enormously during the last century, and which has led many, after a denial of all existence other than that in matter, into a blind belief in the *materialization of Spirit*.

The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards animalism, towards a development of those qualities which conduce to the success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence. Theosophy seeks to develop the human nature in man in addition to the animal, and at the sacrifice of the superfluous animality which modern life and materialistic teachings have developed to a degree which is abnormal for the human being at this stage of his progress.

Men cannot all be Occultists, but they can all be Theosophists. Many who have never heard of the Society are Theosophists without knowing it themselves; for the essence of Theosophy is the perfect harmonizing of the divine with the human in man, the adjustment of his god-like qualities and aspirations, and their sway over the terrestrial or animal passions in him. Kindness, absence of every ill feeling or selfishness, charity, good-will to all beings, and perfect justice to others as to one's self, are its chief features. He who teaches Theosophy preaches the gospel of good-will; and the converse of this is true also,—he who preaches the gospel of good-will, teaches Theosophy.

This aspect of Theosophy has never failed to receive due and full recognition in the pages of the *Path*, a journal of which the American Section has good reason to be proud. It is a teacher and a power; and the fact that such a periodical should be produced and supported in the United States speaks in eloquent praise both of its Editor and its readers.

America is also to be congratulated on the increase in the number of the Branches or Lodges which is now taking place. It is a sign that in things spiritual as well as things temporal the great American Republic is well fitted for independence and self-organization. The Founders of the Society wish every Section, as soon as it becomes strong enough to govern itself, to be as independent as is compatible with its allegiance to the Society as a whole and to the Great Ideal Brotherhood, the lowest formal grade of which is represented by the Theosophical Society.

Here in England Theosophy is waking into new life. The slanders and absurd inventions of the Society for Psychical Research have almost paralyzed it, though only for a very short time, and the example of America has stirred the English Theosophists into renewed activity. *Lucifer* sounded the réveillé, and the first fruit has been the founding of the "Theosophical Publication Society". This Society is of great importance. . . .

I am confident that, when the real nature of Theosophy is understood, the prejudice against it, now so unfortunately prevalent, will die out. Theoso-

phists are of necessity the friends of all movements in the world, whether intellectual or simply practical, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. We are the friends of all those who fight against drunkenness, against cruelty to animals, against injustice to women, against corruption in society or in government, although we do not meddle in politics. We are the friends of those who exercise practical charity, who seek to lift a little of the tremendous weight of misery that is crushing down the poor. But, in our quality of Theosophists, we cannot engage in any one of these great works in particular. As individuals we may do so, but as Theosophists we have a larger, more important, and much more difficult work to do. People say that Theosophists should show what is in them, that "the tree is known by its fruit". Let them build dwellings for the poor, it is said, let them open "soup-kitchens" etc., etc., and the world will believe that there is something in Theosophy. These good people forget that Theosophists, as such, are poor, and that the Founders themselves are poorer than any, and that one of them, at any rate, the humble writer of these lines, has no property of her own, and has to work hard for her daily bread whenever she finds time from her Theosophical duties. The function of Theosophists is to open men's hearts and understandings to charity, justice, and generosity, attributes which belong specifically to the human kingdom and are natural to man when he has developed the qualities of a human being. Theosophy teaches the animal-man to be a human-man; and when people have learned to think and feel as truly human beings should feel and think, they will act humanely, and works of charity, justice, and generosity will be done spontaneously by all. . . .

I should like to revisit America, and shall perhaps do so one day, should my health permit. I have received pressing invitations to take up my abode in your great country which I love so much for its noble freedom. Colonel Olcott, too, urges upon me very strongly to return to India, where he is fighting almost single-handed the great and hard fight in the cause of Truth; but I feel that, for the present, my duty lies in England and with the Western Theosophists, where for the moment the hardest fight against prejudice and ignorance has to be fought. But whether I be in England or in India, a large part of my heart and much of my hope for Theosophy lie with you in the United States, where the Theosophical Society was founded, and of which country I myself am proud of being a citizen. But you must remember that, although there must be local Branches of the Theosophical Society, there can be no local Theosophists; and just as you all belong to the Society, *so do I belong to you all*. . . .

Meanwhile, my far-away and dear Brother, accept the warmest and sincerest wishes for the welfare of your Societies and of yourself personally, and, while conveying to all your colleagues the expression of my fraternal regards, assure them that, at the moment when you will be reading to them the present lines, I shall—if alive—be in Spirit, Soul, and Thought amidst you all.

Yours ever, in the truth of the GREAT CAUSE we are all working for,

H. P. BLAVATSKY. . .

London, April 3d, 1888.



REVIEWS

The Bible of Bibles: A Source Book of Religions, Demonstrating the Unity of the Sacred Books of the World, compiled by Frank L. Riley, M.D.; J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles, 1929; price \$10.00.

This book has evidently been published at considerable expense and as a labour of love. Many students of Theosophy would be glad to have it in their libraries, or might advantageously persuade their local Public Library to purchase it. It contains extracts from many of the world's sacred books, though by no means from all (nothing, for instance, from China, except from the books of Tâoism), and it gives the reference for every passage cited. No two people preparing an anthology of this kind would choose the same headings for their quotations. It is not surprising, therefore, that a reviewer should find much to criticize in the physical arrangement of such a book. The same may be said of the compiler's choice of translations, for he draws freely upon *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller, which for most of us would be a last resort. It is evident, none the less, that Dr. Riley has been most conscientious and painstaking in his procedure, and, until the ideal anthology appears, we shall be glad to recommend his.

H.

The Mystics of Siena, by Piero Misciattelli; English version by M. Peters-Roberts; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1930; price, \$3.00.

Whatever changes to-morrow may bring, the Siena of to-day is still very much the Siena of the Middle Ages; its ancient, proud isolation, its fidelity to hallowed tradition, may still be felt there. "Perhaps the day is not far distant," writes Signor Misciattelli, "when the mediæval city, which was strong enough to resist the Renaissance, will have to bow before the violence and stress of modern life," but there can be no doubt that so far, much of the spirit of her 14th and 15th century mystics, who were themselves "all violent", has withstood the assault of modernity; when we pass through Siena's gateways, we can still feel that we have entered the "Home of Souls". The mystics of Siena were men and women of action, their mystical experiences and their works of charity being combined with an unceasing effort to raise the level of public ideals. So far-reaching was their influence that it penetrated and coloured every form of Siennese life, military, political, industrial; and Siennese art, as we know, remained persistently primitive in the finest and purest sense, long after other schools throughout Italy were given over to the joys of expressing more sensuous beauty. While Masaccio, Paolo Uccello and others, only a few miles distant in Florence, were eagerly reaching out toward the alluring graces which the Renaissance had brought, Sassetta and Sano di Pietro in Siena were still bathed in pure and heavenly visions, remaining true to mystical tradition—the austere loveliness of their works being a reflection of the austerity and loveliness of the Siennese mystics who inspired them. One of the many admirable points which the author of this interesting book emphasises, is the close association, the enduring bond between the outer and the inner in Siennese life; the outer restraint which was so manifest in civic ideals, was the same restraint which we find to-day when we stand before Duccio, and in both cases it was a result of the practical teaching of the great mystics who 'were always opposed to any vain enthusiasm or passing elation, even of the smallest and least

expected nature." When it came to the question of inner abandonment, however, the great Sieneese mystics set quite a different example, and the stirring chapters on the "Gesuali", on Saint Catherine, San Bernardino, Brandano, tell of a self-giving, of a spiritual splendour which had no bounds. Theirs were no half-way measures; with them it was all or nothing, restraint turned upon itself and became a passionate devotion. "Does not real heroism nearly always drive men to do things which border on the seemingly absurd? William Blake said that 'men can never arrive at wisdom, unless they have first passed through the castle of Folly.' All the true mystics lived in the castle of Folly—of the divine folly of a dream which transfigured to them every creature and every thing, and made all who came into contact with them feel the strength and beauty of their souls." Giovanni Colombini, writing to a friend, perhaps strikes the key-note of the militant mystics of Siena: "May Christ make both you and us fools for the sake of His Love." The book is richly illustrated with reproductions of many Sieneese paintings of the period, and these should be of the greatest assistance to readers in reviving the atmosphere of that golden age when the mystics of Siena lived and loved and spent themselves in their Master's work. We owe much to the translator who has evidently preserved all the fire and colour of the Italian original. T. D.

The Buddha's Golden Path, by Dwight Goddard; Luzac and Co., London, 1930; price \$1.00.

The sub-title of this book is: "A Manual of Practical Buddhism based on the Teachings and Practices of the Zen Sect, but interpreted and adapted to meet Modern Conditions." The author explains in his Preface that he first came into contact with Buddhism some thirty years ago, when serving as a missionary of the American board in China. Some five or six years ago, having become deeply interested in Christian mysticism, his reading brought to his attention the existence of Buddhist mysticism. He studied this, and also "institutional Buddhism", deciding, as a result, that he would visit Japan in order to investigate what he describes as the "experiential side" of Buddhism, as revealed in its monasteries and temples. Finally, a year or two ago, he became a very enthusiastic Buddhist,—of the Zen school.

The philosophy of the Zen school of Buddhism is similar to that of the Advaita Vedantins; it is very "impersonal", and is fond, in English, of the word "Suchness". That the present reviewer does not happen to find that word inspiring, in no way blinds him to the fact that there are plenty of people who do, and who doubtless need to pass through a stage which that word typifies. It is a stage in the spiritual journey when the soul is struggling to escape from dependence upon outer things, especially upon religious forms and ceremonies, observances and creeds. There are, however, further stages.

The author has done his work admirably. He divides his book into three main "Adventures"; the first, "Through Restraint of Physical Desire to Emancipation", the second, "Through Right Mind-Control to Enlightenment", the third, "Through Concentration of Spirit to Tranquillisation." His exposition is clear, and he fully justifies his claim to have "interpreted and adapted" Zen, "to meet modern conditions",—so much so, that he goes a step further than the Bishops at the recent Lambeth Conference, in an effort to meet the world half-way in the matter of marriage, children, and so forth. This in itself, however, proves that whatever the merits of the book, it is not the work of a mystic: anything but that; for mystics, whatever their faults, do not err in *that* respect. And this inevitably suggests that if he had really understood the mysticism of Christianity which, he says, at one time so deeply interested him, it would have seemed foolish to leave it for another religion, seeing that the universality of the Master Mystic, Christ, would have included all that is true in all other formulations, as part of the *theosophia* which is eternal. E. T. H.

Some Exponents of Mystical Religion, by Rufus M. Jones; The Epworth Press, London; 6 shillings net.

The seven chapters of this book, originally delivered as popular lectures, deal with "The Mystic's Experience", Plotinus, Meister Eckhart, Luther, Browning, Whitman, and "Mystical Life and Thought in America."

It is not easy to popularize mysticism. Certainly the higher reaches of mystical attain-

ment are stated by all the great mystics themselves to be almost incommunicable to average intellects. Their efforts to describe a positive experience where no adequate terms exist in any Western language, have resulted in the use of negatives, and in writings that are usually considered obscure. Professor Jones meets this stumbling-block to popularization in a way which seems to the reviewer to lower and belittle mystical achievement. Briefly put, he dismisses this whole field of difficulty as simply an unessential intellectual creation, and therefore as artificial. He begins by claiming that the heart of the mystic's experience is a direct personal perception of God, no different in kind, but only in degree, from the first-hand experience any man may have. He maintains that for every mystic who has written successfully of his experiences, there are thousands who have been voiceless; so that genuine mystical experience is far more common than is supposed (p. 32). The ordinary man does not attend to, nor cultivate, that side of his nature; and as "it is an eternal law of life that there can be no *compulsion* in the realm of the spirit" (p. 40), he is too lazy, or indifferent, or ignorant, or distracted to possess himself of a range of experience that might be his. But, having linked the average man's mystical leanings with the highest stages reached by admittedly great mystics, Professor Jones then goes a step further, because he deplors the tendency of so many literary mystics to interpret their exalted experience in negatives. "This 'negative' philosophy is no proper or inherent part of mysticism", he says. "It belongs to a long and tragic state of human thinking" (p. 108). The inference is unavoidable, though not precisely stated, that the obscurity and mystification inhere in the individual mystic's mind, or in his philosophy, and are not a necessary part of the experience itself. Other "practical" or "concrete" mystics, who have broken loose from the tradition started in the West by Plotinus and Dionysius the Areopagite, are, it is suggested, equally great as mystics. Professor Jones presents Plotinus as both a genuine mystic and a gigantic intellect; but he does not wish the modern man to be diverted from his own mystical possibilities by taking fright at—must we infer?—the "tragic state" of Plotinus' thinking. So he wants us to believe that Luther, Browning, and Whitman had as genuine, and far more comprehensive, experiences, which they reported more simply and directly. He says of Walt Whitman that "his autobiographical passages plainly reveal the fact that he was himself in his own personal experiences a mystic of *remarkable depth*" (p. 204, italics mine). The quotations Professor Jones assembles are wholly unconvincing of any such high attainment. Granted that Whitman the poet had, what all true poets have at least in their poetical moods or moments, a heightened appreciation of finer states of consciousness—which some merely reflect and some actually enter—Whitman the *man* was not a mystic. One illustration (pp. 181-2) to prove mysticism in his poetry, namely, that he got "tired and sick" (bored?) listening to a lecture on astronomy ("the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them" etc.), and so, "rising and gliding out, I wandered off by myself, In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time, Looked up in perfect silence at the stars",—surely was, and is, an experience shared at some time by probably a majority of college students, who to their own regret are not always as free as Whitman to indulge their vagrant urge, and who would be truly astonished to learn that they were even inclined towards mysticism on that account. Whitman's use of the adjective "mystical" (with moist!), does not prove that *he* was mystical, whatever one may think of the "night-air".

Spiritual consciousness lies within and about the several stages of psychic and mental consciousness which the average man of to-day has evolved from it; but that cannot justify our labelling even the finer types of the psychic and mental as spiritual. The latter can be attained; but not until the inner eyes are opened—as the wiser mystics, like Ruysbroeck or St. John of the Cross, not to mention St. Paul, knew well, and stated clearly many times. The discipline of life necessary for this is long and arduous. The average man can at least begin it, if he choose; but the writer on mysticism misleads the average man if mere reflections and dilutions of the inner reality are proclaimed the equal of the highest,—in fact, as even better, because more "balanced" or "practical".

M. H.

QUESTIONS OF LAND AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 355.—*Could a man be an honest physician and at the same time a true Theosophist? Is he not pledged, for instance, to cure pain where he finds it, regardless of whether he is going to drive it to some higher plane?*

ANSWER.—It is the obvious duty of the physician to cure pain by removing its cause, but it may be necessary, as a means to that end, temporarily to intensify the sensation of physical pain. A sliver cannot be removed from a finger without some discomfort. The theosophical physician may use the resources of modern medicine which really help the patient to endure the suffering of the physical body, but he cannot shirk his main objective which is the discovery of the deformed states of consciousness that are the causes of most physical symptoms. Unless the soul can be cured as well as the body, the alleviation of pain cannot fail to be transitory.

S. L.

ANSWER.—He could. I am not acquainted with the pledges taken by doctors, but presumably the good doctor's aim is to determine the cause of the pain or illness, and then to eliminate it. The practice of medicine is neither calculated nor in the least likely to drive a physical ailment to a higher or inner plane. It is the Christian Scientists, mental healers, *et al.*, who, by the misuse of the powers of the imagination, reinforced by "mantrams" (affirmations and denials) based on half truths, strive to remove the physical ill by a method which, if successful, does drive the trouble back to an inner plane. This is contrary to Nature and the apparent benefit is an illusion. The "true Theosophist" would be better able to effect real and permanent cures than his non-theosophical fellow doctors. Incidentally, to become a "true theosophist" is the work of a lifetime—of many lifetimes.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—The question seems to pack a great deal of confused thinking into a very small compass. A physician is not pledged to cure pain; he is pledged to do what he can to cure disease and to prolong life. Pain is not the disease; pain is the effect; disease, or lack of balance—in some cases, nervous balance—is the cause; pain serves the purpose of a danger signal; disease without pain is much more dangerous than with it, if only because the disease is much less likely to be recognized. It is the function of the true physician to work with Nature (compare what is said in *The Occult World* about the function of Masters), and as many diseases are an effort on the part of Nature to throw out of the system something that is antagonistic to its welfare, it would of course be a grave mistake merely to check the symptoms without removing their cause; in fact, symptoms will usually take care of themselves while the disease is being treated. But this has nothing whatever to do with pain. A toothache is evidence of a diseased condition, possibly local but none the less real. Once the danger signal has been recognized and the source of the trouble determined, the pain may be dealt with summarily—the more summarily the better, most of us think—without any likelihood of driving it "to some higher plane". On what higher plane could it function? Pain is not a physical thing; it is non-existent without consciousness; it is a psychic sensation; it is one of the "mysteries" which no materialist has ever been able to explain.

Because many diseases are an effort on the part of Nature to eject some poison—possibly a germ-poison—which can be thought of as the solidification of an inner poison which has

percolated down from the psychic plane and the mind,—it should not be inferred that it is the function of the physician to probe into purely mental and moral conditions. It would need an Adept to connect cause and effect in that way,—and an Adept would know better than to undertake it. Infinite harm is done by "mixing planes". A pudding should be cooked,—not psycho-analyzed; and when a cook who thinks herself clairvoyant or "intuitive" or something of that kind, bases her treatment of dough and raisins upon the "etheric vibrations" she is handling, or upon the "colours" of her ingredients, or upon their "discords" and "harmonies",—my advice would be to avoid that cook, and especially her pudding. A "spiritual director", with a grain of sense, will not mix his advice with medical prescriptions; in the same way, an experienced physician—certainly a "theosophical" physician—will know better than to dabble in psychic causes when it is his function to deal with physiological (including nervous) effects. "The duty of another is full of danger." Any violation of that principle leads to folly, and sometimes to baby black magic. For example, a physician prescribes deep-breathing exercises: excellent; but then, wanting to think of himself, or to be thought of, as something more than a mere physician, he adds: "And as you inhale, breathe in the Holy Ghost, and hold it in your heart." Apart from the fact that presumably the hour will come when you will have to exhale—in which case, good-bye to the Holy Ghost—the obvious fact is that no sort of physical act, such as breathing, is going to bring you a fraction nearer the Holy Ghost, for the simple reason that air is air, and Spirit is Spirit. If you pretend to think otherwise, you are deceiving yourself, and are prostituting a wholesome physical practice to unwholesome and unspiritual ends.

It would, I believe, prove instructive if a student of Theosophy, who happens also to be a doctor of medicine, were to think of his function as corresponding, on a small scale, with that of the third or manifested Logos, in other words, with the trinity of Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva. As generally translated, these words, or persons, signify Creation, Preservation, Destruction; but we must look beneath the surface of these meanings, and shall then find that, among other kinds of action, they will suggest stimulation, rest, purgation,—three terms which cover a fairly wide field in the domain of therapeutics. If any medical reader were willing to comment on this suggestion, his communication would be received gratefully, I am assured, by the editors.

H.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

January 3rd, 17th and 31st
February 14th and 28th
March 14th and 28th
April 11th and 25th (Convention Meeting)
May 9th and 23rd

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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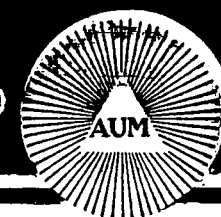
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The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



APRIL, 1931

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SOME PARABLES OF THE BUDDHA

IT has been well said that when a great Master incarnates, his whole life is a parable. Not only does he teach spiritual law; he visibly lives spiritual law at every moment of his existence. And, since the central spiritual fact of our lives on earth is struggle, conflict, trial, it is natural and inevitable that, in the life of a great Master incarnated in the world, there should be formal representation of trial and conflict, in order to make more intelligible to mankind the struggles through which we must all pass, the temptations which we must face and overcome, if we are to go forward on the heavenly way.

The temptations of Christ in the wilderness are of this nature: a rendering visible and intelligible of trials and conflicts which all men must face, because they are inherent in the very nature of our life, with its necessary adjustment between the strong tendencies of the personal and the universal self. The individual life must first be evolved to full consciousness and freedom of action. It must then be subordinated to the universal life, its fate merged in the larger destinies of the universal. And that transition, that transformation, can hardly take place without conflict. If accomplished wholly without resistance, the result would probably be limp, negative, without spiritual force.

Therefore, in the history of Christ, we have the temptation of the Master by Satan, with the offer of "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them"; and it is of great interest to find a similar trial recorded of the Buddha, before he had attained to full illumination. There is, further, a subtle ingenuity in the proposal made by Mara, the tempter, in the trial of Prince Siddhartha, in contrast with the brazen suggestion of Satan, that Jesus should fall down and worship him.

The story goes that Prince Siddhartha had renounced his royal heritage, his family, every tie that bound him to the world; and that, after inflicting upon his body the extremes of self-discipline and privation, he had retired to a forest

hut among the Himalaya mountains, there to meditate and search for illumination. The region which he chose was not a solitude of ice, forests and rocks. There were hill tribes at no great distance, with their chieftains and rulers, as there are to-day, even high among the hills. And we are told that at that time the chieftains and princes of the tribes ruled oppressively over the tribesmen. When Prince Siddhartha saw men persecuted and punished by these wicked princes, in contrast with the just and orderly government to which he had been habituated at Kapilavastu, under his royal father's rule, he was moved to compassion. And being moved to compassion he considered thus within himself:

"Is it not possible to exercise sovereignty without killing or causing to kill, without conquering or causing to conquer, without grieving or causing grief, with justice and with righteousness?"

Now it happened that Mara, the evil tempter, perceived within himself the thought that was passing in the mind of Prince Siddhartha, and reflected thus:

"The ascetic of the Gotama clan is considering within himself: 'Is it not possible to exercise sovereignty?' It must therefore be that he harbours within him a desire for sovereignty. And this desire for sovereignty may well cause a loss of recollection. If he does exercise sovereignty, I may be able to catch him off his guard. I will, therefore, draw near to him and fan the spirit of ambition within him!"

Therefore Mara, the tempter, drew near to Prince Siddhartha and thus addressed him:

"Noble Sir! Would it not be well for you yourself to exercise sovereignty? For it would be possible for you to exercise sovereignty without killing or causing to kill, without conquering or causing to conquer, without grieving or causing to grieve, with justice and righteousness!"

Prince Siddhartha thus replied to Mara, the tempter:

"Evil One, what do you see in me that causes you to speak to me thus?"

Mara, the tempter, answered Prince Siddhartha:

"Noble Sir! You have fully developed the four principles of magic power. If you should formulate the resolve: 'Let the Himalaya, the king of mountains, be turned to gold!' the Himalaya would straightway become gold. And, assuming sovereignty, you could work with this gold unlimited good!"

But Prince Siddhartha replied: "I admonish you, Evil One! I have nothing in common with you!"

Since it is improbable that the discomfited Mara brought this story to the recorders of the Buddhist scriptures, the narrative must come from the Buddha himself. It is evident that he dramatized and made objective an inner experience. The story of Mara, the tempter, is a parable.

And in fact, apart from the more formal discourses delivered upon set occasions, as when the Buddha was called on to address visitors who came to inquire concerning his teaching, we shall find that much of his doctrine took the form of parable, of vivid stories so perfectly formed as to be readily understood and remembered without effort.

Among these parables, many of which are touched with humour, is one which conveys a vital lesson in a highly original way. It concerns a girl who, making the acquaintance of eggs, conceived such a liking for them that she would thenceforth be content with no other kind of food. At first she was willing to wait until her mother gave her an egg. But presently the craving for eggs grew upon her, so that she went to the hens' nests and helped herself to their eggs.

A certain hen had made a secluded nest, and was beginning to lay, looking forward to a happy brood of chicks. But the girl, alert in her search, discovered the nest, and day by day, as a fresh egg was laid, appropriated it and regaled herself.

The hen was incensed against the girl, and expressed her hostility in this earnest wish: "When my term comes to an end, and I pass out of this existence, may I be reborn as a destroyer, so that I may be able to devour your children!"

So her term was fulfilled and she died, and in that very house she was reborn as a cat. And the girl likewise reached her term and died, and in that very house she was reborn as a chicken which grew into a hen. When the time came for her to lay eggs, the cat discovered them and ate them; and this happened not once only, but a second time and a third.

Then said the hen who had been the girl: "Three times have you eaten my eggs, and you would eat me also! When I have passed out of this state of existence, may I be reborn in such a shape that I can devour you and your children!"

So, when her term was fulfilled and she passed out of existence, she was reborn as a leopardess. And the cat which had been a hen likewise passed out of existence and was reborn as a doe. And when the doe brought forth fawns, the leopardess came and devoured both the fawns and the doe. And thus it continued through five hundred existences; each in turn devoured the other and brought suffering upon the other. And finally they were reborn as women, the enmity still persisting between them.

At this time it happened that they heard the teaching of the Buddha, and were converted. Wherefore it is said: "Hatred ceases not by hatred. Hatred ceases only by love."

Sometimes the Buddha wove into a parable the incidents that happened in the training of disciples, as in the following story, which teaches a lesson of great profundity and beauty.

It may be remembered that the senior disciple, Sariputra, was somewhat satirically taken to task by the Buddha, when he broke out into ecstasies concerning the supreme wisdom of his Master. In the following incident, Sariputra's zeal seems once again to have outstripped his wisdom. He had in his care, it seems, a younger disciple, a happy and vigorous youth, well disposed toward the teaching, always obedient and ready to undertake generous efforts. Sariputra, thinking only of the young disciple's vigour, and of the temptations which naturally beset one of his years, set him to meditate on the truth of bodily corruption and decay, thinking that in this way revulsion would be aroused and possible temptation anticipated and overcome.

The youth cheerfully accepted the subject of meditation which Sariputra

proposed to him, and, retiring to a refuge in the forest, set himself to conjuring up images of corruption and decay.

But the harder he tried, the less progress he made, his mind and imagination swerving aside, and refusing to dwell upon the repellent themes that had been set him. And, when he described the matter to his preceptor, Sariputra was perplexed and brought to a stand. So he determined to have recourse to the supreme wisdom of the Buddha. Therefore, taking the young disciple, he went to the dwelling at Jetavana where the Buddha was.

When Sariputra had related the matter to the Buddha, the Master made clear to the senior disciple that the mind of man is complex and mysterious, and that it is given only to the fully enlightened to penetrate all its mysteries. Having thus reconciled Sariputra to his failure, the Buddha set himself to study the mind of the young disciple. With clear and penetrating vision surpassing the vision of mortals, he surveyed the previous states of existence of the youth, and asked Sariputra from what family the young disciple had come in his present birth. Sariputra answered that the boy's father was a goldsmith, and that the youth himself had gained considerable skill in the goldsmith's art. Then the Buddha, further studying the past existences of the young disciple, perceived that through five hundred past existences he had been born in the goldsmith's family and in no other, and that through five hundred births he himself had worked as a goldsmith, moulding the ruddy gold into forms like the golden-yellow cassia blossom, or the yellow water-lily. For this reason, the Buddha saw that subjects of meditation, repellent and calculated to cause revulsion, were unsuited to the young disciple. The only subject of meditation appropriate for him would be one with elements of beauty.

Therefore the Buddha, exercising his magical creative power, formed a golden lotus as large as the wheel of a cart, with clear drops of water on the leaves and stalk, saying:

"Disciple, take this golden lotus and, going to the outskirts of the rest-house, set its stem in a heap of sand. Then, seated before it in the posture of meditation, repeat the words, 'Rose-red! Rose-red!'"

The young disciple took the great golden lotus from the Master, and, as he took it, his heart was filled with peace. Going to the outskirts of the rest-house where there was a heap of sand, he set the stem of the golden flower in the sand and, seated before it in the posture of meditation, began to repeat the words, "Rose-red! Rose-red!"

And, as he repeated the words, he entered into the successive stages of contemplation. The Buddha, following the course of the young disciple, raised with himself the question whether the young disciple, having already gone so far, could proceed unaided to the end. And, raising the question, the Buddha perceived that the young disciple could not gain the goal unaided.

Therefore, once more exerting his magical creative power, the Buddha caused the petals of the lotus of gold to shrivel and grow black, as though they had been trampled upon and broken. And beholding them thus withered, the young disciple thus bethought him:

"If creatures which, like this golden lotus, have no attachments to earthly things, are thus subject to fading and decay, much more must hearts and minds filled with attachments to earthly things suffer age, decay and death."

So he took the first step toward that realization of the impermanence of all separate things which, when it reaches fulness, leads to supreme detachment.

Now, it happened that, on the outskirts of the rest-house, there was a pond in which grew lotuses, the petals of whose buds were rose-red. And a group of boys, descending into the lotus-pond, plucked the buds, and after no long time threw them upon the bank to wither. Then the young disciple saw that the tips of their petals became brown and sere, no longer rose-red like the petals of the buds that still grew in the pond. So he thought once again:

"If creatures which, like the rose-petalled lotuses, have no attachments to earthly things, are nevertheless subject to fading and decay, much more must the hearts and minds of men filled with attachments to earthly things, suffer age, decay and death."

Thus was the young disciple perfected in detachment. And the Buddha, perceiving that the young disciple had attained the goal of contemplation, manifested himself to him as a luminous image, saying:

"Cut off the love of self, even as you would break off a lotus bud with your hand. Advance along the path of peace. This is the way to Nirvana."

While it is altogether probable that this incident of the youthful disciple happened much as it has been recorded, yet in a deeper sense the Buddha turned the essence of it into a parable, and one of great depth and beauty. His supreme insight may well have penetrated the story of the disciple's past existences, yet it is more probable that he schematized them in the story of five hundred lives as a goldsmith, occupied life after life in moulding with ruddy gold the fair forms of the golden-yellow cassia blossom and of the yellow water-lily; and that he did this in order to make more intelligible to the senior disciple, Sariputra, the quality of an artistic nature, which is repelled and rendered inert by ugliness, but which, in compensation, may be led by visible forms of beauty to the threshold of the hidden, everlasting beauty.

In somewhat the same way, the Buddha turns into a parable a question addressed to him by the noble Ananda, another leader among the disciples, who was particularly close to the Buddha, and thus came within the circle of the Buddha's radiant humour. For, if the truth be told, the noble Ananda asked a rather futile and foolish question, and his great Master, turning it into a parable, made it a vehicle of enduring wisdom.

The noble Ananda was seated one evening engaged, as he supposed, in meditation, but in reality allowing his thoughts to drift hither and thither, with no very definite goal.

"There are", considered within himself the noble Ananda, "three perfumes of the highest excellence: the perfume of sandal wood, the perfume extracted from roots, and the perfume of flowers. All these perfumes of the highest excellence the Master possesses. But each of these perfumes travels with the wind and not against the wind. But the question is, whether there may be some per-

fume that travels against the wind, or even some perfume that travels both with the wind and against the wind."

No doubt, the noble Ananda herein manifested a certain aptitude for experimental physics, but, strictly speaking, he was not pursuing spiritual wisdom. However, he soon came to himself and said:

"What use is there in my seeking to settle this question by myself? Let me ask the Master!"

So, on a certain evening, when a favourable occasion had arisen, the noble Ananda drew near to the Buddha, and, when he had drawn near, he addressed the Master thus:

"Sire, there are three perfumes which travel with the wind, but not against the wind. What are the three? The perfume of sandal wood, the perfume extracted from roots, and the perfume of flowers. These three perfumes, Sire, travel with the wind, but in no case do they travel against the wind. But, Sire, this question arises: whether there may be some perfume that travels against the wind, or even some perfume that travels both with the wind and against the wind."

The Master replied: "Ananda, there is a substance whose perfume goes both with the wind and against the wind."

"But, Sire, what is the substance whose perfume goes both with the wind and against the wind?"

"Ananda, if there be any follower of the Buddha, one who goes to the Buddha as refuge, to the Law of Righteousness as refuge, to the Order as refuge; one who refrains from taking life, from theft, from sensuality, from lying, from intoxicants that destroy recollection; one who follows virtue and righteousness, whose heart is free from avarice, a generous giver to those who have need,—in all parts of the world, followers of holiness will utter his praise. These good acts of that follower of the Buddha are the substances, Ananda, whose perfume travels both with the wind and against the wind."

Yet one more parable, this time concerning a member of a family which the Buddha greatly admired, and with some of whom he formed relations of peculiar intimacy: the parable of an elephant. When the Buddha was dwelling with his disciples in the rest-house at Jetavana, he told the disciples this story concerning an old war elephant that had belonged to the King of Kosala.

In his younger days, this elephant possessed great strength, but as the years passed, old age came upon him, and he was buffeted by the winds of time. One day, being thus oppressed with years, he waded out into the lake, and, becoming mired in the thick and sticky mud, was brought to a stand amid the waters, able neither to go forward nor to go back.

The people along the shore of the lake, seeing the old elephant in this grievous plight, began to exclaim:

"Is it not strange that an elephant, once so powerful and valorous, should become so weak!"

Word of the elephant's mishap came to the King of Kosala, and, summoning the keeper, he bade him draw the elephant forth from the mire of the lake.

Now the keeper was a wise man, understanding thoroughly the mind of elephants.

Therefore he set upon his head a helmet, and, bringing to the shore of the lake, one whose duty it was to sound the drum for battle, bade him now beat the battle-drum.

When the elephant heard the drum and saw the helmet on his driver's head, his valorous heart was enkindled, and, quickly setting himself free, he walked up out of the lake and stood upon dry ground.

Then said the Buddha to his disciples: "That elephant freed himself from the mud of the lake. But you have flung yourselves into the mire of evil passions. Therefore strive with all your might to set yourselves free, rejoicing in recollection!"

*Where Thou art—that is Home,
Cashmere or Calvary—the same,
Degree—or shame,
I scarce esteem location's name
So I may come.*

*What Thou do'st is delight,
Bondage as play be sweet,
Imprisonment content
And sentence sacrament,
Just we two meet!*

*Where Thou art not is Woe—
Though bands of spices blow,
What Thou do'st not—Despair—
Though Gabriel praise me, Sir!—EMILY DICKINSON.*

FRAGMENTS

THE mystic life is a crucified life,—it can be no other; so the world shudders and turns aside. Yet some there are who see the fringe of light about its darkness: let us consider for a moment what they see.

Suffering is a mysterious baptism. By means of it the earth of lower nature is stripped, is worn away, and we are enabled to expand in the grace and glory of the spiritual life. So be, however, that we yield ourselves to its stern discipline, and do not harden by resistance to it. A great saint has called it “a precious agony”, if only we would say from the depths of our hearts: *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit*, in the midst of its torturing flames. For thus, in the denial of our mortal life, our liberation is achieved; we die the mystic death, preferable to all such life, and we rise to the new, the glorified life, godlike, immortal.

These dissolutions and transformations take place in consciousness, as part of a divine chemistry,—there need be no outward sign, though it is rare for such conflicts of the spirit not to find expression outwardly. Once accomplished, however, they become manifest on every plane; our friend is our friend, yet he has completely changed in that he has transcended himself—as must be the case with all who pass through the portals of death to higher spheres. But this is of record for our remembering, that the truths of the stony heights of Calvary are not to be understood by the mind,—they must be meditated on and lived; then understanding follows.

What discourse, no matter how sublime, ever spoke with more power than the silence of Christ before his accusers, rising above the clamours of the mob who sought his life, ringing down the centuries the supreme lesson of Life Eternal—self-renouncement.

“My children”, said Angela of Foligno, “nothing fills me with such apprehension as self-love.” O wisdom of the risen life! Not many share the terrors of this brave lover of the Cross, but that is because they do not open their eyes to the light that floods from it. Only as we close our eyes to falsehood can we perceive the truth, as the ancient Justice had her eyes bandaged that she might function by a higher power. *Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears.*

Earthly happiness is of the surface at the best, and it could only exist as it draws its life, parasitically, from the Cross; a too hot sun, a touch of frost, and

it has gone. Pilate extricated himself from the difficulty of the moment, to fall into the world's opprobrium. We too can extricate ourselves from some demand of sacrifice, but only to turn from us the faces of the angels, and, sooner or later, to lie in the torment of our own self-condemnation, under the blazing anger of our souls: that, or the extinction belonging to whatever has divorced itself from reality.

Do we really love ourselves when we render ourselves incapable of the love of the Divine? for faculty is not developed by refusal of effort, nor by the passing gratification of the hour. So people have invented disbelief in the immortality of the soul, ignoring human instinct to the contrary, to make easy for themselves these gratifications and refusals. *Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.*

Lower nature is an idol of clay, an animal-man, which we wreath with garlands, caress, and adore. Yet he stands between us and our inheritance, between us and all that is enduring, all that is worth while, all the meaning and value of life. "What think ye", said St. Bernard, "surely he is worthy of death". So it was necessary that the Masters of Wisdom should lay it down as a primary condition for discipleship that we shall utterly repudiate him, and wage unceasing warfare against him. *He who will enter upon the path of power must tear this thing out of his heart.*

Many are able to kneel at the foot of the Cross, and bless there the love and sacrifice—another's sacrifice—which holds a door open for our unwilling hearts, which makes it possible for us to sin without loss of all hope; but O how few have the courage to place themselves on their own cross beside that towering one, and to nail themselves to it. Yet for them and for them alone, the real sweetness of life is reserved, the heart of its meaning and splendour, since, through the darkness, come to them the words of light and joy: *Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

TO appreciate these letters and the events that called them forth, a certain amount of background must be supplied.

In 1875, members of the White Lodge, through their agent and messenger, H. P. Blavatsky, founded the Theosophical Society. Of necessity, at the instigation of the Black Lodge, working through human tendencies, the Society was attacked on all sides, chiefly in the person of H. P. Blavatsky, until the day of her death in 1891. Her death, however, did not mean that the Black Lodge ceased its efforts to disrupt and destroy the Society, and the Cause of which she had been the undaunted representative and standard-bearer. The Black Lodge works, not only through the envy, ambition, vanity and other evils in unpurified human nature, but also through organizations the spirit and purposes of which are self-seeking, sectarian, unscrupulous, and which are built upon the vanity and love of power of their membership. Of such organizations, the most subtle in their opposition to the work of H. P. B. had been certain groups of Brahmins in India; for the Brahmins are a caste, an hereditary priesthood, which considers it has an exclusive right to occult knowledge, and which deeply resents its attainment, and especially its dissemination in any form, by non-Brahmins. This is why the Brahmins drove Buddhism out of India,—Gautama Buddha, who was of the Kshatriya or Warrior caste, having attained the highest Wisdom independently of them, and then having thrown the door to its attainment wide open to people of all castes and races. The Masters, of whom H. P. B. was the mouthpiece, of course clearly recognized this situation from the beginning, and, characteristically, forced the issue into the open not very long after H. P. B. arrived in India. Through her, one of them sent a message to a group of Brahmins in Allahabad, who had joined the Theosophical Society for their own purposes. The message is of lasting significance in connection with the attacks on Judge. It began: "Message which Mr. Sinnett is directed by one of the Brothers, writing through Madame B[lavatsky], to convey to the native members of the Prayag Branch of the Theosophical Society." The message continued: "The Brothers desire me to inform one and all of you *natives* that unless a man is prepared to become a thorough Theosophist, *i.e.* to do what D[amodar] Mavalankar did—give up entirely caste, his old superstitions, and show himself a true reformer (especially in the case of child-marriage), he will remain simply a member of the Society, with no hope whatever of ever hearing from us." The rest of the message, with Judge's illuminating comment, is given in *The Path of March*, 1895 (vol. IX, p. 430). It was, in fact, blunt notice to the Brahmins of India that their system was opposed to the principles of the White Lodge and of Theosophy, and, with few exceptions, the Brahmins never forgave and never forgot it.

After H. P. B.'s death, Judge became the standard-bearer. If proof of this were needed, it is found in the fact that attacks, formerly levelled at her, were now turned against him,—and exactly the same kind of attacks from exactly the same source. The instruments used were different: that was all. Vanity and jealousy existed; these were used. Love of power and "occult" ambition existed; these were used. Personal resentment existed; that was used. Nothing could have been accomplished, however, without Mrs. Besant, who, although young in Theosophical experience and membership (she had joined the Society in 1889), was a great orator with an international reputation, and who, furthermore, held a position which gave her much influence with members of the Society in Europe and India, where Judge was but little known. So, through the instrumentality of Mr. Bertram Keightley—at that time General Secretary of the Indian Section, closely associated with Colonel Olcott at Adyar—a very able and cultured Brahmin of Allahabad, Professor G. N. Chakravarti, was selected by several Sabhas or associations of Brahmins to represent them at the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago as part of the World's Fair of 1893. As he was a member of the Allahabad or "Prayag" Branch of the Theosophical Society, he spoke in that capacity also.

There are many thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, among the vast population of India, who possess genuine occult powers—of a kind. They have inherited knowledge, passed on by word of mouth, under stringent conditions, from countless generations of yogis and wonder-workers. Most of them can produce, by the cultivated power of will and imagination, what can best be described as collective hallucination; many of them are skilled in the use of Mantras, that is to say, briefly, the use of intoned words to effect changes in magnetic and psychological conditions.

One great difference between the White Lodge—which is trans-Himalayan and which includes men of many different races—and these schools of occultism in India, is that the White Lodge will not permit the development or cultivation of "powers" until the whole nature has been purified spiritually and purged of selfish motive, while the Brahminical and other occult schools in India, though some of them claim the same standards, have in fact lost the spirit and meaning of selflessness, and encourage the cultivation of "powers" regardless of the spiritual condition of the neophyte,—that is, so long as he obeys the letter of the laws of Manu and of caste. The result is that the "powers" ultimately developed by members of the White Lodge are spiritual and eternal, and are infinitely greater on higher planes than those developed in the Indian schools, which are psychic and transitory, though dazzling both to their possessor and to onlookers.

It will be understood by all older students of Theosophy, that if anyone had been connected, through H. P. B., with the White Lodge, and, later, had sought and accepted occult instruction from a representative of a different school, Brahminical or other, the immediate result would have been to sever that aspirant's connection with H. P. B.'s Masters.

None of which is said to detract from the occult accomplishments of Professor Chakravarti, which in many ways were remarkable, as the present writer could testify from personal observation and experience when Chakravarti was in London; it is said in order to explain how it was that someone who had not yet visited the Orient, who was quite a beginner, and who was avid of occult powers, might easily have been "captured" by such a man—literally fascinated—and how commonplace and unpromising Judge might have seemed in comparison, with his "kindergarten" talk about duty and work and moral discipline, his unqualified disapproval of psychic development, and his cold manner to emotional and adoring women. In any case, Chakravarti captured Mrs. Besant in less than two months: a masterly achievement,—of a kind. He sailed from India in June, 1893, spent two months in England, and had securely laid the foundation for all that followed by the time he sailed for New York with Mrs. Besant on August 26th. She both sought and received occult instruction from him, not only then, but over a period of years. It was this, incidentally, that paved the way for the "occultism" of Leadbeater, the succeeding influence,—the last and most terrible step in the *descensus Averni*.

Chakravarti played his cards with consummate skill and with considerable audacity. During his stay in America (September, 1893), he told Judge that H. P. B.'s message from Masters to the Allahabad Brahmins (to "you natives") was a "forgery or humbug" (see *The Path*, vol. IX, p. 431). Gradually he inoculated Mrs. Besant with the conviction which, after much association with Olcott in India, she finally voiced as her own in conversations with Judge in July, 1894,—namely that, first, "H. P. B. had committed several frauds for good ends and made bogus messages; second, that I [Judge] was misled by her example; and third, that H. P. B. had given me permission to do such acts." Judge adds (see *The Path*, vol. IX, p. 432): "I peremptorily denied such a horrible lie, and warned her that everywhere I would resist such attacks on H. P. B. These are facts, and the real issue is around H. P. B."

The real issue *was* around H. P. B.; but Judge's enemies knew it would be impolitic openly to attack her; that it would be far easier to undermine her—really, to destroy the latest effort of the White Lodge—by a flank attack on Judge: so all the public agitation was against him, while criticism of her and of her methods was circulated privately, in whispers. Olcott was an exception. While attacking Judge as savagely as any of them, he tried to undermine H. P. B. by a method best described as that of "affectionate" belittlement. His *Old Diary Leaves*, many of which were published at that time, might have been entitled, in the dreadful parlance of to-day, "The De-Bunking of H. P. B., by her Only Friend."

Behind it all, the Black Lodge; the rest was human nature at its worst: a sorry spectacle. But against that dark background, it will be seen from Judge's letters with what a pure, selfless and serene light he shines, and with what power. That this may be seen, is the reason and the only reason these letters are published. We are not concerned with the dead; let the dead bury them; they are doing so. They have long since ceased, for the most part, their attacks,

—thinking of him, instead of themselves, as dead. (Such confusions exist in that world.) Well,—he lives, as this 28th volume of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, among other things, proves; and that we who knew him and worked under him, and who could desire nothing better than to work under him again, also love him, is a fact there is no gainsaying. But to love him is easy for us who knew him, because we were given every reason, not only to trust him absolutely, but to recognize his one-pointed devotion to H. P. Blavatsky and to the purposes of the Lodge of which she was the Messenger; it would have been inexcusable if we had failed to see at least something of his greatness, and of his subordination of all personal considerations to the welfare of the Work to which he had dedicated his life. We knew from actual contact and experience—by their private as well as public behaviour—that in comparison with those who maligned and slandered him, he was as big as the ocean. Simply by being what he was, he revealed their pettiness, their vanity, their intense and bitter worldliness. But there are not many, to-day, who knew him. Necessarily, owing to the passage of time, to a majority of those who read the QUARTERLY, he is little more than a name; and while most members of the Society know that H. P. B. spoke and wrote of him as a chela of many years' standing (and she wrote of no one else in those terms), and while all members know what his place and position in the Movement were,—comparatively few have a vivid picture of him as a man, of his methods, and of his reaction to the evils which beset him,—and they are entitled to this if it can be given to them.

No better means to that end can be imagined, in our opinion, than the publication of these letters, dashed off, as they were, in the midst of battle, and revealing far more of the real man than any amount of reminiscence. That they do not reveal the whole of him is inevitable, for an Occultist is many-sided always, and, in the words of Paul the Initiate, becomes "all things to all men", depending upon their personal condition and need. Thus, the early volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, having been written to a very different person, express sides of Judge's nature which should be combined with the sides which these later letters manifest.

Extracts from them have already been published in the second volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, but while, to some QUARTERLY readers, such passages will be familiar, it will be found, I believe, that they gain much added significance when read with their original context.

* * * * *

In 1893, when the earlier of these letters were written, the recipient was a Templar, a member of the Middle Temple in London, supposed to be studying law, but actually giving most of his time to work for Theosophy, helping at the London Headquarters at 19, Avenue Road, writing reviews for *Lucifer*, lecturing at Branches, and so forth. He had joined the Theosophical Society in the late summer of 1891, before meeting any of its members, and a few months before his twenty-first birthday. He had met Mr. Judge at the Convention of the European Section in July, 1892, and had been very deeply im-

pressed. Behind Mr. Judge's simplicity of demeanour, the boy had felt something great, and had loved it. Not attempting to define it at the time, it became easy, in later years, by recalling the impression, to see that the "something great" to which his whole heart had gone out, with a trust and devotion which never wavered, was not only a memory, but a sense of the man's extraordinary detachment from self, and singleness of purpose. Judge spoke (impossible to recall what he said, though the look in his eyes remains vivid) as if from some place of absolute stillness. "Judge", said the boy to himself, "is an Occultist." For one so young, both in years and in the work, such a verdict may have been presumptuous; but in any case he backed the opinion with everything he had or hoped for, and I am thankful to this day that he did.

More work in and around London, for another year, and still more time given to Theosophy and still less given to the law. Judge arrived again for the Convention (1893), and on this occasion I saw more of him. Judge gave me a copy of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, and wrote in it: "To Ernest Hargrove, from William Q. Judge: The light within is the only light which lighteth every man who cometh in the world; the Mahatmas and the light within are not different." "I was told to write that," Judge said, a year or two later in America.

With an English boy's shyness, I kept my devotion to myself, and left it to Judge to make the first advances as it were. This was partly out of respect, but was also due to ignorance of the fact that an Occultist is bound by the laws of the Lodge and of the spiritual world, and *must* leave it to the aspirant to declare himself. It was not until the air became thick with rumours adverse and hostile to Judge, that the boy's blood began to boil; and I wrote, not assuring Judge of my loyalty, for that would have implied the possibility of doubt, but with some direct reference to the attack of Walter R. Old which Colonel Olcott had published in *The Theosophist*. It was to this letter that Judge replied as follows:—

New York,
August 18th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

I have your letter with the suggestion for reprinting of *Path* articles, and thank you for it. I have considered it before, and one result was Letters that Helped. Other matter could be got out and perhaps one way would be to make another edition of the Letters and add to it. But the obstacle has been money as of that I have very little and don't know where to get it. But am sure that at the right time the needed money will come for the purpose. I am running so many things and the expenses of so many persons now that I do not dare to count it up as I might be appalled. I will keep your idea in mind just as I have some others packed away.

Yes, the Old business is already "a back number", stale and unprofitable. I have found that work tells. While others fume and fret and sleep, and now and then start up to criticize, if you go right on and work, and let time the great devourer do the other work, you will see that in a little while the others will

wake up once more to find themselves "left", as we say here in the land of slang. Do then that way. Your own duty is hard enough to find out, and by attending to that you gain, no matter how small the duty may be. The duty of another is full of danger. May you have the light to see and to do. This letter is not private, and if you like to read it to anyone else you may do so.

Tell H. T. Edge¹ to remember to work to the end to make himself an instrument for good work. Times change, men go here and there, and places need to be filled by those who can do the best sort of work and who are full of the fire of devotion and who have the right basis and a sure and solid one for themselves. My love to all.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The Theosophical Congress to which Mr. Judge refers in the next letter, was part of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the sessions of which began on September 11th. The Congress itself was held on the 15th and 16th. Among others who spoke were Mr. Judge, Mrs. Annie Besant, Professor G. N. Chakravarti and Mr. Dharmapala. Meetings were held in halls seating 3,000 people, and were so crowded that many were turned away. The head-lines of newspaper reports of the Parliament mentioned Theosophy to the exclusion of all else, though most religions and innumerable denominations and sects were represented.

Mrs. Besant and Professor Chakravarti returned to London in the early part of October.

September 20th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

Am very glad to hear from you and do not mind what you do with the letter which I sent you. It is all right. I am so hurried with this long absence at the Congress that I can only drop you a note. The Congress was an immense success in every particular. I now have to go to work at getting up the report.

Sincerely in haste,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

October 5th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

Notwithstanding your request that I should not reply to yours enclosing the letter for the *Path*, I do so as I have a moment to spare,—not merely to excuse myself for not using the thing, but for the general idea involved. It is better not to notice this spirit to which you refer. Let them croak, and if we keep silent it will have no effect, and as there has been trouble enough it is

¹ One of the younger workers at the Headquarters in London.

better not to make it any worse by referring to it. The only strength it has is when we take notice. I write this so as to prevent you if possible carrying out the idea in your letter any other way. You are quite right, but it is better policy for all of us who are in earnest and united to keep still in every matter that has any personal bearing. Such is my excuse for writing.

Sincerely as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

As the weeks passed, and as doubts of Judge and even of H. P. B. began to be expressed openly, though as yet sadly, at the London Headquarters, I finally boiled over, or, rather, my intensity of feeling for Judge, brought to a head by the veiled forebodings or open criticism which I heard around me, aroused greater inner effort, and broke through some of the barriers between myself and my own soul,—with two outer results. First, under the nom-de-plume of “Che-Yew-Tsäng”, I wrote an article entitled “Some Modern Failings” which was sent to *Lucifer* and which was published immediately. This had repercussions to which Judge refers in later letters. Second, and far more important, with these barriers removed, I lost much of my reserve (and, from a *worldly* standpoint, whatever sense I may have had), and figuratively hurled myself at Judge’s head, asking to be allowed to work with and for him on any terms or conditions. If I could have gone to America—or to Timbuctoo—to work for him, I would cheerfully have camped out in the street. The place where I was—the home of most kind and generous parents, with all the freedom I could want to work for Theosophy in England—seemed like exile: where Judge was, was “home”.

In reply to a letter which attempted to express something of that spirit, and which obviously, from the nature of the answer, must have been sufficiently specific, Judge wrote:

October 7th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I have your good letter and my dear boy you may be as full and free and frank with me as you like. It is good for the soul and good for us both.

Well now, just at this minute I do not know exactly what to say. I like you and would like to have you work here, but cannot see the ground clear as yet. Why not take up an easy and fluidic position in the matter. An occultist is never fixed on any mortal particular plan. So do not fix your mind as yet on a plan. Wait. All things come to him who waits in the right way. Make yourself in every way as good an instrument for any sort of work as you can. Every little thing I ever learned I have now found out to be of use to me in this work of ours. When the hour strikes it will then find you ready; no man knows when the hour will strike. But he has to be ready. You see Jesus was in fact an occultist, and in the parable of the foolish virgins gave a real occult ordinance.

It is a good one to follow. Nothing is gained, but a good deal lost by impatience. Not only is strength, but also sight and intuition.

Certainly if you ever could in justice to all your affairs and to the T. S. come to America, then I should be glad to see you, but am not yet able to say come now. If you adopt the attitude I mentioned above, the time if it is ever to come will show itself to you and to me. But all the time you can be preparing for doing good work in any and all directions. You should become familiar with the T. S. history, genius and record. Labor-saving accomplishments are good to have. Ease of manner and speech are of the best to have. Ease of mind and confidence are better than all in this work of dealing with other men, that is with the human heart. The more wise one is the better he can help his fellows, and the more cosmopolitan he is the better too. Now is all this clear. In fine, I should welcome you. But you should know facts. At present I could not sustain you physically from lack of funds. But if at any time the Lord let you come, not as a burden that way, then of course it is all right. But decide nothing hastily. Wait, make no set plan, wait the hour to make the decision then, for if you decide in advance of the time you tend to raise a confusion.

All the work you now do for the administrative part of the work in Europe is good for the future. We shall always want those who know that sort so as to save and guide this old bark of T. S. So have patience, courage, hope, faith and cheerfulness.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Try to get the *inner* sense of Bhagavad Gita up to 4th Chapter. Put it in practice if you can every moment, and it will give great results that you really seek.

J.

If you want to kill desire or the like, take your *mind* off it and you will succeed.

The next letter is remarkable because Judge, when he wrote it, knew perfectly well that Mrs. Besant, under the influence of Professor Chakravarti, had already in heart and purpose turned against him, as she had turned from her trust in H. P. B. It was because she had not as yet openly committed herself, and might still, at the eleventh hour, turn back to the path of loyalty; it was because he wanted to give her every opportunity to do this, and had, furthermore, trained himself to do all things from moment to moment, on a basis solely of what was right and generous and true,—that he demanded, of those who trusted him, "loyalty in heart and fact and thought to A. B. in her absence." It was a supreme achievement of his own loyalty and magnanimity.

Mrs. Besant left London for India in October, 1893, arriving at Colombo, where Colonel Olcott met her, on November 9th. They reached Adyar on

December 20th. Professor Chakravarti had left for India a week before Mrs. Besant. She met him at Allahabad early in 1894. It was while there, with him, that she wrote to Colonel Olcott (February 6th) asking that charges be formulated officially against Judge.

October 19th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

Now that Annie is going, London should take thought.

(a) Loyalty in heart and fact and thought to A. B. in her absence. Criticism should be abandoned. It is no good. Co-operation is better than criticism. The duty of another is dangerous for one whose duty it is not. The insidious coming of unbrotherly criticism should be warned against, prevented, stopped. By example you can do much, as also by work in due season.

(b) Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never rise to trouble you.

(c) Solidarity.

(d) Acceptation of others.

(e) Moderation in respect to H. P. B.; not to drag her name too often to the front and thus provoke an attack. Time to repel attack is when it is made. A danger lies here as if not watched we might have an anti H. P. B. sect.

Good luck, adieu.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Judge was full of quips. It was characteristic of him to bestow ever-varying *sobriquets* on his friends. The "(Jennings)", with which the next letter begins, is explained by some connection he had once jocularly drawn between myself and Hargrave-Jennings, author of the well-known book on the Rosicrucians.

The "Chinaman", of the second sentence, was Judge's way of referring to "Che-Yew-Tsäng", the nom-de-plume to which reference has already been made. George R. S. Mead was the Assistant Editor of *Lucifer* at that time. For a sufficient explanation of this incident, see *The Path*, vol. IX, 1894-95, pp. 401, 434.

November 7th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove (Jennings),

Am glad to get your letters and know that you are all right. The style of the Chinaman, George tells me, reminds him of K. H. This is a compliment. It will show you how important it is never to let the thing out as it has gone so far as that. It is quite possible that some of K. H. inspiration came at the time, for such things do happen. Some persons are able to get good inspiration from various causes and there is no reason why you should not be the one in this case. At any rate the thing has done good.

As to the other matter, I understood well enough, and there will be no need to explain these things to me. If you remain on your present basis I will understand all the time. Foolish notions come to all of us, but foolish devotions apparently lead often to good things. By experience you will be able finally to see the truth more clearly.

Your idea to finish up the law is a good one, for in this age we all have to have some ostensible means of support, and at the same time legal study well done does one good and gives the mind a good bent. I never found my 20 years of law did me anything but good.

Now could I get you as a regular sender of news to *Path*? I do not mean long windy letters, but cold facts, hence one month but little and another more. Examine the *Path* and see how we do up the American notes in Mirror and follow that model, and if there is nothing to say, leave it unsaid. If you conclude to do this, send the matter off each month so as to get here by the 15th at latest. It should not be in form of a letter, but paragraphs of facts, and it should not go into reviews of literature nor newspapers. I will reserve right to cut out what is not wanted.

Sincerely as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

I had written to Judge about a letter shown to me by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, in which she had expressed some innocuous criticism of another member. It seems likely, from the nature of Judge's reply, that before writing to him I had spoken of the matter to others, with the youthful and most foolish idea of creating a better understanding, and of being "helpful". In any case, his reply taught me, and may teach others, a valuable lesson.

November 25th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove né Jennings,

I got your letter.—Now my dear fellow do read that part of the New Testament where it tells about the little member the tongue and what it can do. For the love of heaven do not take any tales or information from any person to any other. The man who brought news to the king was sometimes killed. The surest way to make trouble out of nothing is to tell about it from one to another. Construe the words of the Gita about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's fancies, tales, facts, or other matters as you will have enough to do to look out for your own duty. All that you wrote me I knew long ago and also forecasted it without using any other faculty than my knowledge of human nature, and I can now assure you that I see nothing in it unless people will insist on making things out of what is small. I will not meddle in this. There is nothing in it at all to be touched. We must be simply calm.

And while it was not wrong to see C. O.'s letter to me, yet having seen it, I would have at once forgotten it. Too much, too much, trying to force harmony.

Harmony comes from a balancing of diversities, and discord from any effort to make harmony by force.

Some psalmist or other gospel sharp said that "all men are liars", in which I agree. We all are makers of lies from the fact that we never are able either to show our correct selves to others, or to gain from their words a correct estimate of them or what they are trying to say. This leads to trouble, and hence the other gospelite said our communications should be Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay, for more than these cometh of evil. These are not intentional lies of ours, but they often have as much ill effect as the real article.

I think it was well for you to go and mix with "the democrats", as we should not even have the appearance of exclusion. Democrats are queer too, and given to enlarged fancy very often. But the mass of the world is made up of these. And at heart they are good and perceive the truth; hence the saying, "vox populi vox dei".

I sent no telegram to use discretion in general, but sent to George one about a particular article that, as to its publication he could use his discretion. Now in this instance you see that was an affair wholly between him and me, and anyone seeing it could gain no right idea unless they knew all about it. In all such things I never meddle, but say to myself it is none of my affair at all, and I wait till it comes to me and thank God if it never arrives. And that is a good rule for you. Well, this is all I can say. Finis. There's nothing in it. Bombinans in vacuo.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q.

Have just got your letter in which you say you have made up your mind just about as above written, to attend very strictly to your own duty, and am glad. We all differ and must agree to disagree, for it is only by balancing contrary things that equilibrium (harmony) is obtained. Harmony does not come through likeness. And as Mrs. K[eightley] is very different from the rest, and also more exposed in consequence of working so much with me, it is easier to hurt her. If people will only let each other alone and go about their own business quietly, all will be well. It is difficult to prevent yourself from being mixed up, but it is one's duty to try and find one's duty, and not to get into the duty of another, and in this it is of the highest importance that we should detach our *minds* (as well as tongues) from the duties and acts of others whenever those are outside our own. If you can find this fine line of action and inaction, you will have made great progress.

WILLIAM Q. J.

December 2nd, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I have your interesting letter, interesting as it offers us the probability of a visit from you in April. We should be delighted to have you, and have you read an address from Europe and speak for yourself.

The matter of the Convention is now on once more, as we must prepare, and a point arises as to the place. It is not always in the same place. Has been generally in Chicago as that is central, but last year there was a cry from California and we are in some doubt if we did not agree to it then for this year, as a condition for New York last year. If we decide on California, would that make any difference to you? It is 5 days from here; expense we can consider after. That makes 10 days all told extra from here. Could you do it, leaving the matter of cost out of the question? Let me know of this, or rather find out, if you can, how you will stand on the matter of coming, for I presume if you got off to go to the U. S. for the purpose, the little additional matter of California would not be much in the way, except on the point of money. So look at it in the first place irrespective of the costs. There would be no charge for hotels, as here you stop with me, and elsewhere would go to other members. Perhaps also I can do something in the line of the cost, for last time Mead was here I paid some of his shot to the west.

I would like to have something definite from you, for time flies and we are now near the new year. I hope you will be able to come. If even you did not go out there, you might stop and work here while I was away, for we have things in such a way that I can find work for you. I can't find work for all as they do not pan out well, but for such as thee I can.

All the rest you say is good. Am glad all looks well. It would always look well if each and all minded their own things and kept the mind free from all else. At any rate if you do not come over here I will see you again in London in the summer.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. J.

As a guru or "adjuster"—what some people would call a spiritual director—Judge was marvellous. He had a way of changing conditions by creating atmospheres, and often without any direct reference to the condition he wanted to affect. The following letter illustrates this. As explained previously, I had written an article the authorship of which was not known to the people around me. I heard it attributed to various Adepts and chélas, and wrote to Judge for further light. Even then I realized that his letter was a kindly way of saying, "Do not be an ass". It helped me, thereafter, to judge things on their merits, regardless of their real or supposed origin.

December 13th, 1893.

My Dear Hargrove,

I think all you say of work and devotion is good, and you will agree with me that if we all the time looked after our own particular duty it would save trouble. Yes, I like the Chinaman's article very much and hope to see more. Where did he fall from? But now, to ask me if I know all about him is,—well it's absurd my boy, as I do not know the universe and bother less. I like an article

and then I don't care a welsh rabbit who wrote it, for I have long known that even the most unworthy may be inspired to write now and then, and the desire to find out who is who is no use. But I do know one thing and that is that Jasper Niemand is not the Chinaman nor is X nor W. Q. J. nor is W. Q. J., Jasper. This I do know, that is I know it inside, for of course on the legal plane of strict evidence I know nothing of the Chinese or of his blessed article. It makes me laugh all this about authors. Why once I wrote a thing under a cock and bull name and had a man bring it to me and say how fine, and that's what I should think, when I had said the same thing to him myself. Well I simply chuckled inside.

All here well except me, as my liver is a perennial source of variety and amusement, le liver s'amuse; avez vous le livre de mon chef?

Clairvoyant doctor says my liver is swelled inside. If it bursts good by, and you may have my old derby hat number seven. It might go on over your plug. More power to you.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

I had written to Judge that the Chinese nom-de-plume was being taken too seriously and too authoritatively, and that I had decided not to use it again. From the fact that he wrote me immediately after his letter of the 13th, it may be that he did not wish the effect of that letter to last too long.

The "London letter" was my attempt to comply with his request for monthly notes of Theosophical news to be published in *The Path*.

He wrote:

December 15th, 1893.

Dear Rosicrucian,

Glad to hear. London letter O. K. When printed you can see what I cut—not much.

Good that China is to go. Such is the U. S. law. It is dangerous, for if discovered—and you would be—the slump would be very bad.

George is so struck by Chew that if he found it out, it would hurt him, and it won't do in merry England.

Good luck to thee. If you feel like a Chew article for *Path* now and then under another n. d. p., I'll use it if you like.

I'm in great haste.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q.²

(To be continued)

²When writing informally and intimately, as in this letter and that of November 25th, Judge often used the sign of Jupiter to represent the Q. and J. of his initials.

THE SACRED SCIENCE

If one could understand a flower as it has its being in God—this would be a higher thing than the whole world.

MEISTER ECKHART.

PROCLUS, the head of the Neo-Platonic School at Athens during the Fifth Century, A. D., was the last great Pagan philosopher. Unlike his older contemporary, Synesius of Cyrene,¹ he consistently refused to come to terms with the Church. He seems to have believed that it was still possible to reconstitute the Mysteries in their ancient form, and so to light once more the flame of wisdom which had been the vital principle of the old Mediterranean civilization. His ideal was not unlike that of Iamblichus two centuries before, though he had even less chance of outward success. The Church, which called itself Christian, had become a powerful political "machine", controlling the policies of the Imperial Government. Moreover, it was the only visible centre of stability in the Empire and provided a measure of protection from the disorders incident to the barbarian invasions. In the gathering moral and intellectual darkness, the desire for peace—for peace, at any price—was potent and contagious, and the Church offered security, in this life and the next. It is not strange that men were merely exasperated by a mystic who invited them to forsake the idea of safety, and to join him in a spiritual adventure of doubtful issue.

Proclus endured exile and persecution, and lived to see the consecrated statue of Athena removed from the Parthenon,—an event of symbolic import, for less than fifty years after his death in 485, the School over which he had presided was closed by order of the Emperor Justinian, and its surviving members were banished from the Empire. Synesius, who sought to preserve the ancient wisdom by incorporating it in the Church, appears to have acted with a more practical judgment and with a keener sense of realities.

However, many of the philosophical writings of Proclus were saved from the wreckage, and those who will take the trouble really to study them, are certain of their reward. He was surnamed *Diadochus* by his followers, who affirmed that he was a veritable "successor" of Plato. Modern scholars naturally ridicule or are indifferent to such a claim, but the student of Theosophy who is under no obligation to adopt their point of view, may conclude that the enthusiasm of Proclus' disciples was not unjustified. He perfected a method of interpreting Plato's *Dialogues* as documents of the Mystery Tradition. Like Plotinus and Porphyry, he believed that Plato was not to be regarded as an inventor of metaphysical subtleties, but that he was, in fact, the patron of those who seek the crown of mystical experience by the way of philosophical meditation.

¹ Cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1930, pp. 347-355, art. "Osiris and Typhon".

The paragraph quoted below is from the *De Sacrificio* of Proclus.² The *De Sacrificio* is probably the surviving fragment of a Commentary on the *First Alcibiades* of Plato. However, in spite of its incompleteness, it may be selected as typical of the general thought of Proclus. The passage here cited is of special interest because of its references to the "sacred science" which may be identified with the *aporrêta* or secret doctrine of the Egyptian and Greek Mysteries. With the help of Proclus, the student may form some conception of the guiding principle, the objective and the method of that sacred science, in so far as these can be given a verbal expression. The present commentary represents the effort of a student to form such a conception. It has, of course, no authority and, indeed, its primary purpose is to call the attention of others to a forgotten gem of Neo-Platonic literature which provides many subjects for meditation.

* * * * *

"As lovers gradually advance from the contemplation of sensuous beauty to the contemplation of the beauty which is divine, so the ancient priests recognized a certain alliance and sympathy of natural things with one another, and of manifested things with occult powers, discovering that all things subsist in all; and on the basis of these sympathies they constructed a sacred science. Thus they discovered things supreme in such as are subordinate, and the subordinate in the supreme: in the heavenly domain, earthly properties existing in a causal and celestial manner, and on earth, heavenly properties existing according to a terrestrial condition. For how shall we account for those plants called *heliotropes*, that is, attendants on the Sun, moving in correspondence with the revolution of the solar orb; or how shall we account for *selenitropes*, that is, attendants on the Moon, turning in exact conformity with her motion? It is because all things offer up prayers and hymns to the leaders of their respective Orders (each thing according to its nature, spiritual or mental, psychical or physical). Hence, the sunflower, so far as it is able, moves in a circular dance towards the Sun; so that if anyone could note the vibration made by its circuit in the air, he would hear a chant, composed by this sound, in honour of its King, such as a plant is capable of uttering. Hence, too, we may behold the Sun and the Moon in the Earth, but according to a terrestrial quality; and in the region of Heaven we may behold all plants and stones and animals possessing a spiritual life according to a celestial nature. Now, the ancients having observed these things, blended the heavenly with the earthly in such a way that through a certain similitude or correspondence [between the higher and the lower], they brought down divine virtues into this inferior abode. For, indeed, similitude of nature is a sufficient cause for binding things together in union and consent."

* * * * *

² The Greek text of the *De Sacrificio* is apparently lost. There is a Latin translation by the Florentine humanist, Marsilio Ficino (Aldus Press, Venice, 1516), and an English translation from the Latin by Thomas Taylor, whose version is here followed, with some necessary paraphrases. It is given in an appendix to his translation of the *De Mysteriis* of Iamblichus (pp. 343-344).

The guiding principle of the sacred science, as here outlined, is the doctrine of correspondences, to which so many references occur in theosophical literature and in mystical works of all ages and races. Madame Blavatsky lays constant stress on "The Occult Doctrine with regard to *correspondences of types and antetypes* in nature, and to perfect analogy as a fundamental law in Occultism" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893; I, 640). Perfect analogy is the guiding principle of research in the sacred science, because the devotees of that science have assumed as their first axiom that there is one basic plan in Nature which is used in the formation of galaxies and of atomic systems, and in the evolution of all states of consciousness, from the elemental to the divine. "As above, so below."

In the sacred science, the doctrine of correspondences is the Ariadne's thread leading the seeker to the divine truth. That truth itself—the goal and objective of the mystic—may be described as the discernment of essences, the "gnosis of the things which are" that was indicated by Pythagoras as the summit of all knowledge. The study of correspondences culminates in the direct perception of essences, because the essence of a thing, as the "ancient priests" taught, is determined by the nature of the order or spiritual family to which the thing belongs.

According to Plato's definition, the essence of a thing is first manifested as an Idea in a Divine Mind. Mediaeval schoolmen and modern scholars have tortured themselves, and others, in the attempt to discover what Plato meant. If they have failed, it is because they have looked everywhere for Divine Ideas except in the one place to which Plato pointed, and where one might expect to find them, namely, within a Divine Consciousness.

The Platonists did not represent the Divine Ideas or Essences as passive "forms" in some immobile cosmic intellect. On the contrary, they identified the Ideas with the Good, and the Good is the potentiality, the purpose which the Logos or Demiurge seeks to realize through its successive emanations. This purpose is, in a sense, conveyed by the Logos to each of its creatures as the dynamic centre of the creature's being. Therefore, the essence of the creature is indistinguishable from the essence of the Logos. There are many kingdoms in Nature and countless phases of evolution, but the differences between creatures are caused, as Plotinus suggests, by the varying degrees in their awareness of the purpose of the Logos which is also the purpose of their own being.

The ancient priests "discerned things supreme in such as are subordinate, and the subordinate in the supreme." When they sought to determine the essence of an entity, they followed the clues to its correspondences, to its "antetypes in nature." As has been said, this emphasis upon the doctrine of correspondences was deemed essential, because the essence of a thing—of a flower, for example—was regarded as one with the purpose of its existence, and because this purpose is an Idea within the consciousness of the divine hierarchy or host from which the being of the plant emanates.

It follows that the purpose or essence of the flower cannot be discovered while we persist in the delusion that the flower is an isolated or separate thing, for the

Idea which it is in process of manifesting is an undivided part of the thought of the divine Order of which the flower is a humble member. We discern the meaning of the flower in the degree that we can penetrate to those planes where it "possesses a spiritual life according to a celestial nature." In other words, we must aspire to contemplate it as a *flower of thought* in the mind of the causal and celestial "King" whose earthly subject the visible flower is.

Proclus illustrates this general principle by the examples of the heliotrope, which belongs to the Order of the Sun, and of the selenitrope, whose Regent is the Moon. The Sun and the Moon may incidentally be taken here as representative of the *foci* within the "white light" of the Logos, which are the agencies whereby the One Self of the Logos becomes manifest as an assemblage of differentiated Orders. Thus the ancients honoured the "seven sacred planets" as the sources of the seven principles of Nature and man, and as the points of union between the world of creatures and the Logos, between *natura naturata* and *natura naturans*. We find Proclus saying, in another section of the *De Sacrificio*: "Those beings [or Monads] which are gathered into union above the order of [manifested] things, are differentiated in their descent [into matter], various 'souls' being distributed under various ruling divinities."

Even the modern botanist would admit that light and heat come to the heliotrope from the Sun, and that the chlorophyll in the plant's leaves needs the energy of sunlight to transform water and carbon dioxide into the carbohydrates which are of prime importance in organic chemistry. But Proclus' meaning is evidently different, for he is not referring to the physical effects of sunlight, but to an actual connection *in consciousness* between a particular plant, the heliotrope, and the Sun.

It becomes apparent that the Sun to which he refers is not the Sun of modern astronomy, but the Sun of arcane astrology. The distinction between these two "Suns" has been frequently stressed in theosophical literature. We read in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 590): "The Sun is the heart of the Solar World [System] and its brain is hidden behind the [visible] Sun. Thence, sensation is radiated into every nerve-centre of the great body, and the waves of the life-essence flow into each artery and vein. . . . The planets are its limbs and pulses."

The Sun of arcane astrology is, therefore, the general source and sustainer of the life-principle within the limits of its system, and the shining orb of day, which we call the Sun, is conceived as an outer image of an inner entity, defined by a sphere of consciousness and not by physical boundaries. As living beings, we may all be said to participate in the solar vitality and to exist within the real "body" of the Sun. But the astrological Sun is not only the unified *Prana* or life of its system; it is also an "individual" grouped with other "individuals." In this relationship, Madame Blavatsky calls it the "elder brother" of the planets and, as such, it is the Regent of a Hierarchy having its representatives here on earth (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 127-128; II, 168).

According to Proclus, the heliotrope is classified as an earth-born child of the Sun, because its inner principles are one with the inner principles of the Sun. To the vision of the modern scientist, the Sun and the heliotrope appear

to be two distinct entities, one very large and the other very small, millions of miles apart; but the ancients saw them as manifestations of a common life, the essence of the heliotrope being within the being of the Sun and inseparable from it—as a thought, though it is in one aspect an independent and individual thing, cannot be set apart from the mind in which it is engendered.

The modern reader, who has survived to this paragraph, has the right to ask how the affirmations of mystics concerning correspondences and essences can be proved. A reply is indicated by the occult aphorism: "Man, know thyself, and thou wilt know God." It must be added, however, that the verb "know" does not here have the same connotations which it has for modern science. As Iamblichus has said: "Superior to the lower form of knowing, which is as of one individual having knowledge of another, there is an intimate union in which the knower is indistinguishable from the known." The mystic knows God, the Universal Self, in so far as he knows the ray of the Universal Self in his own "heart"; and his knowledge of the divine ray is equivalent to self-identification with it. By recognizing the real union of his individual consciousness with the consciousness of the Logos, he becomes responsive to the signs of unity everywhere in nature, discerning the "sympathy of natural things with one another, and of manifested things with occult powers." It might be said that it is his own awakened faculty of sympathy which enables him to recognize the sympathetic structure of the Cosmos; or that, in so far as he unifies the principles of his own nature, his mind becomes a mirror of universal Nature.

It may be surmised that the attainment of this knowledge is not easy, since it must be based upon self-transformation. Self-transformation implies, by definition, the conversion of all the qualities of the human being, including the intellectual and perceptive faculties, and also the powers of desire and will. It follows that the Sacred Science is tested by an experimental method far more exacting than the experimental method of modern science. The modern scientist experiments upon external things, and under normal conditions, however painful this may be for the things, he himself seldom suffers any personal discomfort. But the devotee of the Sacred Science experiments upon himself, and, at least in the initial stages, this particular mode of experimentation is not always pleasant and may even seem unbearable, from the personal point of view. It is not remarkable that the modern curriculum of knowledge has no place for a real science of consciousness. Doubtless, the vast majority of contemporary scientists are good and honourable men, but how many of them would be willing to work self-consciously for the purification of all their desires and thoughts with the same zeal which they exhibit in the laboratory? Nevertheless, on no other conceivable foundation can a real science of consciousness, a real psychology, be built.

In the first sentence of the *De Sacrificio* there is a significant juxtaposition of two clauses. "As lovers gradually advance . . . to the contemplation of the beauty which is divine, so the ancient priests . . . constructed a sacred science." Thus Proclus associates progress in the understanding of essences with progress in meditation, for the love of the beautiful is a meditation. The lover medi-

tating, going forth in consciousness towards the beloved, attains mystical knowledge. If he persist until there be complete sacrifice of self, he will know the beloved as he knows himself.

There are these lines of the Sufi poet Jámí:

"All that is not One must ever
Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
And whoever in Love's City
Enters, finds but Room for One."

Again, we read in the *Theosophical Glossary*, s. v. *Kamadeva*: "Says the *Rig Veda*, 'Desire first arose in IT, which was the primal germ of mind, and which sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity,' or Manas with pure Atma-Buddhi."

According to the testimony of all the sages, this bond is made substantial by meditation. However, meditation does not mean what sentimentalists and false mystics so often pretend that it means. It is not the condition of thinking sweet and high thoughts with no corresponding effort to purify our desires and volitions and acts. If the ultimate purpose of meditation be the transmutation of the love of physical beauty into the love of divine beauty, a motive power is needed which vague or abstract thought alone can never provide. The most cursory self-examination reveals that the power which conditions the mode of our self-identification, radiates from mind-images which are impregnated with personal desire.

This suggests the reason why self-purification is so continuously stressed, in all devotional works, as the initial stage of the mystic way. Self-purification releases and converts the force which now animates the lower nature, but which, in its transmuted state, can be used by the aspirant to animate a higher nature. Therefore, self-purification may be defined as the first experiment which the student of the Sacred Science must perform. The mysteries of practical occultism are incomprehensible, until definite progress has been made towards the completion of that first experiment.

One begins to understand, though dimly, why purification is necessary before one can perceive the "true form" of the heliotrope. The essence of the flower is to be sought in the causal and celestial world, nor can one hear elsewhere "the sacred chant, . . . in honour of its King, such as a plant is capable of uttering." The faculty of beholding "all plants and animals and stones [as] possessing a spiritual life according to a celestial nature," is a function of the purified love of the mystic which is the bond connecting his personal nature with his Higher Causal Self, and which is manifested, through his life also, as a chant, in honour of his King, such as he is capable of uttering.

In the *Dnyaneshvari*, quoted in *The Dream of Ravan* (pp. 189, seq.), it is said of "the illumined Yogi," that "he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant."

His sympathy and his vision pervade the whole domain of Nature, so that he communes with the non-human kingdoms as well as with the human, and not only with the divine Intelligences above man but also with the multitudinous "lives" which are evolving within mineral or vegetable or animal forms. Such perspectives cannot seem preposterous to a student of Theosophy who is a member of a Society, the first object of which is "to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood." Must one conclude that this brotherhood is limited to the human kingdom?

Incidentally, one suspects that the so-called lower kingdoms are "lower" only in the sense that the Monads or rays of the Logos pass through them before they become the higher principles of man. In the light of eternity, the terms "higher" and "lower," as usually applied to the relationship between the various "lines of evolution," have scarcely any meaning. They are all phases of manifestation of the One Self. Indeed, it has been suggested that the consciousness of minerals and plants, though devoid of reason and emotion—as we know these—nevertheless approximates more nearly than our own to the consciousness of pure being. Evolution is said to proceed spirally, according to cyclic law, the descent of the Monad from pure being or spirit into illusion or matter being followed by its ascent and return from matter to spirit. The Monad, after its pilgrimage, is the same as before, *plus* the Self-consciousness which is the fruit of its experience. One may suppose that the lower kingdoms are placed above unregenerate man, along the *descending arc* of the great spiral of our globe's development. Madame Blavatsky has illustrated this conception in a diagram representing the succession of the seven root-races (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 314).

One does not wish to prolong speculation upon matters so far beyond one's ken. The point is that meditation upon the consciousness of plants and rocks need not be speculative only. It may be difficult for the Western mind, but it is a normal devotional exercise in many parts of the Orient. For example, the artists of China and Persia frequently chose, as the subject of a painting or miniature, the meditation of a sage who is the central figure, the nucleus—as it were—of a landscape, the inner being of which seems to be the object of his contemplation and a source of spiritual invigoration.

Perhaps one may make a beginning by considering certain quite obvious analogies between the life of the flower and the life of the aspirant. In the first place, it may be assumed that the heliotrope's union with the Sun actually symbolizes a state of spiritual consciousness within the compass of human experience. The heliotrope turns towards the Sun, as the regenerate man turns towards his Master.

Human regeneration has been described as the return of consciousness from matter to spirit. In the symbolical arithmetic of the Pythagoreans, spirit was denoted by the number one, and matter by the number two. This suggests that matter signified for them, duality or division. Wherever there is duality, there is conflict. Thus, in physical Nature there is an incessant, external struggle for existence. In the human kingdom, duality becomes an attribute of

personal consciousness. The worst enemies of the unregenerate man are the elementals of his own manufacture. His life is the field of an internal struggle for existence between his Higher Ego and his material personality.

In the lower kingdoms there is no definite evidence of internal or psychic conflict. The material nature of a stone or plant or wild animal appears to "obey" consistently, and without resistance, the commands of its higher or essential nature, the Monad which is one with the Logos of its hierarchy or species. The seer meditating upon the inner unity of a flower, aligns his consciousness with a form of being which is—so to speak—analogue to the ideal form of the spiritual man, the object of his aspiration.

"Now, the ancients", says Proclus, "having observed these things [i. e., the correspondences of types and antetypes in Nature], blended the heavenly with the earthly in such a way that through a certain similitude . . . they brought down divine virtues into this inferior abode." "This inferior abode" is, doubtless, the physical globe, but in a more immediate sense, it seems to be a designation of the unregenerate nature of the elemental man.

The aspirant, inspired by the beauty of the Logos reflected in Nature, seeks steadfastly to mould his own nature after the model of the inward unity which is the principle of all beauty. It is Proclus' argument that in so far as this effort is successful, a certain divine virtue will pervade human consciousness. By the law of correspondences, the whole being of the mystic would then be exalted towards his heavenly Father and King, as the heliotrope lifts its flowers and leaves towards the Sun. The analogy between man and the plant becomes an actuality, and not merely a reflection of an ideal truth in a poet's mind.

The analogy becomes still more impressive, if we recall that the Lord of the heliotrope is said to be the Sun, for the Sun is an immemorial symbol of the Master who endows the disciple with spiritual self-consciousness. "The Agnishvatta, the Kumâras (the Seven Mystic Sages) are Solar Deities . . .; and these are the Fashioners of the Inner Man" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 114). It may be said of the disciple, as of the flower, that the purpose of his existence is apparent, in the degree that there is knowledge of the Father, within whose consciousness is born the Idea which is progressively manifested in the life of the disciple.

At the conclusion of his treatise, Proclus writes: "At last, when physical substances and their operations have been laid aside, the ancient priests were received into the communion and fellowship of the Gods." That is to say, they became aware of the intrinsic immortality of their real selves. In the terminology of Plotinus, they attained knowledge of their identity with the One Self which is in no way to be distinguished from the Eternal. "There will seem to be as many centres as there are rays which come to shine in the one centre; but all these centres will in reality form only one centre" (*Enneads*, 6. 5. 5).

In the light of this doctrine of immortality by conscious union with the One Self, it is interesting to consider a common argument of skeptics against the possibility of any persistence of individual consciousness after physical death.

They stress the immensity of the Universe in contrast to our own personal and bodily insignificance. How can we imagine that there is any provision for our continuity, when the existence even of super-galaxies is limited, though it attain to millions of millions of years?

Surely the answer is to be sought through the Sacred Science, the science of consciousness. All forms in Nature, all bodies and personalities pass away, for what are these but expressions and instruments of an evolutionary process which is always moving, as Bergson has suggested, into new zones of experience? That part of our consciousness which is identified with any particular form, must be dissipated when the form perishes. But if the doctrine of correspondences be, indeed, the basic plan of Nature, every being is inseparably linked through its hierarchy with one of the radiant centres which "in reality form only one centre" within the Eternal. In accord with this view of the Universe, the individual man is said to attain personal immortality in proportion as he gains mystical knowledge of his identity with the Being who stands at the head of his ray.

Immortality is neither proved nor disproved by the fact that the Cosmos is so much larger and more durable than the human body. After all, a man's sense of identity is just as real to him when he is under the open sky as when he is confined within the four walls of a cell. Why should "resurrection from the dead" be deemed impossible in a Universe which has already achieved the "impossible" by bringing us into existence upon this planet?

A great mystic has affirmed that souls are separated from the Divine Self not by distance, but by the self-induced limitations of their consciousness. Completing this thought, the Indian Master, Shankara Acharya, has said in the *Tattva Bodha*:

"When wearing the disguise of Unwisdom, the Self is called the Life.

"When wearing the disguise of Glamour, the Self is called the Lord.

"Thus, through the difference of their disguises, there is an appearance of difference between the Life and the Lord. And as long as this appearance of difference continues, so long will the revolving world of birth and death continue. For this reason the idea of the difference between the Life and the Lord is not to be admitted.

"But how can the idea of unity between the self-assertive, little-knowing Life, and the selfless, all-knowing Lord, be accepted, according to the famous words, *that thou art*, since the genius of these two, the Life and the Lord, is so opposite?

"This is not really so; for 'Life attributing itself to the physical and emotional vestures' is only the verbal meaning of *thou*; while the real meaning of *thou* is 'pure Consciousness, bare of all disguises, in dreamless life.'

"And so, 'the Lord full of omniscience and power' is but the verbal meaning of *that*; while the real meaning of *that* is 'pure Consciousness stripped of disguises.'

"Thus there is no contradiction in the unity of the Life and the Lord, since both are pure Consciousness."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

A WALK IN NEW YORK

Nothing so resembles a hollow as a swelling.—SAINTE-BEUVE.

I HAD to walk up Fifth Avenue on an errand. No one walks for pleasure in New York.

As I went, I tried to analyze my impressions. Why was it so utterly unpleasant?

In the first place, you have to "Step lively and Watch your Step." Every few yards you come to a crossing. You stand, as with the Israelites on the edge of the Red Sea. You stand with two dozen or so others, whose only idea is to get across first. If you are on the curb, they either knock you off or push you back. Then the signal changes, and cars begin to whizz around the corner where you must cross. You leap, turning your head as fast as possible, and if there be anything in the biological theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, surely future New Yorkers will acquire necks like owls. Suppose you reach the farther side alive, and start to stroll on: a horde of tense-faced mortals beats about you. Those behind tread on your heels; those in front tread on your toes and knock your ribs. I often come home feeling bruised all over.

The idea that to rub against a total stranger might be unpleasant, never occurs to the average denizen of this city. "Stranger? Is some one here? I do not see him. Even when I bump into him, I do not see him except as an obstruction."

Once I saw a young woman walking down the Avenue looking at her face in a mirror. It seemed to me an apt symbol.

In one of his books on Mexico, D. H. Lawrence speaks of the Indians never jostling or touching one another. He thinks it is because they are sure to kill one another if they come too close! It *may* be due to good manners.

"What, without asking, hither hurried *whence!*"

"And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!"

Why do they all hurry so?

Think of that French word "*flâner*". The dictionary translates, "To lounge, to saunter, to stroll, to 'loaf'."

Would you care to lounge, to saunter, to stroll, to "loaf" up Fifth Avenue?

Ah, but we can think of such places. Places where the desire, even, is to do nothing else!

Along the *quais* of Paris, with the Louvre like a range of blue hills across the river, and the blue dome of the Institut ahead. (For the colour of Paris is blue, pale blue, *bleu horizon*.) Farther on there is the Island with Henri Quatre on his horse, the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, with the Ste. Chapelle, and the Parvis-Notre-Dame with Charlemagne on *his* horse, and the great

Cathedral itself. What thoughts these evoke, what rich associations, what a wealth of memories! You have to move slowly to soak it all in.

Or one can loiter in Venice, losing oneself in its meanders, passing between old gold and peach coloured palaces, over pale jade canals on arched marble bridges, where the only sound is the lapping of the water or the hoarse muffled cry of the gondolier as he nears a turning. But Venice is the last remaining timeless splendour of the Western World.

Or one can wander in gardens. There are the gardens of the Alcazar at Seville, with magnolias, scarlet hibiscus, showers of jasmine and dark sad cypresses and fountains; or the gardens of Rome with marble gods among the laurels, and beds of violets, and water dripping in a moss-stained marble sarcophagus; or the Luxembourg gardens, where, in Spring, the horse chestnuts drop their flowers like snow.

In other cities one is aware of the seasons. "Blossom by blossom, the Spring begins."

New York has no seasons because it has no gardens—no real gardens, for could one call that devastated and tragic waste of Central Park a garden? It is the torture chamber of a few wretched, captured plants. No seasons, but hot and cold, and hats. You can compute the season by dead reckoning from the hats. And think not that I mean to despise hats. In lieu of a flower bed, a hat is a great consolation to a mere female.

It is one of the truly hellish qualities of New York, that it is as far outside nature as it can get. No earth, never a place to put the feet but on concrete. No sky save a bit between towers. The country that fringes it is dying of its poisons. Go for a walk in the suburbs and see the tin cans, broken crockery and skeletons of defunct Fords. Man has lost all respect for the "Great Mother".

There are no gardens, but hothouse flowers are imprisoned in glass cages like princesses in Arabian Tales.

The cities of the Old World remind one of flowers. They sell country flowers in season in carts on the street. Think of gloomy London yellow with primroses. Think of Paris and two sou bunches of violets, lilies of the valley, moss-roses, or of Florence and bunches of wild, pink cyclamens.

Or think of perfumes.

I can smell England twenty-four hours out at sea. It smells of lush green and roses.

One June, when the weather was warm, we went to dine every evening under the trees of the Champs Elysées. At the corner of the Place de la Concorde, there is a club with a large garden overhanging the street. There the scent of the lilies was as heavy as a fog. We used to stop and immerse ourselves in it.

Think of the waves of incense as one passes an Italian church.

New York smells of gasoline.

If you cannot loiter in New York, neither can you sit. If you are weary of fighting your way up town, there is no convenient café with green tin tables

on the side-walk. Yes, but would one enjoy sitting at a café on Fifth Avenue? If you have twenty minutes to spare, you can enter a hotel that looks very much like the Golden House of Nero, and sit and meditate among the Jazz bands.

Fifth Avenue. What do you see as you say it? Traffic, endless streams of motors all making a noise, endless streams of people rushing along. Shops.

Shops, "Women's Wear," dresses, hats, shoes, jewelry, furs. Women looking in the windows and imagining themselves wearing them, and men trying to imagine paying for them.

Of course, Fifth Avenue is not what it was. "Everything flows, nothing abides," said Heraclitus.

That is another of the sorrows of New York. Is there a landmark? Tear it up for a skyscraper! Is there an historic house? Away with it for a five-and-ten-cent store! Is there a quiet old square with low red brick houses? Down with 'em! Where are the spots that our infancy knew? Gone. Where is the shop we went to last month? Moved. Progress.

Now, certainly, time passes, men's needs change, things must be renewed, and forms perish that others may be created. Six cities stand one above the other on the site of Troy. One forum is built upon the ruins of others. The Paris of to-day is not the Paris of St. Louis. But, somehow, those cities died of war or of old age, and were renewed as nature renews her growth. Traces of the past remain. Upon the Capitoline, they still keep wolves in memory of Romulus and Remus. Here Cæsar thrice refused the crown. Upon this very spot the Kings of France received the homage of their feudatories. This is the Roman Wall, this the Visigothic, this the Saracenic, this the Mediæval. The past is alive in the present.

But here, the past is shovelled out of sight and mind. It is often said, "Our history is short." One might think we sprang out of the head of Jove in 1776! Our ancestors worshipped under oaks with the Druids. The ancestors of a large number of citizens crossed the Red Sea with Moses long before the Traffic jam. By what ancient ways have our souls come! It isn't that we have no history. It is that we do not care for any. Progress is what we want. Bigger and better traffic jams! More subways, more concrete roads, more cities, more skyscrapers, more factories, more Fords! Hurrah!

Take our landscape. You look upon the "Lordly Hudson". It is, indeed, more magnificent than the Rhine, more splendid than the poor little Seine; but what does it signify? Our landscape is empty. No fairies ever lived in it, no elves or pixies, no nymphs or fauns. One wonders whither have fled the supernatural beings of the Indians. How few people have loved these fields and mountains! How few have loved them and venerated and respected their beauty and their spirit!

I remember walking one evening along a country road near Barbizon. On one side was the forest, and, on the other, fields stretched out to a horizon with a church in a bouquet of trees. Such a humble landscape it was. Humble little fields with red poppies and blue cornflowers. From the forest came the

song of the cuckoo, clear, hollow and strange, like the very voice of the forest. Tears came to one's eyes, so full of poetry, of something sacred, was that land.

There men had laboured and fought, loved and suffered for hundreds of years, and poured into every grain of earth their spirit, and the earth in turn gave it back, enriched and purified.

Of course, I am not speaking of all of this vast country. California in Spring is the Earthly Paradise. Surely no more haunting and romantic landscape exists than the Highlands of Carmel, with Point Lobos thrown out into the Pacific, and I never look across San Francisco Bay without feeling that ancient cities lie beneath its waves. However, it won't be long before Progress does away with all that.

Another special characteristic of New York is noise. Never is there a moment of silence here, night nor day. And such noise,—motors, horns, rattling iron, trains, riveting, radios and shouting people. Even when it is relatively quiet, a roar goes on.

Divine Silence. How is it possible to live without refreshing oneself in that crystal pool? For silence is the voice of the spirit of Nature, and of the Gods. The marvellous silence of the desert, of the mountains. The sound of the pines in the wind, the baying of a dog, the songs of birds, arise on that profound quiet only to deepen it, for silence is not only physical, it is psychic. The psychic noise of New York is louder than all its clanging metals and motor horns.

But this is a great city? It is a large city, "the largest in the world." How large was Athens at the time of Pericles, or Florence under Cosimo de' Medici? The Paris of St. Louis was the size of a postage stamp.

Madrid has two murders a year, but it is, as everyone knows, a backward town.

The new "Empire State" building occupies a small plot of ground not half a "block" square. It is 85 stories high and can accommodate 30,000 people. Think of it: the population of a small city crowded into that space of earth, with their psychic lives milling around in so many cubic feet. It is terrifying. You feel that the earth will not tolerate it. This tiny island with all its towers of Babel will one day shake itself and sink into the Pit.

Not long ago I went on the roof of a skyscraper from which we could see all these towers of Manhattan.

Prodigious, portentous, fearful it was. It seemed to waken in the frightened soul some dreadful memory of Atlantis just before the deluge. Huge, formidable, sinister, material as these edifices are, what is most frightful about them is that they sometimes seem to one not to exist at all! They have no souls. You feel that if an Adept pointed a finger at them and said "Scat!" they would dissolve utterly, and nothing would remain, scarcely a little dust of reality.

The "Empire State", for example, is a beautiful building. It has proportion, line, colour. Its decoration is structural and elegant. Certainly the vision and taste of a great architect went into it. But what does it stand for? Religion? Reverence? The Crown? The State? Man? It stands for self-adver-

tising and money-making, and if you set it up on a plain beside one of those innumerable little country churches of France and looked at them with a discerning eye, you would not see it at all. Or if you think it unfair to compare it with a church, compare it with some thatched Sussex cottage with its pointed oast tower.

It is not the size of a thing which makes it real. It is the quality of spiritual intensity that creates and animates it.

Colossal "denkmals" stand up all over Germany. To make Hindenburg look a great man, they make him a hundred feet high. Does he look any greater to us? The head of Alexander in the Louvre is life size, but *he* looks like a God. The snow-crystal on my muff is no larger than a large pin head, but it rivals the Taj Mahal.

Would we might learn to open the eye of discernment upon the world! It, indeed, is the Third Eye.

Meanwhile, I am proceeding up the Avenue by leaps and zigzags, past the upturned muzzles of the lions which defend the Public Library, past the glittering show windows of Saks, past the Cathedral, so aptly described as a dictionary definition of Gothic, to where the Plaza opens out on the Park. Here the nymph, apparently balanced precariously on one leg, presides over the curiously phallic architecture of a fountain which graft has made of such poor cement it will no longer hold water. The wretched Park, hemmed in by walls of soaring apartment houses, nevertheless reminds one of the great patient life of nature, and the sky is a pure pearly blue, infinitely sad because so fragmentary, so remote, yet infinitely reassuring.

This alone lightens one's growing pessimism.

New York is not all of America. Somewhere there are lonely beaches, and vast table-lands, and rocky mountains, and trackless deserts. Somewhere the chariot wheels of the Seasons roll twined with garlands.

At this moment the vision of a South Sea Isle rises before me.

One remembers the story of the African explorer who had often imagined what he would do if a wild elephant ever charged him. He thought he would grasp the beast's tusks, and swing on them, thus avoiding being crushed beneath its feet.

One day, a wild elephant did charge him, and automatically he carried out his plan and was able to hang on until a native beater shot the elephant.

So I have formed a mould for my conduct when I arrive in Devachan; a picture to which my conduct can conform itself in case of emergency.

A smiling genius arrayed like the Flora of Botticelli will greet me and say, "Paolo Veronese is giving a banquet this evening, or, if you prefer, there will be fireworks at the Petit Trianon."

Paraphrasing the immortal Ko Ko, I reply,

"I won't see them, but they'll be there just the same."

"Sink down for five minutes upon this bench and watch the Night Blooming Cereus open," murmurs the spirit.

My legs will wobble, but I will say firmly,

"Avaunt. Lead me to yon peculiarly nasty squirming and squawling little infant waiting to be born. There is work to do!"

And now when I see the South Sea Isle arise, glittering upon the opalescent sea, I make the sign of the Evil Eye against it.

Where would we wish to be in War? At the Front. Here is our battle. Here are our friends and companions. Here, even here are those Beings of Patience and Wisdom, who embody and maintain the Beauty of the Law. For where else could they be?

Is everything in this city meaningless, destructive, leading only to the Pit? Surely not. Through its brutal discipline everything can be learned. By its desolating ugliness we are driven to look for the Eternal beauty. By its arid materialism we are forced to turn to the Spirit.

Out of such a pit did Dante rise to see the stars.

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle."

SAUVAGE.

To the clear eye, the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—HUXLEY.

We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries are contained in what we see and do every day.—AMIEL.

O thou that . . . criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere", couldst thou only see.—CARLYLE.

WAR MEMORIES

XI

"THOSE BLINDED IN BATTLE"

IN the summer of 1916 I was, unfortunately, again invalided home—I had resumed heavy work too soon after my hospital accident in Brussels—and I returned to London, thinking that for a while I could at least do something less strenuous than that which was of necessity involved in the life of an army nurse. I did manage to secure odd "War jobs" here and there, but, to my disgust, I was advised to "lie off" altogether for a few months, and this appearing to be really necessary, I decided to spend that interval in the United States—though I confess it was some time before I could screw up my courage to go so far away. A few weeks before I left, however, something happened which, to me, will always remain the outstanding event of that summer. It cast over me a shadow which, for some reason, few other events of the War had had the power to create. I refer to Kitchener's death. How well I remember my first news of it, and all the little, insignificant details which accompanied the shock of that moment! That fleeting scene remains clear-cut as though of yesterday, a vivid, indelible picture burnt into my memory. I was at University College, climbing up the dark, winding little stairway which leads from the end of the main entrance hall to the first and second floors, and, though intent upon the business which had brought me there, suddenly I found my attention violently arrested. Two students had met, just as I reached the top of the first flight; they were standing on the narrow landing so that, as I mounted the last step, and paused to get my breath, I found myself within a few feet of them, and could miss no word of what was said.

"Have you heard the news?" asked one, in a strange, awed voice. He was the elder of the two, and evidently one of the "War wounded", for he was on crutches.

"No, what's the idea?" queried the other.

"Kitchener's lost!" replied the first, briefly.

"Kitchener lost?" came the jocular response from the younger boy, who had not understood what was meant. "Kitchener lost? Well, he's not the first one who has got himself lost in the War Office! But don't you worry—he'll come to light again all right. You can trust K. of K.!"

"You young fool!" snapped the other, "I tell you he's lost—drowned—his ship's gone down!"

Silence fell on all three of us; it was a sudden and stunning blow. The British public, of course, did not even know that he had left the country, much less did we know under what circumstances, and in the back of our minds we pictured him there in Whitehall, firmly in charge of affairs, like a rock in our

tempest-tossed sea. Kitchener was to us the symbol of immutability; with him at the helm there was never any serious question as to which way the War would end, for since the first days, he had stood for ultimate and certain victory. I know he had his enemies, bitter opponents of his methods (has any great man ever been without them?), but so deep, so ingrained was the trust which the English people had in him, so highly, so unreservedly was he esteemed, that far and wide it was felt (and justly), that no one could ever replace him. It would be hard to describe the black depression in England which followed the sinking of the "Hampshire"; it was the one topic of conversation wherever you went. I never saw Kitchener myself—never in my life save at a distance—yet to me, his loss seemed strangely personal, and for a long time I could not seem to get free from its shadow. For a long time too, as is well known, many refused to believe in the truth of the official report—refused to believe that he was really dead. As in the case of more than one of the legendary figures of ancient days, there long persisted the profound belief that "he would come back" some day.

Later in the summer I went to America, but I must confess that the recollection of my visit there is rather hazy, save the astonishment I experienced in finding that, with occasional exceptions, few Americans seemed to be what I called vitally concerned about the War. I felt as though I had suddenly awakened to find myself in an unfamiliar world, where people were speaking an unfamiliar language; that, instead of having taken ship to cross the Atlantic, I had taken airship to traverse vast regions of space, and that I had finally landed on another planet. Many Americans were ardent War-workers, of course, but too often this work, immensely generous as it was, seemed to me to be done as though for a cause very far removed, unsubstantial, at times almost alien, not the one important thing in the world, not a matter of life and death. I remember, too, how many people there were who, hearing that I had been in occupied Belgium during the first year of the War, wanted to know what I really thought about the "so-called atrocities", few indeed being willing to believe that such things as were reported could possibly happen now-a-days. I remember how utterly outraged I used to feel because of this attitude; how I used to talk and explain and illustrate, but in most cases, I think I felt that, as soon as I had gone, what I had said would be summed up as "too partial", and so the matter would end. Thank heaven, though, there were exceptions—people who did understand. To these, the least event of the War was of all-absorbing concern, a *personal* concern; but although I travelled from the Atlantic coast to the Middle West, it was most unusual to meet with the intense personal conviction, universal in France and in England: "This War is *my* War; I know what it means and what is involved, and I shall see it through to the finish if it takes the last ounce of strength in me." And so, except for these blessed "few", I felt again much as I had felt when I first came out of occupied Belgium—like a lonely ghost—and several months passed in this way. Before the winter had gone, however, there was promise of a better state of mind, of a forced popular awakening, brought on very largely by the unrestricted submarine warfare of

the Germans, and when, toward spring, it became evident that the United States was at long last going to join forces with the Allies, one day I hastily packed my "kit", engaged passage on the first boat sailing from New York, and fled precipitately back to the Old World, terrified at the mere idea that if I waited until war was actually declared, I might have passport difficulties in regard to getting out of the country. We had a stormy passage and, when still two or three days off the English coast, we were greeted one morning by the good news that the United States had indeed formally declared war on Germany. As we entered the War-zone—the forbidden and dangerous waters where death lurked in every wave, the waters which encircled the British Isles—we knew we might well expect the worst from mines, or from submarines for that matter, especially as ours was an American ship. Passengers were told that they must have their life-belts constantly beside them, and during the last nights out, most of us slept in our clothes—almost in our hats! As I remember it, we had kept to a very northerly course in crossing the Atlantic, and I think we passed to the north of Ireland, and so down to Liverpool, where we landed. Never can I possibly forget my joy when I stood once more on English soil, and felt that I was home—home where men and women knew that "there was a War on", knew "what it was all about", what they were fighting for, and I vowed that nothing would ever again separate me from the Allies and their grim business, until that business was settled.

Once in London, I lost no time in finding occupation—occupation of rather an innocuous character, it is true, but it was at least a first step toward getting back into the stronger currents of the War: Entertainment Committees to take charge of men who had come home on leave, also the inevitable bandage-rolling and compress-making, in fact anything I could find to do, though all the time my hopes were flying with persistent longing across the Channel to France. Many months had passed since I had left it, and the War had seen many changes during that time. The almost inconceivable fury of the struggle for Verdun (a small part of which, at least, it had been my marvellous good fortune to witness), had died down, though the embers, of course, still smouldered. From that unforgettable February, 1916, to the middle of the following summer, the Germans had, it is true, succeeded in overrunning more than a hundred square miles to the north and east of the great fortress, but at what a frightful cost to themselves! And after all, what had they actually gained? That carefully worked-out scheme of the German High Command, to forestall the anticipated Anglo-French offensive which Joffre had been planning on the western front—to forestall it by a swift, death-dealing blow at Verdun—had, in reality, been an utter failure, if for no other reason than because the very backbone of that scheme had been the certainty of the Germans that they would thus be striking terror into the hearts of the French people, demoralization quickly following. Germany has ever been noted for myopia where others are concerned. The French hold on Verdun never slackened for an instant. The indomitable cry: "*On tiendra!*" of the first days, blazed into the immortal: "*Passeront pas!*" a little later. And the Germans, despite their hundred odd miles of territorial

gain (though they never succeeded in driving the French from the southern slopes of Le Mort Homme, that hill which will for ever stand as a monument to heroic fortitude)—despite those hundred miles, the Germans never did pass in any real sense. They thought they were fighting French troops; that their guns were ploughing a way through human flesh and blood. Had they but possessed the insight to recognize it, that fiery barrier through which they could not penetrate, was a barrier of naked souls; and the undimmed spirit of France, always at its brightest in hours of darkness and danger, was the best of all answers to the audacious hopes of the Germans, for at last, even *they* knew that they had failed.

Nevertheless, that year of 1916 brought no final military decision in favour of the Allies, as had been anticipated, though it did bring the dawning realization of the immense advantage which would result from continuous, simultaneous Allied action; and there had been splendid Allied drives, for the summer of that year saw the battles of the Somme, the Italians on the Isonzo, and the Russians on the Sereth and the Styr. England, however, needing all her fighting units abroad, was hampered by the Irish rebellion at home, and severest blow of all was Kitchener's loss. Then some months later, followed, at intervals, the defeat of Roumania and the collapse of Russia—the tardy entrance of the United States into the War hardly compensating for this latter tragedy. But a surprising thing happened. As a result of the Anglo-French offensive of 1916 on the Somme, and, later, on the Ancre, two dangerous salients had been made in the German line, and in the spring of 1917 a great German retreat began—the first of any magnitude since the Battle of the Marne—a retreat along the western front roughly the whole way from Arras to Soissons. At first there was an outburst of rejoicing in England and in France, but the Allies soon began to realize that, as the Germans retreated, they themselves were advancing into territory of indescribable and utter ruin (good evidence of German thoroughness!) and that while, eventually, more than a thousand square miles were recovered, it was a countryside devastated beyond recognition—towns and villages so completely blotted from the map that there was hardly a trace where once they had stood, only smouldering ashes still warm under foot; all the wells poisoned; forests and beautiful orchards wantonly cut down; fertile fields laid waste; bridges blown up, and rivers dammed so as to complete the desolation by wide-spreading floods; and when at last the Germans halted, entrenching themselves this time on what became known as the "Hindenburg Line", it was recognized that perhaps, if anything, their position was stronger than it had been before, because of the shorter and more easily defended new line. Also, while the French could once more call that recovered thousand square miles of country their own, the towns which once had been known as Bapaume, Péronne, Roye, Lassigny etc., no longer had any real existence, and one of the richest and loveliest regions of France was blank desolation, described by the French themselves as "*Le Royaume de la Mort*". It has often been said, in referring to this methodical, deliberate and calculated outrage, that since the times of barbarism, there has been no such unjustifiable destruction. About eighteen months

later, immediately after the Armistice, I repeatedly passed through that ghastly, nightmare region. No one who has travelled it can ever forget the terrible Albert-Bapaume-Arras road, so straight in places that, for many miles ahead, you could see its undeviating, white line stretching endlessly, mounting to the crest of hills, sinking for a brief space out of sight as it spanned some narrow valley—but straight as the cleft of a gigantic sword across the face of France, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, not a village, not a tree, not even a bush; only deep, poisonous slime—mud, everywhere mud.

In the summer of 1917 my usual fortune favoured me, and once more I got abroad to France, and to the front. It was again the western front, but this time in the British sector, and although some of us may not have realized it at the moment, as a matter of fact we were on the fringe of what was later known as the Third Battle of Ypres. The capture of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge had already been accomplished; after more than a year of burrowing by British and Colonial sappers—mining so skilfully and so silently done that the Germans on the crest of the Ridge had no suspicion of what was going on beneath them—that stupendous and spectacular succession of explosions which had blown away the very tops of the hills on which stood the German fortifications, had thundered over its hundred and fifty mile radius. Eye-witnesses said there was something almost primeval in the wild display of unchained force, that it was like the eruption of huge volcanoes, that great volumes of scarlet flame rushed upward to the heavens, and that the ground heaved and rolled as in an earthquake. That had been in June, and it was but a beginning; now in the late summer the British were attacking Passchendaele Ridge to the north-east of Ypres. There are three thoroughfares which will for ever be conspicuous in the history of the Great War, because of the heroic deeds to which they are witness—the Route Nationale from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun; the Albert-Bapaume highway of the Somme, and the Menin Road running east from Ypres. Passchendaele, now the centre of Anglo-French attack, was but a few miles to the north of this road, one of the Allied objectives being to break through the German lines of communication, thus forcing the enemy to withdraw from the Belgian coast where their submarine bases were.

It was on a glorious, warm, summer afternoon that I arrived at my new post—what had once been a lovely old château some miles to the west of Poperinghe; a château where a British hospital had been temporarily established. I had come overland from the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and had been surprised to find the country round St. Omer so fresh and sweet, despite the nearness of War. A soft haze hung over the fields and marshlands and still, mirror-like canals, giving the lovely French landscape an unexpectedly peaceful and dreamy look; the height of Cassel, a little to the north, rose beautifully green and quite Olympian as we sped across the wide plain, low-lying in sharp contrast to it—Olympian, because we knew that, from its summit, commands were issued to the battle-line, not far away. Despite the lingering air of peace, however, there were, of course, many signs of war; the small farms and villages filled with men in rest billets; columns of troops marching to the east or to the west (to or from

the trenches), and the never-failing camions and grey, military cars; but for some reason, nothing seemed to disturb the tranquil loveliness of that afternoon, and I remember noticing with pleasure that some of the narrow lanes branching from the parched, poplar-bordered highroad along which we travelled, looked cool and shady and inviting, with blackberry vines in graceful, drooping masses. It is strange how persistently lovely nature is, against almost all odds! As we approached our destination, I saw that the château itself was partly in ruin (bombing raids, of course), but it stood in a beautiful park where great, brown hospital tents had been erected, under the wide-spreading branches of purple beeches. A traffic sergeant stood at the massive entrance gateway to give us our directions, and, passing along the curved sweep of the avenue, which ran between sunny lawns, sweet with the scent of fresh-cut grass, we reached the courtyard entrance to the château—a wide, flagged courtyard, where ripening plums and peaches hung from the green branches of the fruit trees, trained against the warm, sun-baked, sheltering walls. One of the hospital sisters, greeting us at the door, showed us to our quarters, and after a quick change we were ready for duty.

The hospital seemed drowsing in the mid-summer heat, as I passed through the long corridors, and the golden sunshine streamed in through wide-open French windows. High overhead, two or three Allied aeroplanes sailed like silver dragon-flies across the calm, deep, blue expanse of the sky, and from the distance I heard the old, familiar sound—the steady beating of the guns. Then I passed with a sister who had shown me the way, into a shady ward—the ward of the newly blind. I had had little enough experience of those who had lost their eyesight; none at all of men blinded in battle, and I felt dreadfully shy and ill at ease when I was told to go over to one of the patients who occupied a bed in a far corner, and help him to eat his supper—in fact to *feed* him—as his nurse had been called away for a few minutes. I was also to try to amuse him.

"What *shall* I say?" I thought to myself. "He won't know my voice, and I shall seem strange to him. He probably won't at all like to have me messing about—I wish someone would tell me what to do."

As a matter of fact, it was the "blinded in battle" man himself, who gave me the tip I needed, a tip which served me well many times thereafter. He was a young giant (from Yorkshire, I noticed on the report card hanging above his bed), his head swathed in bandages with only the lower part of his face left visible, but as I approached him, I saw that he was listening intently.

"I see that you are a new-comer", he said—a strange expression from the lips of a blind man, and I felt, somehow, that he was actually looking straight at me from behind those thick dressings.

"Yes, I have only been here an hour," I answered, "and am I not in luck to have been sent over here to talk to you—and may I help you finish your supper?"

He "looked" at me again, and an enigmatic little smile lit up the only part of his face that I could see. His supper was a bowl of thick soup which stood on a small bed-table stretched across him over the counterpane, and as I spoke, I saw his great, powerful hand thrust quickly out, and he began eagerly feeling

about for the spoon. There was sight in each one of those long, expectant fingers—fingers coarsened and stained by heavy work, not by any means delicate, yet already the increased sense of touch in them had begun to replace the so-lately lost sense. Then began a tussle as plucky in its own way as any I have ever seen, for once this man (only a few days sightless) had found that spoon, he had to find the bowl, and then he had to find his mouth! I watched him, fascinated, as he toiled at that difficult task. Something which seemed to emanate from him, prompted me to make no move—he actually held me at a distance. I would not have *dared* offer to help him; to pity him, even silently in my own mind, would have been an insufferable offence. There were, of course, not a few mishaps, but it did not seem to matter. He struggled on, and as he neared the end, I felt that *he* felt he had regained some of his self-respect. At last he laid the spoon down with a triumphant clatter, and I heard a merry chuckle, as he sank back again into his pillows.

"Damn good joke!" he laughed boyishly, "that's the first time I've been allowed to do anything for myself since I came here. Lord! if people only knew what a rotter you feel when everything is done for you."

There was my cue, to be used in that ward of battle-blinded heroes: "What a rotter you feel when everything is done for you!", and I realized keenly what it must mean to those who, until a few days ago, had led their own strong lives, independent, unconstrained—how insupportable must be the feeling of almost complete dependence upon others for the merest trifles of daily life. I thought I had seen courage before, but in one sense, I felt that I was meeting it now for the first time in that ward, among those men who would never again see the sunlight on the trees, the flashing colour of flowers, the faces of friends or the thousand dear and familiar objects which most of us accept so thoughtlessly. Here were men, suddenly shattered, stripped of what seemed the very best part of themselves, yet carrying a gallant front—for, take it all in all, they were among the most deliberately and obstinately cheerful I have ever known.

Sometimes, though, there seemed to be exceptions. I remember one man in whose face (if you crept upon him unawares) there was always a look of silent, tragic horror, far worse than any words that he could have found to express what he was dreading. Yet, if he knew that you were there, or if you spoke to him, he was instantly responsive, quick with a jest. He had been brought in quite recently.

"Will he be totally blind?" I asked the head nurse one day, "is there no hope for him?"

"Practically none," she answered, "but, of course, we have not told him."

"Do you think he suspects?" I asked again.

"We hope not!"—this most sympathetically.

A few days later, passing his bed noiselessly—I thought he was asleep—to my surprise I saw that a look of perfect serenity shone in that pitifully disfigured face, with its sightless eyes, a look I had never seen there before. He was not sleeping; he heard me and called.

"You are better to-day," I ventured, "is the pain less?"

"Yes, I am better," he smiled, quite contentedly, "much better—you see, *I know!*"

He had learned the worst, and courage had returned to him with the very knowledge of it. No more dread (none at least that would ever again master him), no more horror. He was standing on firm ground now, for he *knew*. He was the merest boy, athletic and brimming with vitality, and as I looked at him, I realized what was ahead of him—the long, new, strange life on which he was embarking; but he was not the kind that fails.

Some of the men in that ward had lost more than their eyesight—as though blindness were not sufficient toll! Many had lost arms and legs as well; many had other frightful wounds; but you could not hope to meet a more cheerful lot in the face of such grievous adversity. Our ward not infrequently resounded with laughter, and I often asked myself how they managed it—those sightless men; but I soon learned how *stubbornly* cheerful men can be even when on the verge of despair, and how contagious this kind of stubbornness is. You would see men groping their way about (for they soon learned something of the simple geography of the ward), one-legged blind men hobbling on crutches; legless blind men wheeling themselves in their chairs—for we gave them all the latitude we could. Sometimes there would be a collision—one man would walk straight into another, and almost knock him down. There would be a momentary pause, and then a voice raised in mock indignation:

"You silly ass! Can't you look and see where you're going to?" And a burst of applause would follow from an audience which could not see, but which, perhaps, for that very reason, was all the quicker to catch the contagious merriment. Then, too, we found much talent among our men; some had beautiful voices, and we used to have concerts of popular War songs. I remember one boy especially, with a rich baritone, who used to sing:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams . . ."

To most people that song is hackneyed now, but if you have ever heard it sung by "those blinded in battle", in a hospital ward close to the front, with the booming of the guns in your ears, it never could become hackneyed—not with the memory of those sightless, upturned faces, as voice after voice joined in:

"There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true . . ."

It must have taken courage to sing those words, realizing the long, dark, dull, slow-moving years—the unknown, unguessed future ahead!

On fine days we sometimes took our blind men for walks in the park, and I remember on one occasion having a boy in my charge who had not been actually out of doors since he had lost his sight. I had already noticed him in the ward, because he seemed more shy and retiring than many of the others, as though he were living a quiet, interior life of his own. As we started to go down the stairs (the blind ward was on the second floor of the château) instinctively I took his arm to guide him, to prevent a possible fall—I had forgotten my "cue".

"Don't!" he protested vigorously, and then apologized. Stupidly I did not realize what I had done, and I asked him.

"Well, you see," he explained after a moment's hesitation, "I've never been *led* before, and it makes me feel a rotter,"—the same old phrase! "Don't take *my* arm; let me take *yours*, it makes all the difference in the world—to us!"

Of course it did, and why had I forgotten that cue? I was far more blind than he not to have realized the burning pride which a blind man takes in the little independence he still can claim; his almost savage determination to find, as far as possible, his own way; to walk on his own feet! I do not know why I remember that fleeting incident so vividly, but I can hear the ring in that boy's protesting voice to-day—"Don't!"

When we got down to the lower floor, we crossed a small, flagged court at the rear, and stepped out into a large garden, now, in wartime, ill kept it is true, but a garden where flowers and shrubs were growing, where butterflies, heedless of the sounds of war, floated happily, and where a bird note thrilled in ecstasy from the spreading branches of a purple beech. We passed along one of the garden paths, and then I felt him suddenly release my arm, and I moved a few feet away and watched him. He stood quite still for several minutes, apparently forgetting that anyone was near him; his face with those unseeing eyes was raised—a habit with the blind—and then I saw him stretch out his hands, palms upward, and then his arms to their full length. And so he stood, as though with those bare, upturned palms, he was looking at the gay little butterflies just over his head; at the tops of the trees, even at the summer sky itself, stretching so kindly above him. Those eloquent hands of the blind! The man's whole being was concentrated in them.

"How big it is out here!" I heard him whisper, very low, quite to himself. "I never knew how vast it was—when I could *see* it all," and he began slowly to walk about with his arms still outstretched, as though he were really *looking* for the first time in his life—the blind soon find that they have inner eyes with which to see. So this sightless man, who would never again look, as once he had, over the rolling downs of his native Devon, was gaining a new sight which some of us might envy. I have never seen anyone more absorbed in his new lesson than that man was—I could almost *feel* the new sense growing in him. I waited, silent; words would have spoiled everything. A little breeze stole toward us, whispering as it passed through the low, sweet grasses,—the way a little, inarticulate breeze will find its voice, singing as it creeps through the things it loves, the flowers and the leaves and the small, tangled vines. I saw him listening intently, and his poor, mutilated, shell-scarred face grew suddenly quite beautiful as he heard that elfin sound (though, all the time, the drumming of the guns!): he must have *seen* the stirring of those flowers. So, first he saw the things near by, and then, as I watched him, like the slow unrolling of a scroll, I knew that he was "seeing" far off things, until that summer's day slipped to its end, and twilight made us seek the shelter of the ward again.

Of course we had our air raids, and these grew more frequent and more violent as time went on—"Third Ypres" was in full swing. The hospital tents in the

park were built high with sandbags to protect the inmates from the side-blast of bombs as they dropped and burst; if a bomb fell on the *top* of a tent, however,—well, there was nothing more to do about it! In the wards of the château we took what precautions we could, but knowing that even so distant a spot as Malo-les-Bains was constantly visited, how could *we* expect to escape? All the news which reached us from around Passchendaele told of the struggle of our troops in poisonous swamps and marshes; of quantities of men drowning helplessly in shell-holes; of persistent assault, of not any too much gain; of frightful suffering; of grim, determined endurance. But the tanks were doing splendid work, jumping trenches as though in a steeple chase; flattening out the German "pill-boxes" as though they were made of matchwood instead of concrete. (The rather inappropriate names of some of these cumbersome, rolling monsters used greatly to amuse me—"Susie", "Molly", "Daisy", etc.—it was like calling a dinosaur, "Effie"!) All day we heard the great guns from beyond Ypres, and many a fight in the sky above us kept us on the alert, while several of the "sausages"—strange, globular, earth-bound, aerial creatures, out beyond the confines of the park—were brought down in flames. At night (I was on night duty at this time), I often watched the horizon as it was lit by the swift stabbing of the gun-flashes; an occasional S.O.S. signal with its brilliant, fan-like resplendence, while the heavens were ablaze with sweeping search lights; but the air raids continued despite them.

There were rumours of another push in the salient—St. Julien way, I think—and an evening came when there seemed to fall an ominous hush, like the calm before a storm. The grey dusk had faded into darkness, and with the darkness our blind men had gone to their rest, and our ward was now sleeping soundly. As I sat there in the dimmest of lights (we always put out every glimmer that we could), without warning and in an instant of time, the long, cool stillness of the night hours was shattered, for, from the battle line a few miles away, there broke the sudden roar of an overwhelming bombardment—ours, I knew! The rumoured push had begun. We used to call a bombardment of this kind an "all together", for at such times every gun in the Ypres salient, of every calibre and description (even a "Grandmother" thrown in here and there!), was put into simultaneous action, the tumult being gloriously indescribable. So they all thundered now, but not a man in our ward stirred—all far too accustomed to the shock of guns—and the steady pounding continued, hour after hour. I listened, picturing to myself the preparation in our lines, our men taking their places in the trenches while they waited with horrible, gnawing suspense; their impatience to be off into action under the fiery protection of that barrage; the last orders of their officers; the tight-strung nerves of all. Then, abruptly (timed to schedule, of course), the guns ceased firing. There followed a quivering silence, so intense that it was almost unreal, and in that long silence, and even at that distance, I knew that out there where the first creeping light of palest dawn had hardly yet dispelled the shadows of the night—out there where the beautiful star-shells were falling—our men had gone over the top.

The silence did not last, however, for a nearer sound broke sharply across

it; before we knew it the German winged eagles were upon us—another attack from the air! I have never understood why we had no warning that night, for always a signal had been given even if only two or three minutes in advance, but on this occasion, and almost before I could get up from my chair, the bombs were dropping around us. As a rule, when the raids were very severe, the head nurse and I tried, before the worst of the attack came, to get our blind men to a pre-arranged place of comparative safety (some could grope their own way, unassisted), but on this particular night there was no time—we knew we were too late. Through a wide-open window which looked out into the park, I could see in the dim light of the early morning, great volumes of yellowish-black smoke come rolling up in thick, ever-expanding waves—this from one of the bombs which had just burst. A prolonged, whistling sound, soft and distant at first, but increasingly shrill—then the familiar demoniac explosion as another bomb fell; then another whistling scream, another crash tearing the earth to fragments, rocking the old château to its foundations, poisoning the cool, sweet, morning air as the columns of vapour rose to a great height. With the sound of the first detonations every one of our blind men had, of course, begun to move; those who could had got quickly up, some of them groping their way to the exit, but the men with both legs off were helpless. I saw the head nurse (a mere scrap of a woman) hastening with a most wonderful and deliberate calm, to the beds of those unable without preparation to move; I saw my blind Yorkshire giant, rising to his full height, erect and towering like a church steeple, throw himself toward the bed next to him where a severely wounded man lay; I saw my giant (he could have saved himself had he wanted to!) snatch up this man, and start to carry him away to safety. I saw my boy who had stood with outstretched hands in the garden that day, swiftly feel his way to a neighbouring bed where he knew that a semi-paralysed man was lying (though he too could easily have saved himself), and stooping over his comrade, "Quick! put your arms round my neck, chum," I heard him shout above the uproar, as he tried to swing him over his shoulder. A blinding flash, a roaring, grinding, rending sound, and what seemed, at that frightful moment, to be half the wall and roof of the ward came crashing in, followed by dense clouds of smoke and huge, jagged steel splinters, flying in all directions—and when the smoke and dust had cleared away we saw the price that had been paid. Three of our men lay dead, and one was dying—though why the toll had not been greater I have never been able to guess. The whole thing seemed to have happened in the turn of a thought, even the usual orderlies had not had time to come to our assistance; it was over before we knew it had begun, and ruin lay about us. As a matter of fact, when the first confusion had passed, we found that only a small portion of the wall and roof had been demolished, but it had been enough to claim the lives of my poor Yorkshireman, my Devon boy with the sightless-seeing eyes, and the other already badly crippled men, for whom these two had so gladly given their own lives.

Our ward was not the only one that had suffered, however, for a large hospital tent in the park, where many Scottish wounded lay, had been struck full on

the top, which meant the one inevitable thing—an appalling list of killed; and, late that afternoon, the little chapel of the château was a moving sight, for the stretchers, arranged in a triple row, stood in front of the small altar, and on each a still form lay—each man under his Union Jack. Flowers from the garden had been brought in, and a few candles burned softly, while our Army chaplain had already begun the burial service. Then, some of us followed our men to their last resting place. Headed by the chaplain, our little procession wound slowly across the neighbouring fields, in the glow of a golden sunset, a few pipers, in honour of the many Highland dead, skirling sadly as we went, drowning even the loud booming of the guns. When we came to a small cemetery where others, dying on the Field of Honour, had preceded our own dead, we halted beside a long, open trench, for a single grave was to hold them all. One by one each man was lowered into that common pit, quietly a final prayer and the Blessing was said over them, and then, in the fading light, a tall, gaunt piper, separating himself from the rest, took his place alone beside the open grave and played a last farewell, and as we stood there with bowed heads, that ancient Highland Lament, with its poignant, aching melancholy, rose and fell in the still evening air, as the deepening shadows closed in around us.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

Be valiant as men despising death, but confident as unwonted to be overcome.—
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*The Cross sanctifies all that it touches, and Heaven only accepts those fruits which it has consecrated.—*PERREYVE.

*The test of a great love is not what it demands, but what it is prepared to do without.—*ANON.

THAT SANSKRIT TERM: LAZINESS

The most perfect and greatest of all good things are usually the result of laborious exercise and energetic vigorous labour.

PHILO.

FEW of us who were privileged to hear it, will ever forget our surprise and delight when Mr. Johnston, in his Convention speech of 1929, introduced us to that Sanskrit term, "Laziness". "Let us," he said, "make a resolute effort to conquer what is called in Sanskrit, *laziness*." Many of us laughed—it was so sudden; but for some the term has become, since then, a veritable open sesame into hitherto hidden mysteries of life. We have come to realize that "The Work", about which Mr. Judge wrote so often, and for which he and Madame Blavatsky—hour by hour, day by day, year by year—laid down their lives, was called by them The Work precisely because it was hewn out by work founded upon devotion to the Masters, and raised up and sustained for them by work,—not by laziness. To-day, we speak proudly—and glibly—of The Work; we have joined The Work; we tell each other about The Work, past, present, and to come. What is our individual share in that Work? What is the proportion of our work for Theosophy, and our work for ourselves? Are we perfectly certain that the reform of ourselves is the *only* contribution we can make? In the German folk-tale (and what German folk-tale is not a graphic picture of unadulterated lower nature?), that boastful little tailor, helping the giant carry a big tree, offered to let him bear the single and simple trunk, while *he* took the great multitude of twigs and branches for his share,—and then sat upon them, while the giant, his back turned, and confiding, toiled along, dragging trunk, branches, and tailor. The picture is meant to be funny, because, being a German story, we are supposed to side with the smart braggart and liar of a tailor against the giant. But when the giant is a lion-hearted H. P. B.,—a sick, maligned, and suffering woman—or, if you will, an "Arhan who remains to help mankind", what then? Mr. Judge wrote of himself: "I am swamped in work, but my courage is up"; and again: "I have no amusements but nothing but work in the T. S." (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, II, pp. 42, 75); and he adds: "He who enters the secret Path finds his peace and pleasure in endless work for ages for Humanity." *Endless work for ages*. And we barely get up the energy once a year,—or is it once in two or three years?—to write a QUARTERLY article; to prepare a worth-while talk for our Branch meetings; to study (not just read) the *Secret Doctrine* and *Key*; or to train ourselves to read and write a foreign language so as to help the spread of Theosophy; or to learn to typewrite, or to take dictation, or even to copy a paragraph correctly from a book, or place a postage stamp properly on an envelope. Years ago Mr. Judge wrote: "— is right enough in his way, but

certainly he ought to be fitting himself for something in addition to speaking, as the T. S. has to have a head as well as a tongue; and if a man knows he is bad at business, he should mortify himself by making himself learn it, and thus get good discipline. We sadly need at all places some true enthusiasts. But all that will come in time [though hardly yet, after 35 years]. The main thing is for the members to study and know Theosophy, for if they do not know it, how can they give any of it to others? Of course at all times most of the work falls upon the few, as is always the case, but effort should be made, as you say, to bring out other material" (*op. cit.*, p. 63). The principle is clear; if you can do one thing, learn another.

Laziness,—what is it, from a theosophical point of view? Does anyone excuse himself on the ground that it is Tamas, one of the three "Gunas or fundamental qualities" which "for ever encompass us", and that, consequently, he must be expected inevitably to possess his share? But Tamas is nowhere called *laziness*. The *Glossary* defines it as "darkness, 'foulness' and inertia"; the *Secret Doctrine* as "spiritual darkness" (I, 373); Mr. Judge as "Indifference, ignorance, darkness", or again says it is "of the nature of indifference and is the deluder of mortals" (*Letters*, I, 15 and 48). Not a word about laziness. In fact there is nothing primordial or fundamental or grand at all about laziness. It is wholly secondary, a perversion, a positive moral defect. Let us see what we may discover about it.

Mr. Judge once wrote: "I am constantly in the habit of consulting the dictionary and of thinking out the meanings and the correlations of words. Do the same. It is good" (*Letters*, II, 82). One dictionary defines lazy as "indisposed to move quickly or to work"; another as "averse to work; slothful"; and a third as "unwilling to work; indolent; disinclined to exertion". Every one of these phrases expresses a state of the *will*, and a positive, not a quiescent, state. It is not that people lie down and do not work, it is that they will not work. The word is derived from the Latin *laxus*, loose, through the French *lâche*, cowardly, slack,—also obvious in their moral connotations. A coward is not merely a man in whom there is an absence of courage, he is a man who *acts* on his fears. When Mr. Judge was swamped with work, his courage was up. If some toil-worn older member should be so downright as to call some of us cowards, instead of lazy, we should relish the characterization even less, no doubt,—but with what right? Men are indulgent towards someone who merely calls them lazy—partly, perhaps, because to get excited (they feel instinctively) would rouse them out of it; but partly also because the very essence of laziness is to resist the pressure of a higher will,—one's own, or another's. A lazy man is not merely a man possessed with a superabundance of inertia (Tamas)—for *all* men without exception whatever have some degree of *that*—but one who acts (Rajas) or wills, against action. A man under the dominion of indifference, ignorance, darkness, does not see that there is a duty to perform; a lazy man sees a duty to perform, and is *not willing* to perform it. "Thou wicked and slothful servant" was said of a man whose wickedness lay in his sloth—in resisting the known will of an "austere" Lord. Like neutrality, laziness turns

the will back upon itself, and stultifies itself. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle *soul* shall suffer hunger" (Prov., xix, 15). Inertia keeps a moving ball rolling, once started. Start a lazy man writing an article, and he will stop in the middle, at the first excuse or interruption, and then justify his "inability" to qualify as a literary light. The lazy man assumes that the doing of what he does not want to do, would strain him unduly,—an assumption which might imply that he has written instructions from on high not to strain even so much as his tendon of Achilles. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge had, apparently, no such dispensations. No, laziness is not Tamas, it is Rajas gone wrong; it is a sort of incarcerated, or intrenched, self-will; it is the rebellion of a coward.

To face this fact can become a veritable revelation, if it be applied to the details of one's own life. There is a great difference between failure to recognize an opportunity to work, or the need for work or to help someone in distress (due to indifference, ignorance, darkness), and refusal to take the trouble, to endure the pains, or to risk the obloquy, of some demand that life, or Karma, makes upon us. The end of the lazy man is self-destruction through the use of his will to resist his will: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth" (Eccle., x, 18). Incidentally, the root meaning of the Hebrew abstract feminine word '*astlāh*, slothfulness, laziness, is '*ātsēl*, "to lean idly". And it was precisely this word which formed the key-note of the 1928 Convention addresses, in the first of which the Chairman of our Executive Committee exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, get out of the habit of leaning on, instead of carrying". He also added: "H. P. B. and Judge did not lean on. If we are to complete their work, we must also carry, not lean on. This, therefore, is my suggestion, something that I hope you will keep in heart. The responsibility is real, when you recognize it. One takes the risk of pressing it on you, because it has to be recognized and has to be acted on." If the building decays, therefore—if the stronghold of Theosophy erected for us by our wise Master-builders and cemented with a toil fearsome to think upon, and which brought illness, suffering, and death—if that stronghold raised in the very midst of hell, collapses, the responsibility is now ours. And where, pray, may we then turn for safety? The veil of Tamas—of ignorance and darkness (and who, reading the Convention Reports, will dare exclude indifference?)—has been torn aside, and we are left stripped of all excuse. Our leaders took "the risk" of "pressing" the responsibility of that realization upon us because it *had to be done*. One year later—ample time in which to prove our mettle—with a fine irony, and a delicate courtesy, we were called—in Sanskrit—*lazy*. Did the humour of it blind us to the stinging lash upon our recalcitrant wills?

The Curé d'Ars used to say, when people spoke of his holiness: "I am not afraid of taking trouble, that is all." His simplicity of statement is almost a guarantee of its truth. What limit is there to a man who never refuses to undertake anything which he recognizes as desirable to be done? And until a man has attained some such attitude, can he be said to be master in his own household? With such a spirit, it is easy to see how "One could be confined

in a prison and yet be a *worker* for the Cause." We read of Mr. Judge: "To those who would ask his advice in the crises which were wont to shake the tree of the T. S., he would make answer: 'Work! Work! Work for Theosophy!' " (*Letters*, II, 114). It was Mr. Judge's constant theme. In the fifteen of his letters in the first volume compiled by Jasper Niemand, there are sixteen references to work, its need and fruits; and in the twenty-three shorter letters, with additional fragments, of the second volume, there are twenty-five references, including six whole pages devoted to elucidating the way to work. They form, in the light of the writer's own life, a moving commentary on: "He who enters the secret Path finds his *peace and pleasure* in endless work for ages for Humanity,"—and provide us with ample guidance for our own conduct in starting, however humbly, to tread that Path.

We cannot say that we lack incentive, though perhaps it is true that we do not make our own the incentives which, along with responsibility, are literally pressed upon us. No pains are being spared to make clear to us the issues of the present, the magnificent possibilities of the very near future, the high adventure of our own personal share in all that the Movement holds in store. And we are told in no uncertain terms precisely how we may assure ourselves of not being left out of what lies just ahead: "Immediate rebirth is for those who are *always working* with their hearts on Master's work and free from self-interest" (*Letters*, I, 24). May we not conclude, therefore, that the antidote for *laziness* is—in Sanskrit—*work*? Let us then put ourselves in harness, and "Work as those work who are ambitious."

M. H.

It is tiny drops that form the mighty ocean: so, likewise, it is apparently trivial faults that lead to grievous sin.—AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

More sinners are made by sloth than by any other sin soever.—RAMÓN LULL.

If we would see the stars of His mysteries, we must first descend into the deep well of humility.—CATHERINE OF SIENA.

SELF-GIVING

IT may be thought that as individual members, as individual Branches, we appear to do little for the spiritual welfare of mankind, and the question may cross the mind: what *can* we do to further the Cause of Brotherhood in the world?

There is a good deal we can do, if we wish to, because it happens to be of a personal character and within the scope of all of us. No matter what our station in life may be, no matter what our intellectual capacities are, we can take definite strides in a certain direction and make a genuine contribution to the Work we have at heart. So it may be asked along what line can this increased force or power to help be found, and the answer is, it is to be found in "greater self-giving and more devoted service".

A study of the sacred books and writings of the ages will show a singular unanimity regarding spiritual growth and development, and this is really as it should be, for the Path, in one sense, is the same for all who would tread it. The neophyte or disciple of whatever land or race, has to give himself to the Cause, to the Teacher he would follow, at the expense of personal comfort, inclination or desire; at the cost of moulded thought and cherished opinion. In this connection let us consider for a moment the message of H. P. B. which Mr. William Kingsland has appropriately placed on the dedication page of his admirable book, *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*. It reads as follows:—

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind—but yet a road; and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer. There is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through. There is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onwards, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and save humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come."

We can see at once that this message is definite and clear; it is the embodiment of self-giving, and an epitome of the life of H. P. B. herself. It is something to know that there is a road, a path, and that it leads to some definite place or state of attainment, even if it is beset with perils of every kind. There is so much shifting sand nowadays in the way of life and belief, that the solid rock of spiritual achievement is worth all that it costs. Doubtless this path has been there for all time, but how many have had the vision and courage to follow it! Did not Jesus say, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it"? We have just had a glimpse of self-giving and its importance, in a broad and general way, through those

words of H. P. B., but we need to consider it more closely, that we may be able to arrive at some better understanding of the scope of the personal application. There are various means by which we can give, but they are not necessarily self-giving. We may give our time, but that we may be thought well of by others; we may give our money, but without love or sympathy; we may give our work, but that we may be known of men. So it is well if in our earlier years of aspiration and inquiry, we see the importance of disinterested effort and purity of motive. In proportion to our aspiration and exercise of will, we come to a point where self-giving has an opportunity of being more definitely manifested; and while this may be but the *beginning* of a newer, deeper, freer life altogether, it is a step or decision which can bring with it, at the outset, peace and contentment in these days of turmoil and unrest. Self-giving, at this stage, may be more from the position of a comparatively enlightened faith and trust than from an actual knowledge of the wisdom of the step, but nevertheless that is the order of procedure. We must first have faith that the Master is there before we can contact Him. Some clearer idea of this step may be gained from the following sentences taken from Mr. Johnston's *Parables of the Kingdom*.—

"To love one's life, to gain success; this is unquestionably the gospel of the day; yet we find Jesus pointing us in exactly the opposite direction. We cannot serve God and mammon; he that loves his life shall lose it. . . . Let us suppose that the right choice is made; that faith in divine law outweighs calculation or natural law, that the seeker boldly launches his boat upon the waves. He determines that his life, whatever may be given to him to live, shall be devoted to divine law, to obedience to divine commands; that this is his purpose, this his success. . . . If the choice be thus made, certain results will immediately follow. Faith will make way for knowledge; instead of believing that there is a divine law, which will support the conduct of his life, he knows this law; he rests in a power which touches him from above. . . . For him, it is a matter, not of theory, but of experience."

Once having taken this step, having placed our life and its circumstances under divine law and guidance, we find that we are freer to deal with the more intimate and subtle barriers in the way of self-giving. We realize more fully how the Mind is the great Slayer (or perverter) of the Real. As we set out to "live the life" in positive earnest, we should face the fact from the start that certain definite consequences are bound to ensue. We are striving to be of some account in the world, i. e. to be of some use to the spiritual forces for good. Consequently we meet with the opposition of the forces for evil,—and not merely from the outside world, but from the lower aspect of our own dual natures. Here is the battle-ground and warfare. Here we put ourselves to the test, and it remains to be seen if we can keep our poise and balance under the strain. There is, however, the other side of the picture. If we incur the opposition of the Black Lodge, we also draw to ourselves the support of the White Lodge and their Agents. Perhaps it should be stated at this point that The Theosophical Society is an avenue whereby we can pass from one stage of development to

another; and so, from humble neophyte reaching up to things in a general and abstract way, we can reach the stages that are more definite and concrete in their relationship to the Masters and their Associates. It has often been said that to know our Master we must be like him; and, therefore, it is a path of likeness the would-be disciple sets out to follow, which is by no means easy, as we shall see. But what things that are worth while are easy? And what of the difficulties, when we know that they *can* be surmounted and victory achieved? Such thoughts encourage and strengthen, as nothing else can, for the tasks that lie before us.

We are all familiar with the saying, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"; so it is that the heart must be set on the treasure in heaven, on spiritual things, to make any definite headway; in fact until this is accomplished the life of the aspirant will be one of conflicting purposes—the tendency to service at one hour and the impulse to self-indulgence at the next: and at this rate—where we build up with one hand and pull down with the other—the spiritual edifice will take a long time in erecting.

In a wonderful book that tells of the Gates of Gold there are a few lines that may be of use to us now, and they are these:—

"Strength to step forward is the primary need of him who has chosen his path. Where is this to be found? Looking round, it is not hard to see where other men find their strength. Its source is profound conviction.

"The man who is strong, who has resolved to find the unknown path, takes with the utmost care every step. He utters no idle word, he does no unconsidered action, he neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult."

As other men find their strength in profound conviction, so the would-be disciple will do the same; in fact he must have an unshakable confidence that there is a definite, if unknown path, and that he has the ability to follow it. It is not likely that we should find on the back of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, in reference to the Society: "And lastly it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this,"—were it not possible to arrive at some attainment in this direction.

So we begin to approach details when we see that the man who has resolved to find the unknown path takes with the utmost care every step; that he utters no idle word, does no unconsidered action, neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult. And it should be patent that such a course of life must be one in which self-giving plays a prominent part; in fact *the* part before we can be of any real service to mankind. If we have a burning desire to serve, that of itself will bring us to the point where we determine to give ourselves, whole-heartedly and delightedly, to our Master. As we do this we place ourselves in a position more fully to co-operate with his plan for us. When we desire what the Master desires, the lower mind is gradually directed and transformed by the higher mind, the Soul, and we are on the road to evolving a truer and more definite personality. But the lower mind does not readily

take second place, for our consciousness has not been centred in the spiritual; and it is not easy to take with care every step, to utter no idle word, to do no unconsidered action. We find that it is not easy to extricate ourselves from the meshes in which the mind is entangled, and we must take advantage of all we can, to keep it at the standard we want. Resolution, fixed and persistent, can purify and elevate to a large extent. As we put our weight into it we make it possible for ourselves to be helped in ways we dream not of. As our faith and trust enlarge, we draw nearer to the day when they become knowledge at first hand, and we go along the way of becoming, at our own pace. If we burn to serve, to give, the personality will be subject to intense heat; but the dross and scum will be the more quickly separated from the gold, and a measure of preparation sooner attained for the life that is life indeed. We can, with profit, contemplate a life that radiates love and understanding and is free from pride and vanity, egotism and selfishness in all its forms, and such contemplation should nerve us to action and make us strong, for thought that is not embodied is weakening.

As we go along the uphill road we find there are many problems and obstacles of the mind and heart to deal with, as instanced by Jasper Niemand, who says that "the disciple should avoid all crystallization—that great danger of the disciple". We should therefore endeavour to keep an open mind, ever ready to learn and unlearn as the lessons necessitate. This will help to widen our vision and enable us to distinguish the Immortal from the mortal. We shall find that there can be no standing still; we must either move forward or backward. If we are content to remain as we are, what better are we than those who do so with less light? So to grow, to evolve in the right way—and there is a right and a wrong way—we must be alert in embodying the light we already possess.

From another aspect there is a problem that may confront us which is splendidly illustrated in the case of the young man who came to Jesus asking what he should do to inherit eternal life; he was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor and then "Come and follow me"; and it is said that he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. We may give much, but we make reservations; we keep back a part of ourselves—often in the form of ideas, which we consider valuable. Only as we give ourselves wholly can we be really effective in any undertaking, or be in a position to profit fully by a Master's instruction. There is a saying of Jesus referring to detachment that clearly puts the case:—"Lovest thou me more than these?" It would seem that the rich young man was attached to his material possessions, and consequently loth to part with such a position and all that it implied. We must not, however, assume that spiritual development necessarily means material poverty, though it would seem to be true that there are very few people who could stand sudden riches, human nature being what it is. Whilst, then, it might have been a necessity for the rich young man, there may be times and circumstances when other conditions prevail: and this is not to be unmindful of the further statement of Jesus on that occasion when he said:—

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

We may well observe that the Master did not say that it was impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but that it was very difficult. So it is not that we are to jump out of the station of life in which we are placed, but that we are to use that position wisely, and to do the work that lies in it in a disinterested and detached manner.

There is another point of view, and there are doubtless others, from which self-giving is particularly valuable and important: as we give ourselves to the Master for the purpose of instruction and guidance, our self-surrender can be made good use of. And it should be said here that our self-surrender by no means does away with will and initiative. We are free at each moment to act as we choose. The Master may suggest and counsel, but the decisions rest with us; we are not dwarfed or belittled, but have ample scope for growth and development. In this way one God-like power brings or draws forth others: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me".

Self-surrender is the means whereby our Master can bring about in earthly life a more definite manifestation of the spiritual forces for good. As someone says:—

"And even a little faith and love give to the Masters the fulcrum on which They can plant the lever by which the world can be moved." As we give ourselves to the Master we realize that there can be no compromise with evil, whether in the world outside or within ourselves. Thus we gain strength and stability by standing up boldly for what we feel to be right on the one hand, and by giving our personalities no quarter when lower thoughts and tendencies assail us, on the other. On this question of compromise we may well refer to the splendid example of the late Duke of Northumberland, and we should be glad that even outside the ranks of the Society there are those who have the vision and courage to manifest such principles. A few lines about the late Duke from a local newspaper, dated Saturday, August 23rd, may not be unworthy of our attention. They read:—

"To-day the North of England—and indeed the whole country—mourns the passing of a powerful personality—the Duke of Northumberland. He was a man of character and determination, honest in his convictions and unflinching. Having thought out a line of action, he never turned back. That was why he was admired by friend and opponent alike. In an age when compromise is regarded as the easiest solution of any problem, the Duke of Northumberland would have none of it. He felt it was his mission to speak out, to enter into controversies, and to make his fellow-countrymen think. . . . In these days we need the Percy tradition of courage and that is why his passing is a real loss to the nation."

In our desire to work, to serve, it will be clear that we each have our own problems and obstacles, but whatever they are the same effort of direction is required. We need to place ourselves more definitely on the altar of sacrifice,

and perhaps it is needless to say that this is no pedestal, nor an opportunity to congratulate ourselves, for we are really giving up the lesser for the greater. It is doubtless being borne in on us that we do not need to go out into the highways and by-ways to make self-giving the point of our lives. And should it not be a matter of thankfulness that this is so? If in the sphere of our own private lives we can eliminate impatience, ill-temper, cowardice, vanity, jealousy, self-indulgence and all uncharitableness, by cultivating their opposites, we are making definite contributions to the Cause we seek to serve. So much can be done in a quiet, steady, unobtrusive way; for neither self-giving nor self-conquest require the noise and publicity of the market place; it is not that we are afraid of the outside world but that our work lies where souls are ready. Someone says:—

"When one thinks of what all the Leaders of the Movement (Masters) have done and are doing, one bows in adoration of their patience and love for us ineffectual creatures. It is true that the way is long, but we ourselves make it so, for lack of the burning fiery faith which removes the mountains of our opposition. We just do not see it, and yet it is only round the corner, and we will not turn our eyes to it while They hold out their hands to welcome us and plead, 'Oh why *will* ye die'."

With these thoughts in mind, then, we can renew our strength and do something definite for the spiritual welfare of mankind; we can make a real contribution to the Cause of Brotherhood in the world, and strive on to that goal of perfection and service referred to by Jesus when he said:—

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

E. HOWARD LINCOLN.

Whether a bird's foot be tied by a tiny thread or a heavy cord, matters little; it is not possible for him to fly until he has broken it. Thus it is with the attachments of the soul.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

The Buddha said:

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.—DHAMMAPADA.

AN OUTLINE FOR PERSONAL EXPERIMENTATION

THERE are those who take the view that man has evolved from the animal, and that his nature, therefore, is purely animalistic. As opposed to them there are others who claim that man is a divine creature, and that his nature, therefore, is purely spiritual.

Basing her statements on a knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom, Madame Blavatsky shows that neither view is entirely right or entirely wrong. She shows that these two natures have come together in man, and that between them, within man, there is constant conflict for supremacy. Further, she shows that this conflict will continue until the divine, or higher nature, gains complete supremacy and uses the animal, or lower nature, as a vehicle for acting out the divine will while in corporeal existence. In other words, she shows that it is of first importance for man to learn to know himself. This is the view that has been held by the sages of all time.

Since time immemorial, sages have said that man's first experiment in the Sacred Science must be made on himself. Before he can hope to penetrate beneath the mere surface of his surroundings, he must have arrived at some understanding of the two natures within him, the lower and the higher, or, as they are sometimes called, the personality and the individuality. That is, man must develop within himself the science of conscience as opposed to the science of physical things; and the first requisite to such development is purification of desire.

It is not a question of discarding the personality. Man needs the personality, but needs to have it under proper discipline. That disciplining must be done here and now, and not in some far off and hazy heaven. Mr. Judge has said that immortality must be gained during life, as what is required is a threefold development of body, soul and spirit. The method necessary is twofold, purification and exfoliation. Purification must come first, as it is only through the purified personality that the exfoliation can take place. There is, therefore, complete agreement between the view held by the sages of old, and that held by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, as to the necessity of man's learning to know himself if he would know the world around him.

Mr. Judge carries this same view into what he writes on the subject of chélas, making it clear that chélas are not made. He states that "*we become chélas,*" and that it is essential for the aspirant to gain the ability "*to stand alone and uninfluenced by other men and events*". Obviously, no such ability is possible so long as man lives according to his inclinations. That the ordinary man does so live, or tries so to live, is apparent on every side; and therefore the

first step in the pathway to chélaship is the conquest of personal desires. *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History* and the *Elixir of Life* both stress the importance to man of freeing himself from the dominance of his inclinations.

In the former work it is stated that man must rid himself of the following inclinations "in the order of their materiality: first, avarice, then fear, then envy, worldly pride, uncharitableness, hatred, ambition, and last of all, curiosity—intellectual greed". In the *Elixir of Life* these inclinations are mentioned in the same order, the importance of getting rid of them being emphasized as follows: "To get rid of the inward desire is the essential thing. . . . The 'basest' inclinations must go first, then the others. . . . The strengthening of the more ethereal and so-called 'spiritual' parts of man must go on at the same time." Here are two authorities, then, in which the same list of inclinations is given. It would seem that they must offer a good working basis on which to found a "scientifically devised system of drill" for the self-discipline which it is necessary for man to impose upon himself, in making his first experiment in the Sacred Science, and for carrying forward within himself the twofold method of purification and exfoliation.

It will be seen that these inclinations are intimately connected with man's everyday desires, feelings, thoughts and pursuits, that they represent divine force which is being misapplied by man, and that they are a logical and coherent stepping-up from the most material to the less material. Hence a system of drill founded on them must be practical, must have as its object to destroy their hold, while saving and redirecting their force; and the method used against each inclination must represent a logical and coherent stepping-up of the system as a whole.

As a preface to the outline itself, it is well to point out that it is always hazardous to treat too concretely of such matters, as there is the risk that suggestions may be applied as hard and fast rules. Obviously any such outline cannot be considered a prescription for all, it must be subject to revision and modification, or be supplemented to fit individual needs; in some cases, not be used at all. Much depends upon the individual's immediate objective.

To consider, then, the inclinations man has to transmute:

Avarice—an inordinate desire for outer possessions at least equal to, if not better than, those of others. Often carried to the point of desire for the actual possessions of others, it causes man to meddle in others' affairs, and in the duties of others. "The duty of another is full of danger." One way of turning the force is by concentration on one's *own* duties—God-given opportunities. By endeavour to improve their performance, will come a better understanding of their importance and spiritual significance. This process paves the way to dealing with:

Fear. Avarice helps to sustain fear. Man is fearful of penury, of material loss, and failure of material gain, rather than of what he may find on the other side of Jordan. Fearful of losing this life, his fear is concerned with things of the lower self. Hence comes the saying, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Yet man must give the god in him a chance. The god in man is

not subject to time, but fear in man is subject to time. Overcoming time, man overcomes fear. By refusing to live in the three times, neither in the past, nor the present, nor the future, but in "the Eternal", as *Light on the Path* bids us, man lives more as the god within him dictates, and places this force more wholly in the world of the god within him.

Envy. Avarice and fear have to do with outer possessions; envy is concerned with less material or more inner possessions. It is manifest in chagrin or discomfort over the excellence of another. It is a more interior feeling. Envy is rank poison. Putting it on the lowest ground of self-interest, the aspirant being a seeker after knowledge, should welcome the excellence of another, since he can learn through another's excellence. He should rejoice over it, and by continued rejoicing over others' excellence, he may not only help others, but may turn the force from manifesting as envy, and thus open the way better to deal with:

Worldly pride. Politicians and actors are examples of worldly pride. They seek and live on the approbation of the world. To them the world's opinion is final, surrounded as they are by the glamour of the world. When the hold of avarice, fear and envy is weakened, then the world's opinion counts for less. Humility is the primary requisite for chéliship. The aspirant should desire to appear as nothing in the eyes of the world, "to grow as the flower", and thus turn the force in worldly pride, back to the centre being built within himself, to the god within.

Uncharitableness. Through meditation, and self-examination based on the inclinations already considered, the aspirant begins to know himself better. The meaning of charity often is misunderstood. The saying, "charity begins at home", with oneself, is not a selfish doctrine, for, to be charitable, man must be firm and uncompromising with himself. "Man know thyself." Through knowing himself, man grows more charitable to the weaknesses of others. One way of turning force by applying charity, is to begin at home.

Hatred. There is a contrast between personal hatred, or animosity, and hatred based upon principle. Personal hatred is mean and small. Through the conquest of the previously indicated inclinations, man should have gained the ability to distinguish between the two. Mindful of the higher and truer centre growing up within him, man should apply first to himself the hatred which is based upon the simple principle of right and wrong. All that is wrong in the lower nature must be hated and blasted out, for the reason that it is opposed to the higher centre. "He that is not with me, is against me."

Ambition. The sense of separateness is weakened, and the sense of union is strengthened, as the force is turned to the god within by weakening the more material inclinations. The god within is gaining power, and is able to assert himself and to help the aspirant to "work as those work who are ambitious". Thus, force can be utilized "to work for the work's sake", and to strengthen the god within. The system leads naturally to the last and least material inclination listed:

Curiosity, often termed intellectual greed. It is prevalent to-day, as *Manas*

is being developed without being freed from the dominance of unpurified Kama. A scientifically devised system of drill is necessary to draw the force of Kama back and upward toward the god within, away from the lower self toward the higher self, toward Buddhi. All these inclinations operate from a common base, the Kama Rupa. As force is turned from manifesting as inclination, the Kama Rupa is weakened and the new and higher centre nourished and strengthened. The knowledge so acquired is used by Manas, guided by Buddhi instead of Kama; instead of intellectual greed, a centre of real understanding is built up.

This completes the outline.

It is significant that in the *Elixir of Life*, immediately following this list of inclinations to be abandoned so that desire may be purified, there is given a definition of meditation: "Meditation is the inexpressible yearning of the inner man 'to go out toward the infinite'." Man's *yearning*, his *upward desiring*, is the purified force of Kama, of desire, turned back toward its source, to divine will, to Buddhi.

The disciplinary method exists not by itself nor for itself alone. Concomitant with meditation, it is the way by which consciousness is elevated and exfoliation is achieved. It is the *only* way by which aspirants become chélas.

G. M. W. K.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—THOREAU.

Remember that virtue does not consist in making fine resolutions, nor in saying fine words, but in bringing them into effect.—MARGUERITE-MARIE.

Of nothing can we be more sure than this: that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other.—MARTINEAU.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART VI, SECTION 2

KING PRAVAHANA, SON OF JIVALA

THE passage to be translated is one of the few that occur more than once in the great Upanishads. The closely parallel version in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* has already been translated. For the repetition of the story of King Pravahana, son of Jivala, and the two Brahmans, father and son, there is ample justification, for this narrative contains the key to the spiritual history of India throughout millenniums; it further contains a vitally important suggestion as to the spiritual destiny of India through future ages.

The dramatic movement of the story is rapid and full of interest. First to be named of the persons of the drama is Shvetaketu, a Brahman youth; of him we are told, in a famous passage of the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, that he had committed to memory the verses of the three Vedas, the Rig, the Yajur and the Sama, so that he could intone any text that was asked for. We are also told that he was conceited, vain of his learning and proud. One who was critical of the Brahmans throughout the millenniums of their history, would be inclined to say that Shvetaketu is the great exemplar and antetype of one aspect of that gifted hierarchy; and it is worth noting that in the records of the Buddha, greatest of the Rajput race, there are many portraits of young Brahmans who bear the strongest family likeness to Shvetaketu, conceited, vain of his learning and proud.

Shvetaketu, thus mentally and morally equipped, presented himself at the assembly of the Panchalas, who were of the Rajput race. King Pravahana, son of Jivala, was seated in the midst of his followers, who were in all likelihood his disciples, since he was a Master of the Secret Wisdom. After he had greeted the young Brahman, King Pravahana asked him whether he had been instructed in the teaching by his father. Over-confidently, the youth declared that he had been instructed. King Pravahana then asked him a series of questions, concerning which the comment of the youthful Brahman, when he had returned crestfallen to his father, was this:

"This Rajanya fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them!"

To begin with, it is evident that Shvetaketu did not well consider and ponder over the questions that were put to him, for, with the exception of the last, the group of questions imply their own answers. Thus the first question, as to the diverging paths on which beings proceed on going forth from this world at death, is really answered by the fourth question. For the diverging paths are the path of the gods and the path of the fathers, by which goes all that moves

between father heaven and mother earth. In like manner the answer to the question why the other world is not filled to overflowing by the souls that go thither incessantly, is because they come to this world again. Therefore we are here concerned with the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation.

But, one may ask, if Shvetaketu had been instructed in the teachings which were known to his father, if he had learned by heart and could recite the verses of the three Vedas, Rig, Yajur and Sama, how is it possible that he did not at once recognize this transparent allusion to the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation?

The answer is at once simple and significant. Nowhere in the Vedic hymns is there any reference to reincarnation. Whatever else these hymns contain, they do not contain the teaching of rebirth. They imply, rather, another world, ghostly and filled with mist, such as is depicted in the Babylonian hymns; a world in which the ghosts or spirits of the ancestors are dependent for their cheerless continuance on the offerings of food made to them by their descendants, offerings of rice-cakes, whole or in fragments, and libations of water. To the nine ancestors in the ascending series these offerings were regularly made. After the ninth generation, the ghostly ancestors appear to fade away into forgetfulness and oblivion. We are nowhere told what becomes of them. They simply disappear from sight. To this day, this reverence for ancestors, shown by periodical offerings to their ghosts, is the practical religion of the Brahmans, the foundation on which is built their whole system of family law. The central religious fact is the offering of the rice and water to the ghosts of the dead; but this offering must be made by the spiritual representative, in the direct line of descent. As a result, whoever is declared by the Brahman family priest to be entitled to make the offering, is thereby announced to be the principal heir of the estate, which he administers primarily in order to assure the continuance of the necessary periodical offerings. Where there is no son to make these offerings, a son may be adopted, according to certain intricate rules, of which the Brahman priests are once more the arbiters. Further, the anxious desire for a son who shall make the offerings, and thereby secure the well-being of the soul in the next world, is the main cause of those too early marriages which are responsible for many of India's woes, including over-population and heavy infant mortality.

But the questions of King Pravahana implied something besides the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation. This teaching, in itself, and materialistically understood, as it often is in the Orient to-day, is hardly more inspiring or illumining than the earlier and very widely held belief in the Babylonian underworld of mist. Perpetually repeated births lead nowhere, and are without purpose, without inspiration. The answer to this difficulty is, that the teaching of reincarnation is only half the complete doctrine, and the lower half. There is also the splendid teaching of divine rebirth, of spiritual liberation and attainment, the teaching which the Buddha named the way of Nirvana, and which is here finely called the path of the gods. The path of the gods is the spiritual side of the teaching, while the way of reincarnation is the material side. For this reason, they are also called the path of the sun and the path of the moon; the way

of reincarnation being connected with the lunar *pitris*, as the way of liberation is connected with solar divinities.

Shvetaketu's father, called in other passages Uddalaka, grandson of Aruna, belonged to a tribe of Brahmans called the Gotamas. There was a tribe or clan of the same name among the Rajanyas, or Rajputs, who to this day dominate Western India, and to this tribe Prince Siddhartha, who is known as the Buddha, belonged. But no kinship is implied by the identity of name. There is a difference, not of caste only—that is, of social standing and of occupation—between Rajput and Brahman; there is further a profound difference of race. There is in fact a difference in "colour," as the Sanskrit word *varna*, translated "caste," really means. The evidence on this point falls naturally into two parts: first, the proof that the Rajputs of to-day are ethnically distinct from the Brahmans of pure stock, the Rajputs being a red, ruddy or copper-coloured race, while the Brahmans are white-skinned, the two races being further distinguished by skull-form, stature, and the other qualities which make for race-difference. The descent of the pure-blooded Rajput of to-day from the Rajanya of two thousand years ago is unquestioned, as is the race-continuity of the pure-blooded Brahman. This brings us to the second part of our evidence: the fact that the race-difference between Rajanya and Brahman was recognized in India more than two thousand years ago; and that precisely the difference in colour which we have described, was hit on as a distinguishing character. There are, besides the red Rajput and the white Brahman, two other ancient race-stocks in India distinguished by colour: namely, the yellow races, generally called Kolarian, such as the Santals of Bengal and the Savaras of Madras; and the black Dravidian races of the south, whose languages are Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and the rest of the Dravidian family. The yellow races seem to have inherited from a remote time the culture of rice and silk, which are so characteristic of the yellow race in China; and the black races, the Dravidians, have remarkable skill in handicrafts, in building, in metal work, and so on, the temples of Madura and other southern cities being among the wonders of the world.

Keeping this position of the four races or "colours" in mind, we are in a position to see the absolute accuracy of the following passage from the *Mahabharata*, in the Shantiparvan, beginning at verse 6934:

"The colour (*varna*) of the Brahman was white, that of the Kshatriyas red, that of the Vaishyas yellow, that of the Shudras black. . . . This world, having been at first created by Brahma entirely Brahmanic, became separated into colour in consequence of works. Those twice-born men who were fond of sensual pleasure, fiery, irascible, prone to violence, who had forsaken their duty, and were red-limbed, came into the condition of Kshatriyas.

"Those twice-born who derived their livelihood from kine, who were yellow, who subsisted by agriculture, and who neglected to practise their duties, entered into the state of Vaishyas. Those twice-born who were addicted to mischief and falsehood, who were covetous, who lived by all kinds of work, who were black and had fallen from purity, sank into the condition of Shudras."

The two words used to describe the skin-colour of the military race, the

Kshatriyas, in this passage, *lohita* ("red") and *rakta-anga* ("red-limbed"), are admitted by the highest authorities to be accurately descriptive of the skin-colour of the military race of Rajputs at the present day. It would seem, therefore, that we have a conclusive demonstration of the true relation of the "castes"; they are really, what the Sanskrit word means, "colours", the colours of four distinct races, white, red, yellow and black as we find them in India to-day, and as they must have been when the balance of power between the four races, which is called the Chaturvarnya, or "Four-colour system," was first struck in that admirably durable polity which finds its most famous expression in Manu's Laws. The two fundamental principles of this polity were first, that each race must remain distinct, of pure blood, intermarriage being heavily penalized; and, secondly, that each race should perform, in the state, those functions for which it was fitted by physical character and moral development. Both principles are thoroughly sound and wise; and to their wisdom was due the long duration of the "four-colour system," in India.

It will be noted that the passage cited from the *Mahabharata* is obviously from the point of view of the Brahmins. To bring this out, one may contrast it with a certain discourse of the Buddha, the *Suttanta of the First Things*, the purpose of which is to show that the Rajanyas, or Rajputs, are nobler and more ancient than the Brahmins.

There is yet another difference, which the Buddha, delivering a popular discourse, did not mention, though it was well known to him, since he exemplified it in his person. This is, that the Rajanyas were in possession of the teaching and practice of the Greater Mysteries, while the Brahmins were not, though they had long been in possession of the Three Vedas. The essence of the story of the Rajput King Pravahana, and the Brahmin father and son is, that it clearly and explicitly records the occasion on which a Rajput Master first imparted to a Brahmin disciple something of the tradition of the Greater Mysteries. But, before King Pravahana thus imparted the tradition, he insisted that the older Brahmin should seek to become his disciple according to the time-honoured rite. He further subjected him to a test of sincerity, detachment and aspiration, once again according to the sacramental formula, which is given in the Dialogue of Yama and Nachiketas:

"Choose sons and grandsons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. Choose the great abode of the earth, and for thyself live as many autumns as thou wilt.

"If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose wealth and length of days. Be thou mighty in the world, O Nachiketas; I make thee an enjoyer of thy desires.

"Whatever desires are difficult to gain in the mortal world, ask all desires according to thy will.

"These beauties with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by men—be waited on by them, my gifts. Ask me not of death, Nachiketas!"

Both this and the test of the older Brahmin,—“Store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and tapestries and robes,”—have their parallel in the Temptation in the Wilderness.

One point remains. The older Brahman specifically asked for the answers of the questions which had been put to his vain son, Shvetaketu. But King Pravahana makes no allusion either to questions or to answers. How is this omission to be explained?

The explanation is simple. The five questions refer, as we have seen, to the substance of the Greater Mysteries, and in particular, to the problem, how an aspirant for immortality may pass from the ceaseless round of reincarnation to the spiritual sunlight of the way of liberation.

The teaching imparted by King Pravahana to the older Brahman equally refers to the teaching of the Greater Mysteries, but, while necessarily clothed in symbols, it is somewhat fuller, giving, in addition to what was implied in the five questions, an outline of the teaching of emanation, the evolution of the descending worlds, or planes, from the One Eternal. For simplicity, only three planes are mentioned: the celestial world, the mid-world, the earthly world. But, even in this outline, certain things are made clear. First, that each stage of emanation, or evolution, is a sacrifice; second, that the process is not one of a self-unfolding mechanism, as many men of science teach to-day, but, on the contrary, that every stage is guided and presided over by divine powers, the Radiant Beings, of the text, who are elsewhere called Planetary Spirits.

The whole process culminates in man, whose biography is summarized thus: "He lives his life-span, and then he dies."

Then comes the fulfilment of the king's promise. He gives the older Brahman, now his tested disciple, another version of the two paths, path of the gods and path of the fathers, with slightly different but entirely consistent symbols. The path of the gods leads to spiritual rebirth and liberation. The path of the fathers leads to reincarnation.

It is as though there were an ascending series of planes, each with its positive pole, and each with its negative pole. The strong soul goes from one positive pole to the next, till he reaches the realm of Brahma. The weak soul, drawn to the negative poles, returns to this world.

RAJANYA AND BRAHMAN

Shvetaketu, verily, Aruna's grandson, came to the assembly of the Panchala nation. He came to Pravahana, son of Jivala, who was attended by his followers. Looking up at him, the king addressed him:

"Youth!" said he.

"Sir!" he replied.

"Hast thou received the teaching from thy father?"

"Yes!" he said.

"Knowest thou how these beings, going forth from this world, proceed on different paths?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou how they come back to this world again?"

"No!" he said.

"Knowest thou how that world is not filled up by the many going thither again and again?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou at which sacrifice being sacrificed, the waters, rising up, speak with human voice?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou the approach of the path of the gods, or of the path of the fathers, or by doing what they approach the path of the gods or the path of the fathers: as the word of the Rishi has been heard by us:

"Two ways I heard of, for mortals, the way of the fathers and the way of the gods.

By them goes all that moves, between father heaven and mother earth.' "

"No!" said he; "I do not know even one of them."

The king invited him to remain as his pupil. Not consenting to remain, he ran away to his father. He said to him:

"Forsooth, Sir, thou didst say that we had received the teaching!"

"How now, wise one?" he answered.

"This Rajanya fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them!"

"What were they?" said he.

"These!" said he, and he enumerated them.

His father said:

"Thou knowest us thus, dear, that whatever I know, I told it all to thee! But come, let us two set forth thither, and dwell as pupils with the king!"

"Go yourself, Sir!" said he.

That descendant of Gotama went to where Pravahana, son of Jivala, was. To him offering a seat, the king caused water to be offered. He made him the offering. To him the king said:

"We give a wish to the worshipful descendant of the Gotamas."

He said:

"This wish is promised to me: the speech that thou didst speak in the presence of the boy, tell me that!"

The king said:

"That, O descendant of the Gotamas, is among the wishes of the gods. Say a wish of men!"

He said:

"It is well known! There is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and tapestries and robes! May the Master not be niggardly toward us, in that which is great, infinite, illimitable!"

The king said: "This wish, descendant of the Gotamas, must be sought according to rule."

"I offer myself as thy pupil!" said he. For with this word the men of old betook them to a Master. He therefore dwelt there, thus becoming his disciple.

The king said to him:

"Therefore, O descendant of the Gotamas, be thou without reproach toward us, thou and thy forefathers: since this teaching never before dwelt in any Brahman, but to thee I shall declare it, for who has the right to refuse thee, speaking thus!"

He said:

"That world, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the sun truly is as the fuel; the rays of light are as the smoke; day is as the flame; the regions of the heavens are as the embers; the lesser regions are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer faith. From this oblation Soma Raja arises.

"The cloud of watery vapour, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the year is as the fuel; the thunder clouds are as the smoke; the lightning is as the flame; the thunderbolts are as the embers; the hail-stones are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer Soma Raja. From this oblation rain arises.

"This world, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the earth is as the fuel; the fire is as the fuel; the night is as the flame; the moon is as the embers; the stars are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer the rain. From this oblation food arises.

"The union of parents, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. The lips opened in breathing are as the fuel; the life-breath is as the smoke; vision is as the embers; hearing is as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire of union the Radiant Beings offer the food. From this oblation the new-born being arises. He lives his full life-span, and then he dies, and they take him to the pyre. . . . In this fire the bright powers offer the man, and from that sacrifice the man is born, of the colour of the sun.

"They who know this thus, and they who, in the forest, follow faith and truth, they are born into the flame, from the flame they go to the day, from the day to the waxing moon, from the waxing moon to the six months in which the sun goes north, from these months to the Deva-world, from the Deva-world to the sun, from the sun to the lightning; them, reaching the lightning, a person, mind-born, coming, leads to the worlds of the Eternal. They dwell in those worlds of the Eternal, in the highest realms; for them there is no return.

"But they who win worlds by sacrifice, gifts, penance, they are born into the smoke of the pyre, from the smoke they go to the night, from the night to the waning moon; from the waning moon to the six months in which the sun goes south, from these months to the world of the fathers, from the world of the fathers to the moon. They, reaching the moon, become food. The gods feast on them, as they wax and wane, like the lunar lord. Then, going full circle, they descend to this ether, from the ether to the air, from the air to rain, from rain to the earth; reaching the earth, they become food. Again they are sacrificed in the fire of man and the fire of woman, and are reborn, coming forth again to the world of men. Thus, verily, they go on their circling way."

C. J.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Ancient had something on his mind. As soon as we were seated, he asked: "In what frame of mind would you like to die? Do you wish to go as a soul set free from prison, with boundless joy? Or, like an arrow from the bow to the feet of your Master, there to pour yourself out in love and worship and in bitter tears—tears for all the failures of your life? It is for each to decide; but, having imagined, it would be folly to wait for death. The process of going to sleep at night, and every meditation, should begin with the same act, with a rehearsal of that supreme return,—but with more than a rehearsal, for, in terms of thought, imagination, desire and feeling, it should be done in fact, just as at death, except for lack of finality. We who were born in Occidental bodies, have inherited the fixed idea that heaven is a future state, and that a great gulf is fixed between embodied and disembodied consciousness. Even some students of Theosophy are crushed by that obsession, in as much as they persist in thinking of the inner reality as foreign to their every-day condition. They seem unable to realize that their normal state is a blend, and that all they need to do is to disentangle themselves as it were, separating the better from the worse, and firmly identifying the 'I' with the better, not only in thought, but above all in will and deed. Any honest and determined effort to do that consistently, and for a sufficient period of time, would give them a sense of the spiritual world as more real than this world, as 'at hand' instead of as far off,—and the sense of it would be followed by vivid perception and experience. As H. P. B. said, it is the mind that slays the real,—the mind with its arguments and separations and everlasting inspection of itself and its own content. If you want an exact image of what the mind is not, think of the flight of an arrow from the bow! However, my immediate point is that whatever we desire at the time of death, we not only can but should experience now, in some measure at least. Further, I doubt very much if we shall be able to do anything then, unless we have made it a habit during our stay here. States of consciousness are cultivations; they do not sprout over-night, out of nothing. Reincarnation shows us that even inherited tendencies, such as states of great mental depression or of optimism, are the result of our own cultivation in previous lives. How can we experience joy in heaven unless we have given it a place in our hearts, and have nourished it, here on earth!"

"I am not so sure that I want joy in heaven", the Student commented, laughing. "Too much depends upon the kind of joy. There are many people who go out of this world with an established inner conviction that, if not quite perfect, they are on such good terms with God, or—among so-called Theosophists—with Masters, not to speak of World Teachers, Maha Chohans and similar desiderata, that the joys of heaven are their natural prerogative; and, with this

comforting anticipation, they will undoubtedly, in my opinion, for a time at least, bask in an illusion of which some would say, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise': an abominable saying, in view of the bitter disillusionment that invariably follows bliss of that sort, whether in this world or in the other.

"When such victims of glamour die and 'go to heaven', they will be received with acclamation by the entire Lodge, and will have the feeling that at last everyone understands how right they have always been, and are; but the illusion cannot persist for ever, because the real universe is not built that way; and little by little, through the compassion of those whose names have been used as the pawns of fancy, tormenting doubts will arise, horrible doubts; until finally, suddenly, the glamour will disappear, and they will be left without guide or compass, nearer reality than they have ever been before, and yet with no real desire except to recover their lost illusions. Then re-birth—to recover them."

"Speaking of glamour", said the Philosopher, "reminds me of that very delightful article—instructive too—which appeared in the *QUARTERLY* exactly a year ago. It was entitled 'Glamour', if I am not mistaken, and dealt with the subject exhaustively. It is astonishing how much there is in the *QUARTERLY*, as well as in the old volumes of *The Path*, which can be read and re-read with enjoyment and profit. . . . You will admit, I am sure, that glamour, at times, serves very useful purposes."

"Not only admit, but insist upon it", the Student answered. "Wretched man, you have started me on one of my hobbies, and meant to do so, I suppose. That good and evil are relative terms, is a fundamental principle which every student of Theosophy would endorse, with the corollary, or preceding premise (depending upon whether you are working inductively or deductively), that they are the opposite poles of the base of an eternal triangle or trinity, with Spirit or Atma or 'X' at the apex which is superior to both, and from which both emanate. This explains, philosophically, why 'evil' is just as necessary as 'good', in the scheme of man's evolution, and how it is that what to-day are regarded as our virtues will be seen as vices when we have outgrown our present limitations."

"You mean, as I understand you, that there is no such thing as absolute or static evil, but that evil must be considered in relation to a man's stage of growth."

"Exactly. Vanity, in a child, is not evil. On the contrary, it may be the only means to produce right behaviour. Most schoolboys (and I assume the same is true of girls of a corresponding age) are governed almost entirely either by vanity or by fear. Of course there are exceptions. A sense of honour, devotion to parents and even to some teacher, a genuine love of fair-play or of truthfulness, exist occasionally and may control conduct; but this is usually among older boys. Small boys are more concerned about the opinion of their fellows than with anything else in life. The same is true of savages and all primitive peoples. Tribal law, though based on experience, is obeyed partly from vanity and partly from fear. At that stage, such motives are natural and proper, and, therefore, relatively 'good'. In the same way, ambition is vitally necessary to the vast majority of men. It is only to the very, very few that 'Kill out ambition' is said.

The average man, devoid of ambition, stagnates and rots. Even among would-be disciples, to whom the words 'Kill out ambition' were addressed, it is better and safer to discriminate as between ambitions, than to attempt at once to exterminate ambition itself. Thus, the ambition to attain or to hold place or power or the applause of men, is peculiarly vulgar and futile, while the ambition to be useful and to serve, is a necessary step, I think, toward the attainment of the less personal desire that service be rendered, no matter by whom.

"There are three (strictly speaking, seven) stages in the use of all things: first, the stage at which the thing uses us; second, the stage at which we throw off our subservience to the thing; third, the stage at which we dominate the thing and use it. This has been illustrated in terms of religious ritual: at one stage it is necessary and may be said to control the individual who, at that stage, is rightly dependent upon it; at the next stage it is of primary importance that he should escape from dependence upon it, for otherwise he ceases to grow; at the third stage, after he has become entirely indifferent to it, he can afford to turn round and use it in the service of his Master,—and for no other purpose.

"'Sin' consists in lingering in a stage which we ought to have left behind. It is not a sin for an ordinary man to be ambitious of place and power, though, as experience shows, his ambition is likely to defeat his own ends; it is a very serious sin in a would-be disciple; it may be a virtue in a chêla because of the terrible sacrifice it would involve. In the first case, personal desire is the incentive; in the third case, the motive can only be devotion to his Master's service.

"I want to repeat that sin is the condition of remaining longer than is necessary at any given stage in our evolution. It is difficult to think of so hideous a defect as envy, serving any useful purpose; but I can imagine that many a man would pass through life with the consciousness and will of an oyster, if it were not for envy of his neighbour, or some other equally low motive, serving to galvanize him into movement.

"The same principle applies, of course, to glamour,—which proves, incidentally, how dangerous it is to destroy a man's illusions before he is ready to move away from them. It is the need and duty of the would-be disciple to escape from glamour at every point. The ordinary man needs the support of glamour as much as that of food, for the very maintenance of life. Without his superstitions and his illusions, he would be as completely lost as a rudderless ship on a stormy sea. Students of Theosophy, especially, need to keep that in mind. Some of them are far too anxious to pass on what they know, or think they know, to all and sundry, regardless of the condition of those whom they address. It is almost never right to upset a man's faith in his superstitions—never, in his religious superstitions. He must work his way through them for himself, and only when he has emerged from them can he be ready for diluted doses of the truth. It is easier to understand in the case of an African savage: the only power in the universe which restrains him from murdering scores of his fellows yearly, may be his fear that the tribal witch-doctor would 'smell him out'. In the same way, the only power which keeps some city clerk from absolute despair may be the conviction that he is a great poet, or that his wife is the most beauti-

ful woman in the world, her temper notwithstanding, or that he is a direct descendant of King Arthur, and ought to sit on the throne of England.

"I can imagine that even Masters must find it difficult to decide how much of Truth the world can stand at any given period of history. It has been said, as you know, that some among them thought that *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* revealed too much, and that the Theosophical Society itself might do more harm than good,—just for the reason that it made known the existence of the Lodge and of the Ancient Wisdom, and ran the risk of feeding babes with strong meat. It may be that some felt that the few would benefit, and that the many would not listen and therefore would not suffer, while perhaps others felt that the few could be reached—even if fewer—by other and less conspicuous means, without any risk to the many. In any case, the Society was founded, for Masters can agree to differ; more than that—seeing that, as between them, no question of right and wrong can ever be involved, but only matters of judgment—more than that, they can and do co-operate completely, in spite of initial disagreement, as one of them proved by assuming a great burden and so retrieving that which almost was lost, following Mrs. Tingley's failure."

"I agree fully", commented the Historian, "that it is dangerous to dispel the illusions of another, *prematurely*; but when it comes to escaping from one's own, I doubt if it can be done too soon at any stage of development,—that is, so long as approximations to the truth be put in their place. I do not mean, for instance, that a boy who has believed in the infallibility of his priest or minister is any better off if he loses that illusion only to replace it with a belief in the infallibility of his Professor of Physics, or with the juvenile conclusion that 'Nothing is true, so what's the use!' I am thinking chiefly of illusions about oneself. Your city clerk would be better off, in my opinion, if, instead of thinking of himself as a great poet, he were to outgrow that illusion and were to rest content with a picture of himself as a great lover of poetry. There is a type of person, by no means uncommon, who lives and dies in a world which has no relation whatever to the facts around him. His wish invariably is father to his thought. He sees what he wants to see, hears what he wants to hear, believes what he wants to believe. Only when he is personally disinterested, that is to say, only when his feelings and emotions are in no way involved—which in his case rarely happens—is he capable of a sane opinion about anything. He may be convinced that he sincerely loves the truth, but all this means is that he will cling that much the more tenaciously to his version of something that has happened, when his version, in fact, is based upon a sentence which fitted into his picture of what ought to be, to the exclusion of a hundred sentences which ran counter to his wishes, or which were uncomplimentary, or which in any case were not what he wanted to hear. He will swear, with entire sincerity, that he was instructed to do so-and-so, when he had been categorically forbidden to do it, and will feel betrayed and outraged when his asseverations are disputed. You meet with this rather frequently among children whose imaginations are over-developed, but while many such children outgrow their abnormality, sometimes becoming extreme in their literalness, others, in this respect, never grow up, and continue,

for as long as they live, the despair of their friends and the easy prey of their enemies: they are the victims, if you choose, of 'arrested development'; in any case they are the victims of moral irresponsibility, of habitual glamour. They may not be conscious and deliberate liars *now*, but I am convinced that their condition is due to persistent lying and denial of their conscience, at some time in the past, if not in this life, then in preceding lives. We create our own habits, both of thought and conduct, and heredity at most is merely a vehicle by means of which acquired characteristics find expression."

"All real lying", said the Ancient, "is the result of self-reference. When a man sees himself, in all circumstances, as the centre of the stage, when he instinctively sees things in terms of their relation to himself, either in his own eyes or in the eyes of others, he is almost certain to see them through the veil of personal desire, instead of with simplicity, as facts. Even when this does not result in lying, it means that facts do not teach him anything. Thus, if he sees a strange bird, he is not interested primarily in the bird, but in what he can get out of the bird when he retails his experience to others,—their envy, admiration or what not. Failing 'others', he will create self-satisfaction out of the incident by patting himself on the back for his quick vision or superior something else. This makes his life sterile, for obvious reasons."

"What do you people think of Companionate Marriage, the limitation of families, and all that sort of thing?" our Visitor now asked unexpectedly.

The Philosopher almost gasped, the question fitted in so well with his thesis; but the Ancient was quicker than he.

"Abominations," he said, peremptorily.

"Why?" pursued our Visitor, perhaps rather surprised by the unqualified nature of the Ancient's answer.

There was a pause. The Ancient smiled, and motioned to the Philosopher, who at once launched forth.

"Abominations? Because life on earth is not intended for play, or as a sort of holiday from heaven,—though that is what most people evidently think, seeing that they base their conduct upon that supposition. Life is intended to serve as a school in which the reincarnating Ego can develop *character*.

"Second, because all of Nature—which means, in substance, the Law of Karma in action—is a divine conspiracy to lead man to what is intended as his goal, that is, to union with the Higher Self; and because anything which deliberately interferes with that process, is a form of Black Magic.

"Marriage, monogamous marriage, is one of the few right responses which man has made, in the course of evolution, to Nature's plan for him. Its real though hidden purpose is to help him to conquer his selfishness, which is colossal. There are marriages made in heaven, and there are marriages made on earth, and they are as far apart as the poles; but no one can dispute the fact that both kinds of marriage make a tremendous demand on the unselfishness of the two people involved. In most cases, they are led into it by Nature's glamour; they see promised joys; they do not see the assured sacrifices. If the outcome were foreseen—the long years of self-abnegation—how many marriages would take

place? The results are hidden, and Nature does this because monogamous marriage is the best and easiest way to supply the discipline man must have if he is ever to escape from his inordinate and stultifying self-seeking. There is not one man in a million who is able to discipline himself; nor is there one man in a million whose home environment, or business or profession (few are soldiers) supplies the need. It is a paramount need. If parents were perfect, and supplied the discipline while children are young, the need for discipline in later life would not be as great as it is; but we have to take things as they are. Consequently, marriage for life, with many children, is Nature's plan for man.

"Can there be any question as to what this means? The young man and the young woman, very much in love with one another, as they think, and occasionally are, go off on their honeymoon and perhaps have a blissful time. In the natural course of events, inevitable facts confront both the man and the woman before very long: they discover one another's imperfections (for who is without them?), and Nature creates a demand, on both sides, for patience, sympathy, and self-control. The woman, perhaps, does not feel well, and whatever chivalry there may be in the man is drawn upon to the limit to meet her 'unreasonableness' without recrimination. She, in her turn, struggles with herself not to be exacting or disagreeable. Then, when children arrive—which, I insist, is the only right result of marriage, and the more the better—the man finds himself tramping the floor at night, after a hard day's work, with child number three, while the exhausted mother looks after number one with the croup."

Our Visitor laughed.

"I am trying my best to state probabilities," the Philosopher protested. "If those two really love one another, there is no hardship in what I have imagined as probable. I am not trying to paint marriage in unattractive colours. It has its great compensations, as Nature intends,—that is, when unselfishness conquers; when the higher and better nature of the man and of the woman respond to the demands of their condition. I am arguing that the opportunity thus provided by Nature, is divinely ordained and intended, and that any loosening of the marriage tie or any limitation of families, is a calamity in the sight of Nature, simply because she has spiritual ends in view, while man's ends are not spiritual, but material. • The last thing in the world he wants, is discipline, and the development of right character. He wants pleasure, the satisfaction of his desires, self-indulgence. That, as a rule, is why he marries. Nature demands that he be held to it, with all its consequences. He, on the contrary (women equally with men), eternally unwilling to 'take the bitter with the sweet', wants to escape the consequences, and to drop any association as soon as he has to pay for it. Because—to go back to where I left off—children become more and more difficult to provide for, and to manage, as they grow older. Parents, often, are drawn closer together by their common suffering, as children become sickly or rebellious or prove themselves inept.

"There are many parents, of course, who refuse the opportunity offered them; who farm out their children, sick or well, and who, with large families, remain

as selfish as if they had none. But in no circumstances can Nature compel right response to her stimuli; all she can do is to provide the means for growth. I am attempting to show you that Theosophy looks far beneath the surface arguments about marriage, seeing its real purpose and meaning as spiritual, in spite of, or regardless of, the purposes sought by man. Glamour is the means employed by Nature to accomplish man's salvation from himself. Easy divorce, Companionate Marriage, the limitation of families and so forth, are man's attempts to get what he wants without paying the price which Nature demands: they are the inventions of the devil,—that is, of the devils in man."

"There is no doubt in my mind", the Student commented, "that large families have many advantages where the children are concerned. In the ideal family, the mother bases her entire conduct on consideration for the father; the father bases everything on consideration for the mother; but, even so, most children pay far more attention to the opinions of slightly older children than to the example and instruction of their parents. An older sister can speak to a small boy in language he thoroughly understands. 'You horrid little boy: don't you know that mother is trying to rest? Have you *no* consideration,—clattering down-stairs in that disgraceful way!' This means something to Johnnie. He finds it humiliating that a mere girl, 'no better than she should be', as he might innocently express it to himself, should be in a position to 'jump on' him like that; and he decides not to give her another chance: he hates her too bitterly, for the moment, to be willing to give her another chance. Children do not, as a rule, find it humiliating to be reprimanded by their parents, but an older brother or sister can mortify with a word or a look,—and it is humiliation alone that grinds a lesson into the will and memory. So, when a boy of six or seven is brought up, not only by a mother and father, but by half a dozen or more older children, and also is made to feel responsible for the behaviour of others younger than he is, I think his chances on the whole are better than if he were one of a small family of two or three, especially if he be more or less tough by nature, which, so far as my observation goes, is likely to be the case. In fact, I doubt if anything will take the place of numbers, unless a child be passionately devoted to an uncommonly wise parent,—and parents of that sort are scarce."

"Do you people mean that everybody ought to marry?" asked the Beginner.

"For Heaven's sake, young man," the Philosopher expostulated, "what has been said to put such an idea in your head? I hope the wish is not father to the thought in your case. No one should marry who aspires to become a disciple. No one can serve two masters. Marriage is a *vocation*, and while the vast majority of men are called to it, or think they are, those who have a genuine vocation for military service, for art, for the religious life,—those, in other words, whose hearts are really given to *anything* which they regard as their life's true aim and purpose, are unfaithful to their first love, unfair to their second, if they try to straddle. Practically, a man needs to give *all* of his heart in one direction if he is to work effectively. Kitchener, during his years of preparation for the conquest of the Soudan, would not allow married men to serve on his staff or

in any position of importance. Concentration of purpose is impossible if the interest and attention be divided. Discipleship implies service, and service involves freedom to come and go,—freedom of mind as well as of body. On one of the lower planes of service, imagine a cook, with children dangerously ill at home, serving a dinner, desperate with anxiety, and yet, perhaps, with a strong sense of duty to her employer, and torn between these two contending appeals; and imagine her employer, her master, with invited guests, while knowing of his servant's torment. Do you not see that common decency would oblige him to send her home, and to employ some other cook, less capable perhaps, and perhaps less devoted,—but *free*? Now translate that into terms of service of Masters, into terms of chélaship: how obvious that they simply will not use a man whose prior obligations conflict, or are likely to conflict, with what service in their uniform requires. What is true of military service is ten times more true of discipleship.

"I am not speaking of inner and more occult reasons why marriage and discipleship are inherently incompatible,—reasons which are flat and final in themselves. I am dealing with the subject on exoteric grounds only; but it seems to me that the exoteric grounds are more than sufficient to prove that no one, man or woman, who seriously desires chélaship, would consider for one moment the possibility of marriage. If he did, it would show that he had no understanding of what chélaship means."

"But how about people who married before they grew into a realization of their desire for chélaship?"

"They carry a heavy handicap, even when husband and wife share that desire and work for its attainment unswervingly. Apart from all other considerations, they have sacrificed their freedom to come and go; no superior would call upon either of them without taking the other into account,—still less so if there be children to complicate the situation and to multiply the Karmic claims. Inner development remains open to them; the contemplative life remains within their reach; but active service, in what might be called the Lodge Militant, will be immensely difficult if not impossible.

"It comes to this: marriage and its discipline are for the less evolved. When a man has passed the stage of being pushed or enticed along in spite of himself, and is ready for the higher development of discipleship, marriage becomes a sin in the sense that, as stated a few minutes ago, sin consists in lingering in a stage which we ought to have left behind,—constitutes a refusal to evolve: a deadly sin".

We were on the point of breaking up, when the Ancient asked if he might make a parting suggestion on a totally different subject. "The summer is just round the corner", he said, "and, as we know, this means that while physical nature expands and becomes intensely active, the tide of the spirit turns inward, after its period of exfoliation during our physical winter. Most people, following the tide of outer life, are planning vacations in the exterior sense, thinking nothing of the needs of the spirit. It is for us, I suggest, to plan for our vacations, but in a very different sense,—not necessarily to the exclusion of

outer plans, but basing these upon the inner and real opportunity, and upon the wish to follow the inner tide and to co-operate with its purposes.

"Summer gives us the occasion to digest and assimilate the lessons of the winter's activity, and to readjust or re-tune ourselves after its almost unavoidable distractions. The very fact that most of us have spent the winter in cities, in the midst of hideous and literally devilish noises, means that our aura, our psychic atmosphere, has been frayed and torn, and that we need a bath of silence to heal these wounds and to restore our equilibrium,—not only outer silence, but the silence of the spiritual world, the inner silence, which is the source of all real music, of all real literature, of all real art. Naturally, also, no matter how destructive the effect of outer noises—the clang of metal on metal, the thud of wood on wood, the raucous, strident tones of human voices—bringing, as they do, their hosts of elementals—the noises of the mind disrupt more deeply. There is no cure for those wounds except by lifting and holding our consciousness far above them, on a plane of harmonious, creative stillness."

"Do you mean", asked the Beginner, evidently with some alarm, "that we should spend our summers *meditating*?"

The Ancient laughed. "Excellent, if you could do it", he said; "but there are not many who could,—that is, not without the aid of books."

"What books? Do you mean books like *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Imitation of Christ*, the *Bhagavad Gita*?" I think he saw his summer disappearing.

"A man of one subject is master of none", the Ancient replied. "Discipleship requires the development, and therefore the nourishment, of all the faculties, and just as no one could support life physically by eating nothing but bread, no matter how wholesome that may be as part of a mixed diet, so the heart and mind, the imagination and will, each requires different kinds of sustenance,—bone-forming, heat-supplying, and all the rest of it. Leaving that analogy, we must learn to see things in relation to one another; otherwise we see them only in terms of one dimension. Is it not true, for instance, that although an uneducated man may find beauty and comfort and instruction in the Bible, the wider our reading the more keenly do we become able to appreciate, not only its religious significance, but the supremacy of the King James version in English literature,—one of the greatest works of art which the world has produced? Is it not equally true that a man who has never been outside his own village, and who has never even read of other towns and countries, cannot possibly see his environment truly? Part of the confusion arises from the habit of seeing religion as a department of life (when it is not seen as entirely separate from life), instead of realizing that it is universal, and that it comprehends the whole of life, in all its departments, with all our faculties and powers. A great poem is just as religious, in the true sense of the word, as the *Imitation*, while the *Imitation* could not be truly religious unless it were, in the deeper sense, a great poem".

"But how distinguish between the great and the trivial?" questioned the Beginner.

"It seems to me", the Ancient replied, "that no work of art, no prose or poem,

can be ranked as great, unless there be something universal in its appeal; it must carry us back to fundamental unity; to one age as to another, it must appear beautiful,—not the admiration of a day, but of eternity. Can there ever be a time when Dante will not be recognized as inspiring and inspired?"

"Dante is very difficult", said the Beginner.

"Read instead, then, what Ruskin has to say about him", the Ancient countered; "but I am not suggesting Dante or anyone else as an exclusive diet, or even as a principal source of supply. Why not begin now, before the time for vacation, with some such book as *The Chobham Book of English Prose*, by Stephen Coleridge. It is not a book of extracts, though it contains extracts from the works of many great writers; it is a book of appreciations, written by a man of wide culture, of high standards, of keen perception, with an intense love of beauty. To share his experience is a delight. He will open new vistas and will point out new paths to follow in the domain of reading; and he will reveal new glories in what has already been read, arousing a desire to re-read with deeper insight and sympathy.

"If, by any chance, a book of that kind does not appeal to you, turn to Emerson, or to any of the great poets,—to Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, or to the much-abused Byron. They have the power to lift us above the things of earth, because their work is real, and reality is inherently magical."

"I do not find them so very easy to understand", the Beginner murmured plaintively.

"Perhaps that is because you try too hard to understand", the Ancient answered. "Understanding follows liking, and liking springs from intimacy. It is a fatal mistake to chew with your mind; let the words soak in,—their music, their rhythm, their colour, their feeling. If you do that, understanding will be evoked from the depths of your own soul; certain things will come to life inside,—things essential for discipleship; perceptions without which we must remain for ever, far off, 'in the region of unlikeness'. In fact, what I am suggesting is not only a bath of spiritual silence, to wash away the traces of too close contact with earth, but a method of evocation, a method of return to the heart of things, to the spirit of the Lodge, to the place where our souls see the Light and are at peace."

Once more we were on the point of breaking up, when one of our number, a member of very long record, from the days of H. P. B. and Judge, onwards, pointed to a copy of the *New York Times*, containing an instalment of "My Experiences in the World War" by General Pershing, which another of us was holding. "Next to a Red Indian, if anyone can call himself an American, I suppose I can", he said; and we knew that it was so, because we knew that his forbears on both sides had been among the founders of the Republic, and had rendered distinguished service in succeeding generations. "Those memoirs", he continued, "are a bitter disappointment, a most painful disillusionment. He did so splendidly in so many ways,—and now these memoirs! This is a very rough analogy, but it may serve to express the feeling which Americans of earlier days would have had, and which Americans of that type—the tragi-

cally few remaining—have to-day. . . . A man has been thrown overboard from a boat capsized with malignant intent. You go in after him, and for three days and three nights hold on to that man and that boat. A burly longshoreman, who has seen the whole proceeding, and in reply to your appeals for help has shouted back that it was none of his business—that he is 'neutral in thought and act'—finally decides to do something. He gets out his boat, launches it, and pulls you both out of the water—you, utterly exhausted, still doing your utmost and helping him in his rescue,—indeed, making it possible. Does the credit for the exploit rest with the longshoreman who loudly boasts of it; who says: 'This is the way the thing can be done when *I* do it'; who swears at your state of exhaustion and expatiates on your 'low state of morale',—or does it belong to *you*? And what do you suppose that the high gods looking on, think of that longshoreman,—or any decent man for the matter of that! It would appear that there are some lands in which gentlemen have almost ceased to exist."

Then, after a pause: "This country was chosen, we are told, as the soil in which the Sixth Race is to develop. I am beginning to think that its people, though of course without knowledge of that fact, have sensed it, and have telescoped the possible future with the present,—disastrously. But Masters always have more than one string to their bow, and they can and do change their minds. Greece had her chance and failed; Palestine was chosen instead. Palestine failed, and to the Jews it was said, 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' Conceit and self-satisfaction are hideously destructive of spiritual life. I can only say that as an American, I am mortified, ashamed, and inexpressibly disgusted."

"Yes", said the Student: "'My Experiences in the World War, or, How I beat Germany in *Spite* of the Allies.'"

We adjourned.

T.

The Buddha said:

"*'It is sweet as honey.' So thinks the fool while as yet the evil has not ripened, but when it ripens he suffers pain.*"—DHAMMAPADA.

Wisdom is a peculiar treasure; you begin to acquire it as you lose everything else.—SENECA.



KARMA AND FREE-WILL ¹

EVERY student of Theosophy is aware that the meaning which is ordinarily given to the Sanscrit word Karma is "Action". Further, there is attached to it the kindred idea of "Reaction", and these two meanings, when sufficiently expanded, give a very wide and logical explanation of the action of the Law of Karma as affecting the general life of man. It is only, however, when study is carried more deeply that students begin to perceive that men seem to be bound by a "Circle of Necessity" from which there appears to be no escape; while others declare at first sight that the Law of Karma is but another expression for the Mohammedan "Kismet", and a more or less plausible pleading for the adoption of "fatalism" as affecting mankind. No amount of discussion will serve to convince such persons that the flaw which they think that they have found is no flaw at all, and this is, it would seem, because they have never yet realized that the Law of Karma or "action" applies not merely to man but to the whole Universe of which man is but a small and insignificant part. Moreover, there arises in the mind of the student another idea which is mistaken. As Mme. Blavatsky long ago pointed out, Karma is not only Karma-Nemesis, or the reaction following upon evil conditions, but it also bears with it the reward for efforts towards good actions. Thus, then, if we regard the Law of Action in its true proportion, we see that it governs the whole Universe, ordering the stars in their courses as well as men in theirs; that, in reality, if we carry the consideration from the moral and physical planes of action to the metaphysical, the statement of the Law of Karma in its entirety is but another expression of the great Law or Principle of which we neither know nor can know anything save that three of its expressions or manifestations are Life, Consciousness, and Motion or action. Consequently the Law of Karma or the Law of Action is also the Law of harmonious action in which action and reaction are balanced and equal. In other words, the Law of Karma is the Law of Harmony in the Universe. It is only when the Unity of Harmony is separated into its component parts of Tune and Discord, or Action and Reaction, that we are able to appreciate the fact of differentiation. . . .

¹ Reprinted from *The Path*, Vol. VI, p. 213, October, 1891.

Thus Karma is not really opposed to "Free-Will" when Karma is properly understood. It is also true that Free-Will has not really received its full meaning. Generally it is understood to mean that a man is absolutely free to choose between two courses of action or the possession of certain qualities in himself, and in fact is a law to himself in every particular. Such a view can and does proceed from selfish, self-centred individuals alone, the product of this age of denial and materialism. It is, however, opposed by all religious systems, and is actually opposed by the practical social work of the most advanced materialistic thinkers. It is only one of those attempts which selfish man makes to realize his idea that he is the sum and crown of all nature, and that, if he chooses, everything in nature must be subservient to him. In other words, the man who follows this idea may be free, while all others who come in contact with him must be his slaves. Even if this were possible, there is one enemy which such a man would have to conquer before he became all-powerful, and that enemy is the law of change, and he would have to conquer the great change called death. Therefore, since the laws of nature are stronger than the will or desire of the individual, or rather, of the personal man, freedom of will is only possible for man when he is in close alliance with nature and her laws.

If we regard nature we can plainly see that, however much we may be able to modify our surroundings, we commence with a certain capital in hand, as does everything from a planet in its orbit to the stone of which that planet is formed. In other words, everything in nature is within what is called the "Circle of Necessity". Everything has had its origin in the one universal Principle, and acts according to the laws which are inherent in that Principle. These are the natural laws which are universally applicable, and therefore may be called universal or natural law. Upon them depends the very nature of existence, and, whatever may be the appearance which we see, the real nature and essence of everything in the universe depend upon and conform to these laws. Therefore it follows that this "Circle of Necessity" is the necessity for manifestation arising in the great Principle, which, from being unmanifested, becomes manifested during the great periods of time which are called Manvantaras in the Orient. Within this "Circle of Necessity"—this great general scheme of evolution and development—there are other possibilities. One of these possibilities is that the products of evolution can diverge from the general line; in other words, that while the general manifestation of will and purpose arising in the one great Principle is fixed and determined for a certain progress during a certain time, the units of evolution manifesting such will, can, and do vary in the rate of manifestation. That this is the case is particularly seen with the evolution of mental processes. When this point is arrived at in the general scheme, the divergences from the general law become more and more marked. In fact, in the evolution of the animal world the entity known as man has arrived at the age of responsibility, and, having become self-conscious of his relation to his surroundings, has chosen to act for himself and deal with his own actions as seems best to him. He has had the choice before him of either slowly following the general line of the evolution of the animal races strictly according to the

line of evolution in the "Circle of Necessity", or he may go beyond and outside of it in a measure by retreating into the more subtle region of his own nature, and so quicken the processes of manifestation. . . .

Further, through the choice which has been made to quicken the processes, or by reason of mistakes arising through ignorance or through deliberate errors because they are found to be more pleasing to the external nature of the animal man,—habits and customs have sprung up which have an ever-increasing tendency to repeat themselves. Further than this, these habits and customs blind men to the real nature of the customs, and, because they are found to exist in large numbers in common, they are therefore thought to be right. In fact, men bind themselves by these habits and customs, and in this way they limit their free-will. They have made for themselves a false "Circle of Necessity" from which they neither can nor do desire to free themselves. But at the same time a feeling of pride causes them to assert that they are free, and therefore this question of Free-Will and Fatalism causes them to revolt against the Law of Karma. There are many who insist that they are free, and feel themselves to be so until they are brought face to face with nature. By this I do not mean to say that they are swept away in a storm or by any other natural convulsion, but they are brought face to face with facts within their own nature which they are unable to control. They then find that with all their boast of power they are but puny mortals after all, and that the immortal powers exist in nature and themselves in spite of all they can say or do to the contrary.

Thus there is the choice before man in his present existence. Either he has to choose a course of action which is in harmony with the true laws of nature, or he has to take the opposite course. As a general rule it may be said that the growth of the habits and customs which cause man to take this opposite course is due to ignorance of his own true nature, and therefore of nature at large. A slight divergence from the general and natural line of harmony will have a tendency to widen more and more until it is scarcely possible to trace the line in all its windings and deviations. Thus when man finds himself face to face with the retributive and restorative action of the harmonious law, he is apt to be so short-sighted as to cry out against it and say that he has not deserved the punishment. He, as a rule, is totally ignorant of the larger sphere of life provided by the law of moral compensation working through Reincarnation. He is unable and at times unwilling to perceive the dictates of his own real nature, and depends entirely upon external conditions. Therefore his will—his natural will—is fettered by ignorance, and it is his own will that punishes him. . . . In short, will which is eternally free is identical with Karma, each having its rise in the one great Eternal principle of the Universe. As the *Bhagavad Gita* says in Chap. VIII,—“Karma is the emanation which causes the existence . . . of creatures.”

A. KEIGHTLEY.



REVIEWS

In Defence of Magic, by Catharine Cook Smith; The Dial Press, New York; price, \$2.50.

Mrs. Smith believes that modern civilization is a marvellous production of the human reason and will, but that it has not made man any happier or wiser. "On the whole our emotional life is chaotic and a child may grow up well trained physically and mentally, although his emotions may be unregulated to an extent that would shock a self-respecting Bushman" (p. 99). She suggests that our reasoning faculties have been over-stimulated, at the expense of our affections and our immediate intuitions of reality. We have gained an unprecedented control over physical nature, but we have lost something infinitely more precious, the "awareness of the living mystery" which informs nature. Every man is potentially aware of that mystery, but his sense of it must be awakened to make it an effective power in his consciousness. It is the function of magic—as Mrs. Smith conceives it—to vitalize our higher emotions and to stabilize our inner life; and all its rites and symbols, its spells and mystical phrases are means to that end. "The fundamental purpose of religious rites is the control of a power which we are all conscious of possessing. There are moments, called forth by beauty and mystery, when our sense of strength and joy is suddenly enhanced. What is this mysterious emotion? Its understanding rests upon an acceptance of the idea of Irrational truth,—called Irrational because it is a reflection of facts about the universe which the reason is inadequate to reproduce. The concepts of science in the last analysis rest on measurement, on quantities. Irrational truth is concerned with qualities, qualities mysterious but disguised under names such as courage, love and faith" (pp. 14-15).

All of this is interesting and suggestive, but as a representation of the theory of magic it seems to be very limited. Magic, as defined by the magicians themselves, is the process of complete self-transformation. Certainly they never conceived magical experience as exclusively or even primarily emotional. The fact that modern science opposes magic, does not imply that magic is necessarily irrational. The ancients called magic the sacred science, suggesting that if its propositions seem unintelligible to the uninitiated student, this may be because his own reasoning powers are warped and deficient. The intellect, refined and clarified, cannot be left out of the magician's consciousness, without depriving him of self-consciousness.

Also, the magician needs intellect as a means of discernment and discrimination. **H**ow otherwise can he distinguish between his various emotional reactions? At every stage of his experience, discernment must be exercised, for his magic can awaken the evil in him quite as easily as the good. Mrs. Smith is not sufficiently impressed by the universal tradition that there are two "magics",—the white and the black. There is all the difference in the world between the selfless love of the "living mystery", and the desire merely to multiply and to intensify emotional thrills. The former is a motive power in white magic, and the latter is not.

This explains another universal tradition, that a long probationary period of *moral* training and discipline must precede instruction in practical magic. Perhaps the real trouble with the emotions of the modern man is that he does practise a kind of practical magic without sufficient moral preparation. Unfortunately, much of modern psychology bears all the appearances of being elemental magic of a most unsavoury kind. Mrs. Smith herself seems

to have been deluded by the panaceas of the psycho-analysts and their kin. Thus she says that "Jung's method of reading dreams may be considered the process of private magic, as distinguished from collective magic, which is the rite as practised by the primitives" (p. 91). At least one student of the history of magic hopes that Mrs. Smith does not really mean what she says, for he finds it hard to imagine a worse point of departure for the would-be magician. He ventures to recommend to her "the process of private magic" as taught and exemplified by two white magicians, by Christ and by Buddha. S. L.

The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans; The Macmillan Company; price, \$2.00.

Most distinguished among men of science in England to-day, and also most brilliant, are the two astronomers, Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington. There is a marked parallelism in their thinking and their books, together with undoubted independence of thought, so that each adds confirmation to the other, suggesting that they are really representative of the foremost thought of our time.

The book which Sir James Jeans published in 1929, *The Universe Around Us*, discusses the same subjects as the somewhat earlier books of Eddington, *Stars and Atoms* (1927) and *The Nature of the Physical World*,—with the difference that, while Jeans closes his work with somewhat vague hopes and aspirations for future humanity, Eddington wrote with more courage and determination, notably in the concluding chapters of his book, which are in effect a defence of mystical religion as this distinguished scientist conceives it. The outstanding fact about the book under review is that, perhaps through considering the brave affirmations of his colleague, Jeans has now taken heart of grace, and has come out on the side of the angels as definitely as Eddington. More than that, he uses much the same arguments to establish the same conclusions. Starting with certain observed indeterminate activities of the atom, both astronomers have strongly attacked the old dogma of scientific determinism. Both direct their argument to a decided affirmation of the freedom of the will, which is essential to any conception of moral responsibility. Both recognize the truth that consciousness is the primary reality, the one thing of which we have firsthand knowledge, and both make it exceedingly clear that there is a large dose of illusion in the manner in which appearances of the supposed external world present themselves to consciousness. The truth is they go so far that they come within hailing distance of "acosmism", almost embarking on pure subjectivism. Jeans several times affirms that the Architect of the Universe is a cosmic mathematician, a universal mathematical thinker, because we find manifested in the universe exactly the same principles as have come to the surface from the depths of our consciousness. It is a complete return to the aphorism attributed to Pythagoras: "God geometrizes". Yet the universe thus presented to us is more insubstantial than Prospero's pageant; it is too remotely correlated with the problems of life, as we know them from experience. One finds difficulty in establishing a moral leverage.

Sir Oliver Lodge evidently had in his mind a similar misgiving, when he wrote (in *Nature*, November 22, 1930):

"In so far as Jeans exhibits the tendency of modern physics in an idealistic direction, I have naturally no quarrel and welcome his support. Only I do not feel that his contention, that a mathematician alone can hope to understand the universe, is one that will stand scrutiny or substantiate itself. That the Divine Mind can deal with abstractions more fully than any mathematician may be granted, but an Infinite Being has no limitations. His dealing with the abstract does not prevent His also dealing with concrete realities, or cause Him to abstain from attention to the utmost minutiae."

The controversy, if one can so describe it, is most significant, as showing the progressive spiritualizing of contemporary scientific thought. J.

The Heroic Life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Henri Lavedan; translated by Helen Younger Chase; Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1929; price, \$2.50.

M. Lavedan, a member of the French Academy as well as of the Legion of Honour, is one of the foremost dramatists of France, and his life of St. Vincent de Paul is, from beginning to

end, a drama of the most vivid kind, with a richness of almost incredible adventure; with sudden and sharp contrasts which hold the attention and stimulate the imagination. It would indeed be difficult to find a life more picturesquely crowded with amazing trials and heroic achievements than was the life of this "saint". A poor shepherd boy of the Landes, in the time of Henri IV, when France was torn with civil and religious wars, he determined, at an early age, to consecrate himself wholly to Christ, and henceforth his life was one long series of amazing tests of every description—capture by Turkish brigands, and slavery on the Barbary coast; residence at a profligate court as almoner to the Reine Margot ("like a prayer-book dropped in some palace drawing-room"), where with difficulty he preserved the austerity of the life to which he had resolutely given himself; joyfully volunteering, unknown to anyone, for the chains, the scourging and the filth of the galleys, in order better to investigate the pitiful sufferings to which the galley slaves were subjected; haunting the prisons where conditions, difficult to imagine, were found—the prisoners "attached like savage dogs to the walls by chains", turned into beasts by suffering. We see him as the shy and retiring instructor of young aristocrats, in gorgeous surroundings, always distasteful to him; or living a life of seclusion and hardship (which he loved) among the destitute of country districts; as a founder of colossal Charitable Institutions, with not a penny to his name; or, when over sixty, giving up the little sleep which he had still allowed himself, in order that he might roam the dark and bandit-infested streets of Paris, in search of abandoned babies. This man stopped at nothing, and his heart was so great that it included everything. He had seen all sides of life, all sorts and conditions of men, and this, added to a native shrewdness, and a singularly warm and sympathetic disposition, gave him a penetration, an understanding of human hearts, which was almost supernatural. He read human hearts as easily as he looked into human faces, and no matter what depths of depravity he might find there, he was never appalled, he never drew back; his own heart only glowed the brighter with pity. With a kind of holy insolence he would walk right up to the most hardened and desperate sinners of his time, and force them to bend the knee to Christ. But he accomplished this through an unbelievable gentleness, simplicity and warmth of feeling. "He did not try to make them admit the depth of their moral fall; he emphasized it as little as possible. . . . And yet Vincent succeeded. The effect of his holiness upon these gangrenous lives was beyond belief. He approached them and the evil fled from them." St. Vincent's sweetness was so terrible that no one could resist it. He had the great gift of calling out the best in everyone he met—because he always looked for the best. If there was a spark of Jesus Christ in anyone, St. Vincent fanned that spark into a living flame. He loved that soul until it became an agony to himself and to that other, but victory for his Master always followed, and that, of course, was all that Vincent asked or wanted. He had the heart of a child and the courage of a lion; the spirit of Gascony—the fire, the fury, the quick wit and the *bonhomie*. He ranged through a long life of eighty-four years, like a ravening wolf—his thirst for souls was never appeased. All, *all* must be won; "he undertook everything and achieved everything." There was nothing pale or diaphanous about St. Vincent. He was more than a man of flesh and blood; he was a dynamo. That is why he is so interesting to students of Theosophy—because he had so many of the qualities which are necessary for discipleship. "To give, to give himself, . . . to give everything, his care, his time, his thoughts, his days, his nights, his body and his soul"—that was St. Vincent's constant and aching desire; that, through a long life of hardship and toil, was his unflinching practice. And as extreme old age overtook him, did he relax his efforts? On the contrary, he redoubled them. With his great, dusty boots, and his thin, frayed and patched cassock hanging loosely over his stooping, aged shoulders; in the biting winter winds, or the burning summer heat; dressed always the same, he trudged along the highways, or he entered the palaces of Kings, heedless of himself, but with the light of heaven in his kindly old eyes, until at last, worn and spent in the service of his Master, the morning came when, sitting tranquilly in an armchair, in the little, bare and shabby room which was the only sort he would ever consent to occupy, with his crucifix held to his lips, "very simply and sincerely", he died, just as the clock struck four—his usual hour for rising.

We can hardly say how much we owe of gratitude to M. Lavedan for this inspiring Life,

written with such searching and deep sympathy; so full of the vitality and *élan* which enabled St. Vincent ("at once prudent and supremely daring") to carry all before him. It is a vivid and romantic life—the kind of romance of which Theosophy approves, because it is the very essence of discipleship. The translation is so good, that the reader does not think of it as a translation, and this is the highest praise.

T. D.

The Life of the Ant, by Maurice Maeterlinck; The John Day Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

Philosophers from the days of the Upanishads and Solomon, down to the myrmecologists of our own day, have been interested in the ant, not primarily because of its peculiar charm, but because they are interested in Intelligence; because they are fascinated by the recognition of an understanding in many ways so like that of human beings, though in an organism bearing little resemblance to the human brain. They are led on in their investigations by a half-conscious feeling that they are dealing with Intelligence directly, in a wonderful manifestation. Darwin makes this clear when he writes (*The Descent of Man*, part I, Chap. II):

"It is certain that there may be extraordinary mental activity with an extremely small absolute mass of nervous matter: thus the wonderfully diversified instincts, mental powers, and affections of ants are notorious, yet their cerebral ganglia are not so large as the quarter of a pin's head. Under this point of view, the brain of an ant is one of the most wonderful atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of a man."

And in his sixth chapter, Darwin adds an eloquent page describing the marvels of the intelligence, social life and varied industries of the ant. Darwin wrote some sixty years ago. Since then there has been a host of keen observers in every country on the globe. Maeterlinck, who has carried out some independent observations, undertakes to sum up what they have recorded, and to interpret it. What is the fruit of his undertaking?

The estimate of his work will depend upon the point of view. To those who are not mystics, Maeterlinck may appear to be a mystic, giving a spiritual appreciation of an immensely interesting region of life manifested in the ants. He insists that their intelligence and consciousness are as real as those of human beings, and by no means mere reflex actions of complex automatic mechanisms. He insists even more strongly on the strong moral element which inspires their co-operative activities, which illustrate a completeness of sacrifice and selflessness that in many respects puts human beings to shame. Finally, he applies to the ants the really luminous idea which he had previously used to interpret the life history of the bee: the spirit, not now of the hive, but of the community of ants. Ants are anarchists in the sense that they have no such visible ruler as, let us say, the leader of a herd of elephants; they are communists, since they sink all individual advantage in the welfare of the community; they are admirably intelligent in their co-operation, in the absence of any visible director. Therefore Maeterlinck makes a mental picture of a co-operative, guiding spirit, a collective organism in whose life the separate ants are like the separate cells in our bodies, a life which, compared to these separate cells, is immortal.

So far so good. Yet, when he comes to reason concerning human life, it becomes evident that Maeterlinck's mind is not genuinely mystical, but rather psychical and emotional. He is a good deal of a materialist at heart. For him, the immortality of the soul is a vanishing superstition, for which we must learn to substitute something like the immortality of the ant-hill. Yet, with this limitation, his work may prove to be a valuable bridge. It is something to have the collective consciousness of the ant community clearly stated and proved.

J.

QUESTIONS ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 356.—*What does Theosophy mean when it says that it is as important that we should be just to ourselves as to others? Would not this sometimes justify "personal" resentment, or if not resentment, at least a stand for justice?*

ANSWER.—Regarding the matter abstractly, it is as important that man should be just to himself as to others, because at whatever point he is unjust he upsets the balance of justice in the universe, and thereby causes lack of equilibrium which must be corrected. More concretely, the matter is one of right self-identification. Man is a creature of two natures, a lower or personal nature, and a higher or divine nature. Properly to be just to himself, he must act from his higher nature, identifying himself with it and regarding his lower nature impersonally. If, on the contrary, he is still identified with his lower nature, he cannot be just either to himself or others. Man's lower nature is the excuse-seeker and the complainer. Whenever there is *personal* resentment and the desire for self-justification, there is wrong self-identification. The higher nature welcomes impartial justice and is not resentful whether the lower nature "feels" offended or not. Until he is reasonably sure of right self-identification, it would be better for a man to concern himself about trying to be just to others, rather than to seek justice for himself.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—In order to be "just", we should have at least a certain measure of that rare quality: the ability to be absolutely honest with one's self. We should look at ourselves impersonally, with detachment. By so doing, we shall not stoop to the harbouring of resentment, nor shall we seek self-justification.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—The question does not seem entirely clear, but when it is said that we must be "just" to ourselves, we are surely mistaken if we interpret this to mean that we may make excuses for ourselves; also, "a stand for justice", in any true sense, could not be considered as synonymous with, or even allied to "personal resentment". The first, if real and impersonal, would probably be wholly justifiable; the second not so, under any circumstances. Has not the phrase, "to be just to ourselves", a far deeper meaning than merely justifying ourselves, as the question seems to imply? There should, for instance, be no temptation to justify our actions; there is great need, however, to see that our actions justify us (our best ideals), and could we find a better way than this of being "just to ourselves"?

T. A.

ANSWER.—That we should be as just to ourselves as to others, simply means that we should judge ourselves truly, without exaggeration and without hysteria. It means that we should not seek to excuse ourselves in our own eyes, as excuses and explanations have nothing whatever to do with facts, while there can be no excuse in any circumstances for bad or for partly selfish motive. The second part of the question is based upon a total misunderstanding: it is very seldom our duty to judge others, or to apportion blame as between ourselves and others. There would be no time for this—apart from other considerations—if we were to perform the primary duty of judging ourselves. See W. Q. Judge, *passim*.

H.

QUESTION NO. 357.—*Are "lower nature" and "personality" synonymous as used by members of the T. S.?*

ANSWER.—The lower nature and the personality are not synonymous. Lower nature is unadulterated evil. The personality is often a mixture of good and evil, although many of us have allowed it to be seized upon and used by the lower nature. The personality is an instrument, with which we should not identify ourselves, and which we should train and purify in order that it may become a fitting tool for the use of the higher nature. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—They are often used synonymously and interchangeably. But there is, in fact, a difference. The "personality" may be regarded as synonymous with the Lower Quaternary, while the "lower nature" may be considered as embracing those baser elements which must be eliminated and transmuted,—*"drawn up"* as it were,—before the Lower Quaternary can become the servant of the Higher Triad. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 358.—*In training ourselves "to look for correspondences everywhere", is not the student in danger of making all sorts of fanciful and psychic mistakes, of seeing them where they do not exist?*

ANSWER.—In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. B. speaks of "the Occult Doctrine with regard to correspondences of types and ante-types in nature", and of "perfect analogy as a fundamental law in Occultism". It therefore behooves students of Theosophy to study and experiment with these occult doctrines, even if we make all kinds of mistakes. If a sincere and honest effort is made, our mistakes will not be dangerous; on the contrary, they will help us to learn. A careful study and application of the parables of Christ might be helpful in this connection. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Is there not also the likelihood of our making endless different kinds of mistakes in the process of training ourselves for *anything*? And are not the lessons we learn from these mistakes a valuable part of our training? We are not surprised when, as students in a chemical laboratory, for instance, we attempt chemical combinations which prove to be the reverse of what we intended. We simply continue our studies with added understanding and knowledge. Perhaps if, in trying to apply the doctrine of correspondences, we remember that we are to look for similarity, and not identity, in the objects or states which we feel should correspond, it will help us to avoid fanciful and psychic mistakes. T. A.

ANSWER.—Yes. The test of the reality of the correspondence which we think we see, must lie in what happens when we start in to do something about it. Does it "work"? What are the results? C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It all depends upon the student. If he is constantly "making all sorts of fanciful and psychic mistakes" in his consideration of his own life and the life which surrounds him, and "seeing things where they do not exist" (and this is far from uncommon!), no doubt he will do the same thing when looking for correspondences. But there is nothing inherent in the law of correspondence itself, nor in the reasonable application of the idea when considering life, which need unbalance anyone, nor add to his mental confusion. It should be helpful. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—It depends upon how the student goes about training himself to look for correspondences. If he follows mere fancy, he soon will be drifting aimlessly in a psychic muddle of pseudo-correspondences. Above all else occult science is practical, and its depths are plumbed by imagination well ruled. The student must begin with that which he knows, and reason logically and coherently from there. For example, the law of gravity can help him to understand a necessary step in his spiritual development. As, under the law of gravity, every mass is drawn to the earth, so the student is drawn and held by earthly things as long as desire for them binds him to them; but, once his desire for earthly or material things is gone,

their hold on him is broken, and he is able to turn from the concerns of the mundane, lower nature, to those of the divine, higher nature. Surrounded as he is by hosts of practical examples such as this, it is the fault of the student if he permits fancy to lead him astray.

G. M. W. K.

QUESTION No. 359.—*I am confused in reading Theosophical literature by the various terms—mahatma, adept, master, initiate, and so on—which seem to be used indifferently to denote Lodge members: are they synonymous or do they signify varying degrees of attainment?*

ANSWER.—The spiritual hierarchy contains many degrees of attainment. Just what degree each grade represents can only be known by attaining to that grade oneself. In ascending order there are Chêlas, Adepts, Mahatmas, Dhyān Chohans and higher ranks beyond our knowledge, with subdivisions of each degree, such as lay chêlas, probationary chêlas, and accepted chêlas. The term "Master" is applied to Mahatmas and higher grades. Each grade, one would suppose, must have its own initiations, but the term "Initiate", while often loosely used, is not properly applied to anyone below the rank of an Adept. B.

ANSWER.—It is true that these terms have often appeared to be used synonymously, yet in general they denote differing degrees of spiritual evolution. This will be clearly seen if one refers to *The Theosophical Glossary*. There we read, for instance, that a Mahatma is "an Adept of the highest order", the natural inference being that within the ranks of Adeptship, there are various degrees of spiritual attainment. That there are also differences of degree even in the lofty state of Mahatmaship, is sure to be felt by anyone who reads *The Mahatma Letters*; and if, as we are told, all manifested existence is hierarchical, then to know that there are degrees within degrees should not surprise us. The same law would therefore apply to the term "Initiate". In *The Mahatma Letters* (page 99) we read: "The degrees of an Adept's initiation mark the seven stages at which he discovers the secret of the sevenfold principles in nature and man and awakens his dormant powers." We also read of "the last and supreme initiation", when the aspirant (it would seem) becomes an Initiate proper, having successfully passed the lesser initiations on the way. The word "Master" has, perhaps, a somewhat general use. Thus, in *The Theosophical Glossary*, it is said that an Adept is one who has "become a Master in the science of Esoteric philosophy." But it also has a deeply personal meaning such as "Guru", the relation of Master and chêla. So we see that all these terms "denote Lodge members", but that they also represent occult rank, consisting of "varying degrees of attainment", and that therefore, strictly speaking, they are not synonymous. T. A.

ANSWER.—One ventures to suggest that no serious harm will befall the querent, if he accept the terms as synonymous for most present, practical purposes. The Lodge is, doubtless, a hierarchy, but how can we expect to understand the qualifications of its degrees? Moreover, it is certain that spiritual rank is not conferred by outward means. A Mahatma is a Mahatma because he incarnates and manifests a certain divine character. The Master stands at the head of a line of Adepts and Initiates who manifest various spiritual qualities in varying degree. Their titles or names are attributes of their Self-consciousness. S. V.

ANSWER.—Why bother to split hairs as to who shall be first in the Kingdom of Heaven, and neglect the weightier matter of acquiring those qualities which go to make up a Chêla? Perhaps, as we progress in our effort to reach a humble place in the spiritual hierarchy, from which we may try to serve those just men made perfect, the relative rank of those above us may become increasingly clear. C. R. A.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 25th, 1931, beginning at 10:30 A.M.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.
3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.
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ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1931.

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